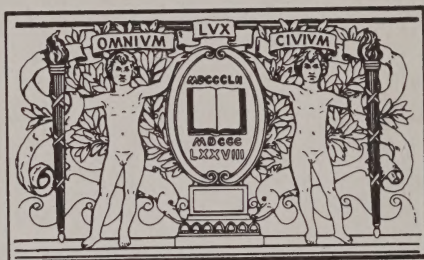


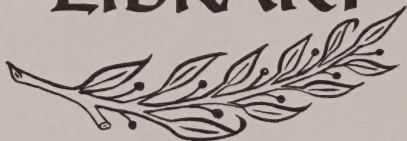
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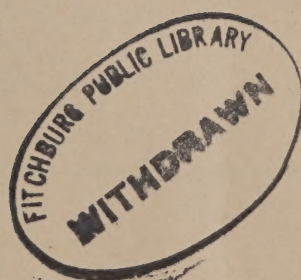


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THE
NORTH AMERICAN
REVIEW.

VOL. CII.

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BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
1866.

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ERRATA IN NO. CCX.

Page 161, line 12, *for* 1826, *read* 1806.

" 274, " 1, " perspicuity, *read* perspicacity.

" 317, " 12, " collected, " collated.

" " " 35 and 37, *for* time, " line.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCX.

JANUARY, 1866.

ART. I.—THE CONDITIONS OF ART IN AMERICA.

THE American people do not well understand, nor much care for, the arts that have to do with visible beauty. To beauty itself they are not indifferent. Beauty as it exists in nature is probably of as much concern to the Americans as a nation, as to most other nations. But they do not readily respond to the appeals of beauty as seen in art. And for the theory and practice of art that deals with beauty they care very little.

This fact would probably be confessed by every American who has considered the subject at all. It must, indeed, be evident everywhere outside the limits of narrow circles of society in our Eastern cities to every one who knows anything of art, and evident within those limits also to every one who knows art well. And yet, as facts absolute are less clearly seen than facts relative, this one can be rightly estimated only by comparison. If we compare the value set upon these arts in America with the value set upon other expressions of thought in America, or with the value set upon the same arts in Europe, we shall better understand the extent and the importance of the deficiency.

There is no more striking mental phenomenon than the interest felt by the American people in that branch of literature which is most nearly allied to art, namely, poetry. Among the great multitude of readers in America there are thousands who love poetry, there are thousands who can tell good po-

etry from bad. There are thousands who do, in their daily reading, tell good poetry from bad, rejecting Tupper and reading Tennyson. We do not forget the demand for "Proverbial Philosophy," or for other such intellectual fruit, — the love of mediocrity will claim our attention hereafter, — but the demand for these things is, after all, more easily explained, more to be looked for, than the demand for Tennyson. For this love of good poetry includes a tolerably rational judgment of poetry. The high and rare power of distinguishing between different degrees of merit, in poetry, is possessed in greater or less degree by many Americans of a class to which we do not often look for critical judgment. Admitting that but few persons can feel the most subtle qualities of any work of genius, yet, among readers of Shakespeare, for instance, counted as they are by thousands, it will be found that the best plays are the most read. There is a very large class of readers whose opinions about books are worth something to themselves; there is a smaller but still considerable class of those whose opinions are worth giving, worth asking for; and the members of these two classes constantly ask and readily receive the original judgment of a still higher and smaller class, the class of critics. Few as our critics have been, some of them have been excellent. The great names of Americans known to the world in connection with original thought are names of critics of rare delicacy and justness of perception.

So with music. There are many learners of music, many frequent listeners, many who, from wise or foolish or mixed impulses, make music their specialty. Among these there are some who are capable of discriminating judgment; of the many good performers of even difficult music there is a large proportion who care to play none or to listen to none but thoroughly noble music. Admitting that there is as much foolish and conceited talk about music as about any intellectual or sensational effort whatever, — the words without meaning pass and are forgotten, — there remain some appreciative applause and hisses, some sensible words now and then even in the newspapers, some very just criticisms conveyed in a word and a look from chair to chair in the concert-room, some grave decision by persons competent to decide.

Similar conditions prevail in some of the nations of Europe in respect to the arts that are concerned with visible beauty. If we admit that, on the whole, it is not a very great age of art in which we live; if we admit that all that is done and all that has indisputably been gained is principally useful as enabling us to judge of what more we can do; if we admit that all the actual achievement of the nineteenth century could be mentioned in one of these pages and described in this article, — we are still aware that the arts of visible beauty exert a great influence and possess a great power in England, France, and Germany, and that this influence and power are daily growing greater and gaining firmer seats. There is real and well-directed effort; there is intelligent adjustment of effort to material. There is just criticism. There is wide-spread and still spreading interest. There is sincere love for the arts of the past, and sincere wish to advance the arts of the future. And there is immediate hope for these arts of visible beauty in Europe, — a hope that can be long deferred only by national and international wickedness or folly.

But when we consider the position in America of those fine arts of which there is present question, we find all different. There is no body of art critics in the land whose opinions anybody will receive as of decisive importance. There is no class of true *connoisseurs* of these arts, few students or lovers of them, whose opinions it is worth anybody's while to ask. There is no large class of persons who care for these arts at all. There are, indeed, a few collectors of etchings and prints; there are a few *dillettanti* who frequent the studios of popular artists, and talk a learned language of art, in which familiar words have strange meanings. But these have generally no knowledge of the history or the principles of art, and little care for its meaning and spirit. There are those who throng the exhibitions, and those who buy pictures and statues at prices relatively high. But neither a love nor a comprehension of art is to be attributed to these; and their indiscriminate admiration and reckless buying have done much harm to themselves, to the artists, and to the public. If there is wild talk about music and poetry, foolish praise and foolish ridicule for each, and foolish advice given to the students of each, there is

just and wise comment as well, and the foolish comment is not wholly confident nor quite at ease with itself. But in regard to painting and sculpture, all is confusion and vague verbiage. The very first principles of drawing with the pen and of modelling in clay are either unknown to or ignored by those who freely criticise and confidently advise. Beginners in music are not encouraged to be bold, and lectured on the necessity of ideal qualities in their work before they can rightly play a *leçon pour le piano* or compose a polka. Young people are not encouraged to write verses if they show an aptitude for finding rhymes. The would-be musician is told that accuracy, clear and clean playing, is his object, — not a deceptive appearance of ease and rapidity. The easy verse-writer is assured that no verses are wanted, unless, indeed, he has thoughts of his own that can only be spoken in verse. But there are no such just requirements made on those who practise the arts that appeal to the visual sense of beauty. The aspirant is rarely told to work hard and long and humbly, if he wants to be a painter; the boy's conceit rarely gets a wholesome check; the meaningless production is seldom properly disregarded; bad drawing and clumsy modelling are not called by their right names. Good work, signed by an unknown name, is looked at by few; the degeneracy or the improvement in the popular painter's work is often unnoticed; the word of encouragement is seldom given where it is deserved and needed.

We have spoken of painting and sculpture only, for these are the only arts, of that large class of arts which deal with visible beauty, that our people know to exist. All the arts of decoration, all the applications of art to manufactures, wait for their recognition. The great art of architecture — an art including painting and sculpture in all their forms as necessary parts of itself — is almost absolutely unknown to our people. There are no remains of good architecture of past times left us to study; and our architects have not as yet built us any new buildings that can much instruct us. Travellers go to Europe, and a few of them look with care and interest at pictures and sculpture in galleries; but there are scarcely any who look at the great cathedrals as monuments of associated art worthy the most careful and minute study of a student of art. The

imposing height of the groined nave ceiling of Milan, "The height, the space, the gloom, the glory," impress this man; the actual magnitude in feet and inches of Cologne, and the ingenuity of the geometrical tracery astonish that; a third admires the picturesque effect of some English cathedral or abbey church amid the trees, and quotes from an American art critic something about "The gleaming needles of Salisbury's long arcades"; a fourth observer is awe-struck when he is convinced that parts of Tournai or of Winchester are really many hundred years old. But of a thousand such travellers not one is found to care for and study the sculpture, the mosaics, the paintings, the general design, of any of the great churches. Of a thousand travellers who bring home little prints in oil colors of Swiss or Scotch lakes, or "Rhine Roses," or photographs taken from very inadequate engravings of Titian and Veronese pictures at Venice, or, best of all, photographs of the Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoön, there will not be found one to collect photographs of architectural detail. In the language of American society, architecture is wholly separated from "the fine arts," and is not included in the general signification of that phrase. And this would be right, and indeed necessary, if the buildings we have in America were alone in question. But in a society which understands the possibilities and needs of art, the importance of a great and universal school of architecture must be seen. But little real study of the arts of the past is possible, without close and accurate study of architecture as the consummation of all art.

The indifference to these important fine arts which we have described may be thought by some observers less general than it seems to us. Some persons may think that real feeling which seems to us merely affectation; they may think that knowledge which seems to us merely words haunting a retentive memory. But there can be no doubt that the sin of neglect we charge upon the Americans as a nation is rightly so charged, while the highest tribunal in America concerns itself so little with these arts. What is the highest tribunal in America? It is the small company of men who unite to native insight and originality European culture, social training, and familiarity with all the great intellectual achievements of past time. How lit-

tle these care for art! How few of them care for art at all! Men that no one can speak of but with respect, whose least word about a work or a school of literature is worthy to be treasured up, whose grasp of all intellectual subjects is strong, either fail to mention the arts of visible beauty, or so mention them that the painter or the architect perceives that they are uninformed. Uninformed, not incapable of judging; — the good judge of literature is to some extent a judge of art, if only he is informed about art. Not only uninformed but misinformed, it were better to know nothing and to judge by one's natural sympathies only (as the good judge of literature is to some extent a judge of art) than to be wholly led astray by the claims of bad painters who are good and beloved men, or by the imaginative spirit that shows beauties where they have been said to be. It is like Wordsworth's sonnets to Haydon. Wordsworth was a literary critic whom no one can disregard, — a critic of wonderful powers; Haydon was a very bad and pretentious painter; but Wordsworth thought him great. There have been no such glaring errors as this in our literary history, but similar errors are of daily occurrence. And it is the more to be regretted that our highest tribunal so disregards and ignores the arts of invisible beauty, and, as a consequence, is so mistaken in its judgment on them, because the casual words of many of its members have been sound and just upon the general nature of some representative or decorative art. We are compelled to see, we cannot help seeing, that the expression of thought and the representation of beauty by visible forms of art must become familiar to the leaders of our national mind, before they can lead the national mind aright in this important direction.

By the phrase "popular regard for art," we mean, of course, the regard for art of the whole people. The people's regard for any important intellectual or moral matter, to be wise, must be both of teacher and of disciple. The thoroughly competent critic is only found where the ready, capable, sensitive public is found. The public is only intelligently and justly instructed where the thoroughly competent critic exists.

In art, this matter of the popular regard is of enormous importance. It is of an importance even greater than the actual

production of works of art at any one time. And this for two reasons. First, the highest usefulness of art is its power to educate. If the people are ready to receive the artist's work, study it closely and lovingly and learn from it, every artist is then an addition to the nation's wealth the moment his work begins. But if the people will not receive nor heed nor understand his work, the tendency of his life is to injure the people by attempts to catch their attention, or to injure himself by angry defiance of the people, and in both cases to waste his life and help his brother artists to waste theirs by subsidence into aimless, lounging, trivial habits and ways of work. Second, the actual production of works of good art is rendered unduly difficult by a lack of popular regard for art. The art intellect, if not rightly set to work and rightly encouraged, is not set to its proper work at all.

Where the people disregard art, a certain amount of clever art is possible; caricature may flourish, though even this does not reach power without losing refinement; landscape, full of good natural feeling, but of dim and partial insight into nature, is possible; representation of facts of the day and book illustration, both of fair quality and of some interest, may exist. All these are likely to exist in a Christian country in the nineteenth century. But great art is the expression of great thoughts; and great thoughts find no adequate expression, find only a partial and incomplete existence, if the people are not accessible to them.

Two conditions are necessary for great achievements in any intellectual field,—the power in the few to produce, the demand among the many for production. And this is especially true of those fields where sentiment is joined with pure intellect, as much as it is in the fine arts generally. Now if a great artistic genius is born into the world in the midst of a people regardless of art, there must follow one of these results: either he will spend his God-given power in pandering to prince's or people's vanity; or, if of purer nature, he will be driven crazy for want of sympathy; or, if of stronger nature, he will be driven in upon himself and his finest impulses crushed; or he will be put at once to other work than his own,—engineering, mechanical occupation, struggles for money in mart or counting-

house, some task to which the divine inspiration avails nothing. We of America have no knowledge how much great art-power we have wasted because of having failed to use it. We can never know. The greatest genius is clever at many things; our possible Titians and Leonardos have invented machinery, or made enormous fortunes in newly discovered ways of their own. Lesser genius is less generally efficient, but can do good service in many ways; our Angelicos, our Hogarths, our Rubenses, are at work all over the land, — hard at work, be sure, — employed, but not well, because not properly employed.

Whatever the born artists have done, it has surely not been their fitting work. No great work of art has been produced in America, — no work of art that, by any just kindness and honest liberality in the use of the word, we dare call great. Two or three works of art have been exhibited which it would be right to call good, meaning by that epithet well-meant, instructive, successful in a partial and bounded way. Of clever works of art, works that possess some unusual and pleasing technical qualities, or cleverly appealing to temporary popular feeling, the catalogue is not long. By far the largest number of pictures, drawings, and works of sculpture exhibited at any exhibition it is impossible to include in either of these three classes. Nearly all our buildings, even those on which the most money and thought have been spent, are without even those salient qualities that would entitle them to be called clever designs. Our manufactured articles which are capable of being made beautiful are generally made ugly, whatever of cost or care is given to most of them going to purchase deformity; our glass-ware, for instance, plate, jewelry, bookbinding. The art of engraving, in all its branches, is so dependent upon the higher art of painting as to claim no special notice here.

The "Niagara," for instance, is a *good* picture; the scene is truthfully represented, and with great skill; it is hard to point out a possible improvement in the faithfulness of portraiture; the painting of some parts of it has probably never been surpassed; the technical skill evinced is of a high order. The "Freedman" is a *good* statue, healthy and natural in sentiment, well and gracefully composed, evincing considerable knowledge of anatomy, and perfect control over all the techni-

cal resources of the sculptor. The exterior of the New York Academy of Design building is *good* architecture. The design is based upon the needs and purposes of the building, and is graceful and simple; the use of shade and color of material is to the best advantage; the carving with which the edifice is profusely decorated is in nearly every instance good in itself and in harmony with the whole. An exhaustive list of works of good art, though it might be difficult to compile, strict justice to all and measure of comparative merit not being easy of attainment, would be easily and quickly read.

"The Heart of the Andes" is a *clever* picture. It is rather true-seeming than true; its lines are not those of nature, nor of a nature-inspired composition; it is crowded and dioramic, and impresses by quantity and multitude rather than by excellence. It is well fitted to draw many visitors and to furnish an engraving of ready sale. "The Rocky Mountains" is *clever*; showing less technical skill than "The Heart of the Andes," it is perhaps a more natural composition. In it many of the characteristics of the scene, including its human visitors, are cleverly hinted at. It differs essentially from the former picture in some effects, resulting from the fact that it is the best work, in important respects, of its author, while the Andes is one of its painter's less successful pictures. "The Greek Slave" is a *clever* statue, appealing to a very ready sentiment, pity for the far-away unfortunate; to an everywhere-present feeling of beauty, that for a delicate female form; to a readily excited sense of dexterity, in the perfect manipulation; even to a technical knowledge of art, in the approximate truth of its anatomical forms. "The Indian Girl" is a *clever* work of sculpture, including a reproduction of the better known and more striking physical characteristics of certain Indian tribes, a figure modelled with good ordinary skill and study of commonplace models, and an appeal to a ready sympathy of the beholder for the benighted souls supposed to be striving toward the light of Christianity. *Clever* buildings do not make the tour of the country, nor are we as yet interested enough in art to buy photographs of our national achievements in architecture; but there is one in Albany, the new Cathedral; there is one in New York, Trinity Chapel; there are some of less importance

in many parts of the country. The one great characteristic of all clever buildings is this, — good adaptation of a well-chosen model.

The power of mind and the training required to produce even a clever work of art, on a large scale, are considerable. To model and cause to be cut a statue of life-size that shall not at once repel and seem absurd, to paint a picture twelve feet long that shall be impressive, to design a building covering eight thousand square feet which shall be well adapted to its purpose and not offensively ugly, — all these are works of difficulty, as is sufficiently shown to any one who has not tried them, by the frequent failures to achieve these results by men of supposed ability. But the difficulty of achieving a result is not the measure of its value. A clever work of art has generally no value except as a specimen of cleverness, or as a partial test of the artist's power, — no value, therefore, except to the author. Moreover, a popular and admired work of art has power as an educational medium. If it does not educate aright, it will educate wrongly, — it will not remain without influence. If the huge canvas fails to instruct, to elevate, to sanctify, it confuses, it lowers, it degrades.

The importance of art is great as a help to education, because it addresses and can influence some of the noblest faculties of the soul, not to be reached, or less easily to be reached, by other means. Once the principal means of educating the mass of the people, painting and sculpture retain the power to educate, and can be made to address the uninstructed or the highly cultivated. Now we in America cannot afford to throw away any means of educating ourselves and our fellow-countrymen, cannot afford to let escape us any means to that end within our reach. We have undertaken a task which we may well contemplate with grave anxiety, for its successful accomplishment will only be possible to a wise and virtuous and considerate nation, working in the fear of God and with His aid. We have undertaken to make of this disordered country, full of jarring interests, a homogeneous and organized and peaceful nation, and to bring this about through the dangerous instrumentality of universal equal suffrage. Had we not better educate our people? When some object to universal suffrage, —

and there are thoughtful Americans who do so, — what is the only defence we can put in ? This, — that the more the people are educated, the safer it becomes, and that it in itself tends to educate the people. Good ; but let every means in our power be employed to educate the hearts, the feelings, the senses even, as well as the minds of men. Women will exercise some influence over our future. Can women be rightly educated without the influence of those arts that have to do with beauty ? Not so. We need the fine arts, all the fine arts. A change cannot come too soon in our national mind on this subject.

We believe that a change is possible, is at hand. Signs of change are visible ; and though they are faint, they are not to be mistaken. The visitors to galleries of art have gained some consciousness of a difference between good and bad art, or at least have learned that there is such a difference, and that it is not safe to praise a friend's picture without looking at it, or a large picture because it is large. And the number of visitors daily increases, the pictures attract more attention. But the most marked evidence of the change is in the tone of criticism. The first stage — that of indiscriminate praise — has, indeed, passed. The second stage, that of "slashing" criticism, is not yet passed ; but this form of error is not powerful or popular, and has only a precarious existence. A little very good criticism has been printed, and some intelligent, if not very original, essays on general subjects connected with the fine arts. And the journalists have learned that they must discuss the arts. The daily newspapers surrender more and more every year of the space of their crowded columns to the record of art matters at home and abroad. Weekly and monthly journals pay for and print discussions of art theories and art practice of a kind hitherto unknown. Journals entirely devoted to the fine arts have been established, and have commanded, if not pecuniary success, at least notice and respect.

We cannot doubt that this change is radical, and the new dispensation to be permanent. The change here follows, at some years' distance, and is partly caused by a similar change in the European mind ; and it is contemporaneous with a firm

establishing of these beautiful arts in Europe. It is accompanied by a sudden improvement in the general character and quality of the works of art produced here. And our national character, we are well assured, is exalted enough for a true love of art, as well as of literature, of liberty, or of law.

There is abundant reason to believe that the fine arts have before them a splendid future in America,—a future of results, perhaps, in many respects, different from results elsewhere attained, but not different because inferior. It is not only because we long for this consummation that we also hope for it. We share the faith of our countrymen in the future of our country,—a future that includes all greatness that can be a nation's lot.

It is not faith that the Americans lack. They have proved their faith by their works. It is clear that they have the most invincible confidence in their country and institutions, and an assured belief that Divine guardianship is vouchsafed to them. In the minds of those Europeans even who are most friendly to us and hopeful of our future, our institutions and our national life are still but experimental. Their strength may have been proved of late, but not their beneficence. It is little to say that the Americans have no such thought as this. They have ample faith, faith not in the perpetuity only of the nation and government, but in the worth of the nation and the good influence of the government. It would be small source of comfort to any one to have helped to save his country, were he doubtful of the value of what he had saved.

If the American people had been only a little less confident of the entire beneficence of their institutions, they would have sometimes hesitated when decision was needed, and faltered in the dangerous and doubtful path. For if any good thing, resulting from any political or social condition whatever, were evidently not to result from the political and social condition in which we are placed, the trust of the people in their institutions would be but vain confidence, and could not endure.

Three years ago, when the fortune of war was against the national cause, when the failure of our efforts, feared at home, was confidently expected abroad, a great thinker, watching us from Europe, and hearing around him the parrot cry of "fail

ure of republican institutions," thus spoke out the truth, as he understood it: — "It is not republicanism that has failed now in America. . . . Lust of wealth and trust in it, vulgar faith in magnitude and multitude instead of nobleness, besides that faith natural to backwoodsmen, '*lucum ligna*,' perpetual self-contemplation issuing in passionate vanity, total ignorance of all the finer and higher arts and of all that they teach and bestow, and the discontent of energetic minds unoccupied, frantic with hope of uncomprehended change and progress they know not whither, — these are the things that have failed now in America; and yet not altogether failed; it is not collapse, but collision, — the greatest railroad accident on record, with fire caught from the furnaces, and Catilines quenching '*non aqua sed ruina*.'"

Not the whole truth? Surely not. Hasty? Yes, unjust as well: but unjust only because hasty and not the whole truth, not because essentially false. It will not be well for the most ardent lover of his country to deny that a very few years ago all the ill weeds which Mr. Ruskin enumerates were flourishing. It is God's mercy that the fire of war has burned up some of them. Let nobody suppose that there was no sin in the land but slavery, and nobody to blame for the war but selfish and ambitious slaveholders.

Out of the war, that unparalleled struggle that once seemed about to be the nation's last, must come every good thing that a nation needs, or the people will have falsified their hopes and failed to secure the due reward of their sufferings and labors. The future must be not only prosperous and peaceful, but truly great. The nation must be righteous as well as powerful, and enlightened as well as prosperous. The confidence of the people in their institutions, and their love of them, can only be justified by a new life for the nation, healthy and pure, by a government firm and liberal, a policy just and generous, a culture truly refined, an intellectual training at once broad and deep. There must then be no "contempt for the finer and higher arts, and for all that they teach and bestow." There must be such regard for them, and such cultivation of them, as will truly enlighten and help.

Into the mooted question, Are free institutions likely to pro-

duce good art and the love of it? it is not necessary to go far. The argument *a priori* is of about equal weight in either scale. The arts are found to be about as likely to prevail and grow great under one form of government as under another. It is easy to show that courts and hierarchies must be, from the nature of things, the most munificent patrons of art. It is as easy to show that the energetic people nursed in democracy must be, from the nature of things, the most earnest workers in art. And the argument from history is not more conclusive. Political institutions of all kinds have been proved compatible with great art. Political institutions of all kinds have been proved compatible with the absence of all art. It is impossible to show that the republicanism, monarchism, or oligarchism of any nation has had a direct and overmastering influence over the arts. Great art grew up with rule of priest and total degradation of people in Egypt. Great art blossomed from the root of a most turbulent and reckless democracy in Athens. Great art under an elective sovereignty, in Venice, was joined with popular freedom, extended commerce, and military and naval prowess. Great art existed everywhere throughout Western Europe in the thirteenth century, living and growing greater under the shadow of almost every political institution, — crumbling feudalism, new-built kingly absolutism, lingering power of nobles, growing power of sovereigns, self-establishing power of communities, self-aggrandizing power of the Papacy. On the other hand, art was a stranger and an exotic in aristocratic, military, law-giving Rome, in republican Switzerland, among patriarchal Scottish clans; and no form of government kept out the spread of the Renaissance coming from Italy, or could save art from the decadence which followed.

It seems, then, that there is nothing in forms of government alone to lead us to conclude, in any given case, that art will or will not flourish. The fate of the arts is in other things than these, — is in the freedom of thought, “accessibility to ideas,” willingness to trust to ideas, gravity, chastity, patience of a people. Most foolish, then, and inconsequent is the reiterated assertion that republicanism will have an unhealthy influence upon the fine arts, and equally unwise the assertion that “free institutions secure the greatness of the fine arts.” We

have no cause to be doubtful of our power to make our lives beautiful with art. But we have work to do, and bad tendencies to escape or resist, if we would have it so.

Our national evil genius is mediocrity. And the form it takes with us is the undue respect we have for commonplace work. The criticism of the first stage, which we have said is passed, consisted entirely of praise for the commonplace. But there is still praise of the commonplace. The whole spirit of ordinary journalism, ordinary schooling, ordinary preaching, ordinary writing on science, philology, metaphysics, is simple mediocrity. But little profound learning exists in America. That is not the worst: shallow learning thinks itself profound, and tries to teach and decide. But little patient thought is in America. That could be borne: but crude speculations and hasty conclusions are supposed to be worth preserving and publishing, and old things are rediscovered with great triumph to the discoverer. In nothing is this mediocrity more marked or more injurious than in the fine arts.

The great cause of this satisfaction with the mediocre is, of course, ignorance that there is anything better, or at least ignorance of the nature of the better thing. The criticism of false praise, of which we have spoken, is only possible because of this ignorance. The writer of current criticism is generally a friend of many of the painters whose work he criticises; he desires to please them, and has no suspicion that by his foolish flattery he is retarding, as far as he can, the whole progress of art and the civilization of his country; moreover, he cannot but believe that the work of So-and-so, who talks so intelligently, and who so well understands all the principles of art, is good and valuable. Now, if he were taught what good and valuable art really is, and what good criticism is, he could no longer, unless a knave, go on in his evil course. Who, for instance, would praise a feeble landscape, the hasty work of a popular artist, telling the spectator nothing about nature more profound than an observing glance out of a car-window would show, if he had ever learned what a great landscape might be? A sure remedy for too easy praising would be familiarity with a good landscape or two, or, if one cannot get to see them on canvas, familiarity with the plates of "*The Rivers of France*," or even with the

mountain drawings engraved in the fourth volume of "Modern Painters," — not the American edition. The mischievous indifference which deprecates as narrow and bigoted every attempt to call bad art by the name it deserves, and to give to feeble art its true status, would disappear, if people could be made to see the nature and feel the use of really good art.

Although not invincible, but even easily destroyed if attacked in the right way, mediocrity is our worst enemy, because not attacked in the right way. It will be found very hard to weaken it or diminish its influence, because very hard to bring any large class of the people to understand it.

We have had better than clever and good things in literature. We have not been entirely ruled by mediocrity in our poetry and our meditative writing, for instance. There is nothing mediocre about our best writers' work: it is all good, and much of it great. And this is, first, because our poets and prose-writers speak a language understood by their readers; and, second, because they deal with things cared for by their readers, — with real things. If we can put painting, for instance, on this same footing, we shall be able to emancipate it also from the rule of mediocrity. For, as we have seen, the artist or poet must be helped and cheered by the sympathy and urged by the demands of the public, that he may do the best work of which he is capable.

The singular revival of art in Europe, during the past forty years, has been a revolution in the interest of "naturalism" and "realism." It will be well to define these two words, for they are often used as if synonymous. Naturalism is defined by its chiefest apostle to be "the love of natural objects for their own sake, and the effort to represent them frankly, unconstrained by artificial law."* This definition is given of the naturalism of the Gothic architects. This is also the most exact use of the word, when used in connection with modern art in general, including all the arts that cluster around the central art of architecture. When used in connection with representative art only, that is, the art which has for its object the direct representation of nature, it may be with

* *Stones of Venice*, Vol. II. p. 181.

greater accuracy defined as careful study of nature, and representation of nature with reference to accuracy and completeness of portraiture.

Realism has to do with naturalism, and is akin to it, but is not at all the same thing. It is the desire and effort to see everything visible as it truly and essentially is, and to conceive of everything not visible as it might be and probably would be. It is the effort to avoid affectation, academical laws, and prescribed formulas, and to work from the disciplined natural sense of right alone.

It will be seen that realism can exist without naturalism. That design for a house is realistic, according to which the stone and wood and iron are used each in strict accordance with its nature and properties as a building material; and according to which the outside accommodates itself to and displays the internal arrangement. But no naturalism is present where there is no representation of natural forms. In a poem or picture representative of human character or emotion, it is realism that considers and decides upon the appropriate gesture and expression of the figures; it is naturalism that paints directly from nature, or from recollection of nature, the colors and shadows of flesh, drapery, and foliage. There is a false use of the word "naturalism," as the contrary of *idealism*, in that vicious popular art-slang which separates painters into two classes as *naturalists* and *idealists*. The utter inaccuracy of this use of the word is easily seen, for there are no truer idealists than the great naturalistic painters, whether in the past or in the present, and indeed no other true idealists than they.

The signification of the word "idealism," used in modern talk about art, is modern. We need not go to the dictionaries to pronounce it a false signification. Idealism is the doctrine that nothing exists in reality, but that all things supposed perceptible to the senses are but ideas of the mind. Ideality is the word nearest in meaning to the meaning given in art-slang to idealism. But we have no choice. We use, for the nonce, the word "idealism" to mean *the power and disposition to form and express ideas*, particularly ideas of perfection. If a landscape painting, for instance, represents, not one particular scene, but the idea which the artist has formed from the contempla-

tion of many scenes, — as when a painter wishes to represent on one canvas the characteristic peculiarities of a large tract of country, — the united power and desire to form those ideas and express them we call idealism. Whether it be good idealism or not depends entirely upon the answers to these two questions: Is the idea a true and noble one? Is the expression of it just and adequate? So that idealism in art has no existence without the pre-existence of realism, at least; nor, generally, without the pre-existence of naturalism also.

These words should be used only to avoid circumlocutory phrases, which would otherwise be necessary. If we use these three words strictly in this way, naturalism, in art, would be the depicting what the body's eye has seen; idealism would be the depicting what the mind's eye has seen; realism would signify clear-sightedness and faithfulness of record in either.

The work of our best authors is good, and much of it is great, and it is useful to the people, all because the public mind sustains the writers in their work. And the public mind sustains them because they speak a language understood by the people, and deal with things cared for by the people, — with real things. Does this phrase "real things" exclude ideal things, — ideas? By no means. Ideas are as real as visible existences. They exist none the less because they are invisible, just as heat and light exist none the less because they are imponderable. The things cared for by the people may be visible, may be mental, may be moral. And the phrase "cared for by the people" does not exclude things which the public ought to care more for than it does, nor things which only a part of the people care for. We say that the best American writers deal with things which Americans are interested in and about. We say that they treat of these things in a language which addresses itself to, and is clearly understood by, Americans.

The artists must do the same; they must speak a language understood by the people, and deal with things cared for by the people, — with real things. They must speak a language understood by the people. This seems, at first, the wrong way of stating the necessity. Should it not rather be, the people must understand the language of the artists? Not

so. The artists have this matter in their power, the people have not. It is true that some knowledge of drawing is good for everybody; modelling in wax or cutting heads in alabaster is good play for boys; drafting plans and elevations of buildings is good study for the junior year in college; sketching architecture, where good architecture can be had, is a delightful way to study drawing. But the knowledge that can thus be gained of the artists' language is but slight, and even this cannot be gained by many. The large majority of those who look at a picture, a building, or a statue, can have no more knowledge of the artists' language than the artists themselves have given them.

The artists' language is form and color, and it is essential to the prosperity and usefulness of art that this language should be so used by the artists that the people can understand it. If a painter, for instance, paint a human face exactly as it looks, in shadow, color, contour, — or a tree as it looks on a summer day, in twinkling light, flickering shadow, outline of varying sharpness against the sky, — such language the people can understand; they can "go to nature" if they doubt the truthfulness of the painter's statement, and be satisfied one way or the other. But if a painter paint trees or faces or waves as the looker has never seen them, as he cannot see them in nature, as perhaps the looker knows they never are in nature, and assumes that *so*, and not as in nature, ought they to be, — such language the people cannot understand. Whatever power is in the people to understand the painters' language can be developed by the painters, if these latter choose to show the people only careful and firm painting of things as they are. They must not limit themselves to the common and every-day-seen phenomena of nature. If there are strange effects of light or color, they should be painted, carefully and thoroughly painted, — every differing manifestation of the strange phenomenon. But the every-day effects must be painted too. In a few years every person who has by nature any love for beauty should be made familiar with good representations on canvas of all the more ordinary aspects of nature, — the look of ordinary midday sunlight on grass, of the shadows at the same time and place, of still blue water, of a surf on a rock-bound

coast, of evergreen trees in winter. If any person has ever studied carefully the look of the running water on the right in the "Niagara," and compared it with the fact in nature, he will ever thereafter look with new interest and knowledge at painted representation of running water. Moreover, the unusual or inaccessible truths of nature should be told in an unmistakable way. If there were several pictures of a glacier, for instance, all easily to be seen, the people would know something about the way truly to represent a glacier in oil painting; then, if any pretender should exhibit a false or inadequate representation of the same thing, his work would be promptly characterized as it deserved, if not by the first-comer, by the better instructed or more observing second-comer; at all events, with authority, and once for all. Observe that this established language of art already exists in sculpture, to a certain extent. It is not easy for a statue of false anatomical proportion to face European critics, who have the Torso of the Belvedere and the Elgin Theseus, or the Venus of Milo and the Townley Muse to refer to. The language of the architect is in lines and shadows and carved forms of nature conventionalized into ornamental propriety. What would become of all the just criticism upon modern architecture, if the great example of what has gone before did not exist to show us what is possible and what is desirable? But there is abundant uncertainty how far the people in our time and our land can be brought toward adequate judgment of art. Nothing is certain but this, that the artists must speak a language which the people can be made to understand, and must help them to understand it.

But the artists must deal with things cared for by the people,—with real things. We have said that this includes ideas as well as visible entities. There is every difference between living, real ideas, and borrowed ones. There is every difference between the work of the imagination and sickly fancies born of imperfect education and shallow reading. It is not its profundity or simplicity that will make an idea useful and popular, but its truth, its reality, its importance. In religious art, for instance, any picture must be limited in its influence to those who think in a certain way of religious matters. Hol-

man Hunt's great religious picture, "The Light of the World," fails to address those who reject certain long-held dogmas of the Christian faith. And the picture is the worse for that fact, but remains so powerful with those it reaches as to deserve its high rank as a work of ideal art.

Art is like poetry, not like philosophy; the best ideas in art are creations of the imagination, not evolutions of the intellect. Now this word "imagination" has been terribly misused by writers and talkers about art, until timid people are afraid of it; and to call a work of art imaginative is almost equivalent to calling it slovenly, inadequate, untrue to nature. But the imagination is simply the clearest mental vision possible to man; it is the faculty of seeing things not to be seen by the eye. And the creation is not really of the imagination, unless distinct and clear and as easily described as if seen with the bodily eye. The highest art is that which embodies the visions of imagination; this is ideal art, this only great art. But this can only be produced by a man of rare gifts. Now, as it would be foolish for a writer to strive for imaginative power and lie awake with anxiety lest he should not reach imaginative power at last,—inasmuch as he cannot gain this thing by trying for it,—so it is foolish for a painter even to inquire of himself whether he have imagination or not. His business as a painter is to see and describe. If he have no sight but that of the body, he will represent visible things and be useful; if his mind also sees, he will record its visions and be immortal. In either case he is safe and well employed. But he is ruined if, having no mental vision, he pretends to have,—pretends to himself to have; that is, if he tries to represent things he has not seen. The painter and all his fellow-artists—the architect, the stone-carver, the modeller, the designer for manufactures—are workmen who are capable of doing good work only so far as they do that which they heartily believe in and thoroughly understand and see the use of. Their duty is to do in the most thorough way possible all the work they undertake, and not to repine that it is not of a higher order, nor claim too confidently the right to undertake more elaborate and difficult work than that which they have done.

In every kind of art, truth to nature is an imperative law.

And under this law only can the imagination freely do its work, adding to carefulness power, to watchfulness truer insight, to love inspiration, to truth the spirit of prophecy. Truth-telling about nature—external nature and internal, the creation, in short—is the great end and aim of art. Imaginative art is the greatest art, because telling the most important truths. Imagination is the great power in art, because it is the great truth-observing and truth-telling faculty. For if art is good when it is truthful, it is great only when it is truthful about important things.

We have spoken more of landscape-painting than of other kinds of painting or other departments of art; but the conditions are not different in these. Historical art, for instance, whether painting or sculpture, is good when the artist is at home in, and strongly impressed by, the scenes he delineates; the truest and therefore the most valuable historical art being the record of what the artist sees and knows in his own time,—events that happen around him, events of which he makes part. Religious art is good when the artist is religious, and is upheld in his work by a religious community. Ideal art is good when the artist has ideas of importance enough to be worth recording. Copying external nature is good when the artist has eyes that can truly see, and modesty and patience enough to help him record what he sees.

We have seen that, for a good national art, two things are necessary,—artists of ability and a public of intelligence. Now, since the latter is necessary as well as the former, it is evident that the critical faculty as well as the creative faculty is necessary for the abundant production of good art. Indeed, it seems as if we had but stated the same thing in two forms of words. But take the second form for the present,—the critical faculty is necessary as well as the creative faculty for the abundant production of good art.

Perhaps the best definition we have of the duty of the critical faculty is Mr. Arnold's,—“to see the object as in itself it really is.” For judgment on this work or that work is nothing that does not help those who desire to see correctly. Criticism must help the people to see aright. The critic must strive himself to see things as they are, and strive to make his

readers or hearers see things as they are. But if this be the duty of the critical faculty, it is evident that it is the duty of this faculty alike in the people and in the artists. In concluding, then, it is necessary to define this duty of the critical faculty.

The duty of the public is one simple and pleasant enough, if somewhat strange and therefore difficult. It is to learn to love art and to judge of art. It is to try to take an interest in art for its own sake; to notice beauty of form and color whenever seen, and because the forms and colors of nature are nearly always beautiful; to notice all external nature, and grow familiar with the aspect of it; to encourage, and certainly not to suppress, as at the bidding of fashion we all do, the natural desire to have beautiful things, and none but beautiful things, in daily use; to learn to understand sentiment when expressed in the artist's language, — form and color, as well as they already love it in the poet's language, — measured words; to sternly reject and rebuke all falsehood, affectation, and pretence. It is, further, to learn to judge calmly of greatness and smallness; to discriminate between different degrees of merit; to determine and adopt a positive standard of right; to discourage all art not approaching this standard, at least in intention and tendency.

The duty of the artists in respect to their critical powers is mainly this, — to learn to judge aright of their own work and their fellows'. It is little to say that they must be devoid of jealousy and pride. There must be judgment as well as kindness, and quickness to perceive as well as willingness to perceive. This power is needed by all workmen, because it enables them to take pleasure in their work for its own sake, quite independent of its success in pleasing others, and therefore helps them to go quietly on perfecting their work, though assailed by unmerited disapprobation from without; also because it enables them to get good from the work of their neighbors, — either warning or guidance. An artist should always be able, either without help or with such help as may be easily procured from intimate friends whom he entirely trusts, to see whether his work of to-day is better or worse than what he has done before, and wherein better or worse; to see whether

a printed or spoken criticism on work of his is true, and how far it is true; to see if his brother-artist has done better than he, and wherein, and whether he can gain anything by study of this brother-artist's work. The more easily and completely he can judge himself and others in this way, the better for his art and for the world.

If these conditions be fulfilled by the artist and by the public, the production of good, if not of great, works of art will be assured.

ART. II. — *Climatology of the United States.* By LORIN BLODGET. Philadelphia. 1857. 8vo.

THE consideration of the question, "What caused the Secession of the South?" important as it was, during the prosecution of the war, in determining the policy of the Administration, is of still greater importance, now that the war is ended, in its bearings upon the problem of reconstruction. For it is sufficiently obvious that a correct solution of this problem, such a solution as will secure us from a repetition of the Southern Rebellion, by removing or neutralizing the influences which gave it birth, is only possible on the condition of a thorough comprehension of the nature of those influences. In the discussion to which this well-appreciated necessity has given rise, many theories have been educed both at home and abroad, and each has had its earnest supporters; and yet all of these theories seem doubly defective, either as the basis of a scheme of reconstruction or as the foundation of hopes for the future. First, in that they assign secondary causes, while behind them lies something which explains their own presence, and which, having produced them in the past, will probably exert a like effect in the future. Second, in that a great class of potent influences are totally neglected, namely, those effects of geographical situation which may be embraced in the term "climatic influences." The power of these influences in diversifying men and nations is now generally acknowledged; and when we consider the variety of climate in the United States, — greater,

perhaps, than that existing in any other nation of ancient or modern times, — the disregard of this element in the discussion of the causes of Secession appears to be one of the most remarkable facts in the history of political philosophy. The attempt will be made in this paper to show that climatic influences have not only affected the mental and moral character of the people of the South in a manner hostile to the Union, but have also generated those secondary causes commonly assigned as explanatory of Secession. The bearings of these truths upon the future stability of the Union, and consequently upon the question of reconstruction, will then be considered.

In the discussion of this question, we desire in the first place to show the secondary nature and consequent incompleteness of the causes commonly assigned as accounting for the dissimilarity between the North and South which resulted in Secession.

Chief among these is slavery. This “sum of all villanies,” as Wesley aptly called it, breeds or aggravates so many social evils, that it is by no means wonderful that it should be considered the cause of all the phenomena which preceded and brought on Secession; and yet, in assigning it as the cause of Secession, for the purposes of history or statesmanship, the double defect of which we have spoken is strikingly manifest.

First, since it fails to account for its own presence. All the original Northern States held slaves, but one by one abolished “the institution,” while the Southern States retained it. Here is a dissimilarity back of slavery which itself needs explanation. No one will suppose, for an instant, that the superior piety or humanity of the North accounts for this. There must have been some influences at work here which may powerfully affect the future, as they have affected the past. The influences so potent in retaining slavery, against the opinions of the civilized world, may be such as will tend to revive it, though under another name and form.

And secondly, slavery alone cannot account for the devotion of the South to free trade, for the prominence and power of the doctrine of State rights, or for the growth of a virtual aristocracy, all of which facts exerted a great influence upon Secession.

If any of these facts is assigned as the cause of Secession, its own origin still remains unaccounted for, while, moreover, any one of them is an insufficient explanation of that which we seek to account for. As regards free trade, the strength of this principle in the South arose from her almost exclusive devotion to agriculture, the North encouraging a diversity of pursuits. Here is a dissimilarity which needs explanation, and one which has always existed, as well while the Northern States held slaves, as since the passage of their emancipation laws. During the seventeenth century repeated attempts were made to establish manufactures in Virginia, but they signally failed, while proving successful in Massachusetts. The question, Why were manufactures never established in the South, as in the North? requires solution. That the devotion of the South to free trade was not alone sufficient to produce Secession has been so often and ably shown, that nothing need be added.

Again, taking the doctrine of State rights, the question arises, Why was this more powerful at the South than at the North? Or, taking the aristocracy of the South as the cause of Secession, a theory which perhaps would number more adherents than any other, the question remains, Why was there an aristocratic power at the South, and not at the North? For some years it has been the fashion in certain Southern circles to attribute this diversity to "inherent natural differences," the South claiming a superior aristocratic origin. This "vulgar mode of accounting for the diversities of conduct and character," as John Stuart Mill calls it, is rapidly falling into disuse, even when based upon correct data. But in this case all the early history of the country confirms Hildreth when he says: "Both in Virginia and New England, the difference between 'gentlemen' and 'those of the common sort' was very palpable."* Colonial annals show that the aristocracy was as marked in Massachusetts as in the "Old Dominion"; while in New York was seen in the patroons, the proprietors of the manors, the wealthiest and most powerful aristocracy in the Colonies. So the question arises here, as in the other cases, Why has the aristocracy died out in the North, and strengthened in

* History of the United States, Vol. I. p. 509.

the South? It can hardly be because of slavery; for the decline in the North and the growth in the South of aristocratic feelings were as marked and rapid while the Northern Colonies held slaves, as at any time since the abolition of slavery.

We apprehend that the only answer to these questions, and consequently the only complete explanation of the diversities between the North and South which resulted in Secession, is to be found in the diversity of the soil and climate of the Northern and Southern States.

And first as to slavery. In the North is a barren, sterile soil, compared with the rich, exuberant lands of the South. In the North it is a work of some difficulty to obtain the necessities of life; hence no drones can be allowed, every man's labor must be of a valuable kind. Slave labor was not profitable here; it did not return the expense of feeding, clothing, and warming; while in the South less food, less clothing, and scarcely any fuel are required, and food is obtained at comparatively little cost. Where expenses are so slight, even the poor labor of the slave is profitable, or at least certainly was so in early times, when slaves were cheap. To the superior fertility of the soil, in itself partially the result of warmth of temperature, the more direct effect of a kindly climate must also be added. This in the South permits the cultivation of staples forbidden by Nature to the colder North, — tobacco in early Colonial times, afterwards rice, sugar, and cotton. These latter require large tracts of ground, and can be produced by unskilled labor, but need it in large quantities. Hence a double reason explains the firm establishment and retention of slavery in the South; and the same reasons account for the marked preponderance of indentured white servants during Colonial times.

In addition to this influence, the effect of the climate upon intellectual and religious education, to be noticed hereafter, would render the South less susceptible to the moral arguments which undoubtedly had some share in the abolition of slavery at the North.

Secondly, as to the diverse pursuits of the sections. Why were not manufactures established in the South, as well as in the North? Not, as some persons would have us believe, because, needing skilled labor, the white mechanic would not

work by the side of the slave. As we have remarked before, this error is exposed by the fact that manufactures were established in the North nearly two centuries before the abolition of slavery.

But in New England, where manufactures succeeded, while they failed in Virginia, the soil gave but a bare subsistence, leaving nothing for luxury, and affording little for exportation as payment for foreign manufactured goods. The natural resort was to a home production of those articles which they could not afford to purchase abroad; and consequently we see from the earliest days the manufacture of linen, cotton, and woollen clothes, iron, &c. But in the South just the reverse was seen. During the early Colonial times the great staple was tobacco, which the planters were obliged to send to England for sale. And the proceeds of this tobacco purchased the articles of dress which the New England Colonist was compelled to manufacture.* For this reason manufactures were not established in the Southern Colonies. No class of society needed them to supply the necessaries or comforts of life; and in such a state of affairs, they never have been, and probably never will be, successful. The causes which prevented their establishment at a later day, when the population had increased, and the lands become exhausted, will be spoken of hereafter.

The same influences which made New England manufacturing also made her commercial, and nurtured her fisheries; while the want of incentives to these branches of industry in the South were, of course, the same which prevented manufactures. We have said nothing of England's colonial policy as an element in these questions; for, as it was about the same in each case, it does not affect the argument.

We have thus shown that the retention of slavery, and the exclusive devotion of the South to agriculture, were the results of her geographical situation. We now desire to show how this exclusive devotion to agriculture, together with the direct effect of the warm climate upon individuals, fostered the aristocracy of the South. Regarding the influence of slavery, we need add little to the immense amount already written and

* See this commented on in Jefferson's Notes, Query 19.

spoken upon this subject. We only design to show that some of the phenomena usually attributed to slavery have no connection with it; while other phenomena which it has affected would probably have reached the same result without its influence, although after a longer period of time. An example of the first has already been given in the failure of the Southern Colonies to establish manufactures; and an example of the latter is the aristocracy of the South.

It has been often remarked by writers upon political philosophy, that the country wholly devoted to agriculture necessarily tends to aristocracy, despotism, or some form of enslavement of the masses. Mr. H. E. Carey devotes nearly the whole of his work on "Social Science" to supporting and illustrating this proposition. Montesquieu, in "The Spirit of Laws," notices this tendency, supporting himself by a quotation from Cicero.* Buckle devotes some sixty pages of his "History of Civilization" to showing the truth of this statement, as applied to countries lying in warm latitudes, like the Southern States.† Other authorities will be cited farther on.

But, viewing the subject in the light of reason rather than of authority, and employing as convenient tests the conditions which Webster, in his speech at Plymouth, and after him De Tocqueville,‡ assign as the causes of the maintenance of democratic institutions in this country,—namely, universal education, religious training, and the general division of landed property,—the manner in which the exclusive devotion of the South to agriculture, and the more direct effects of the warmth of her climate, cause her tendency to aristocracy, will be sufficiently obvious.

From the large plantations required by her great staples arose a necessary dispersion of population,—that scattered settlement, and absence of small towns, which strike a Northerner so forcibly in travelling through any Southern State. And, in fact, in a purely agricultural country, whatever the staple may be, there can be but few towns, since these are in modern times generally the result of manufacturing or commercial activity. Most of the large and many small towns of the North are

* Book XVIII. Chap. 1.

† Vol. I. Chap. 2.

‡ Democracy in America, Vol. I. Chap. 17.

formed around such centres. The influence of these aggregations of men upon their progress in civilization is a matter of common historical observation.*

And the importance of their absence from the South can hardly be exaggerated. It prevented the general establishment of newspapers, of the lecture-room, that great educator, and, to an extent, of the town-meetings and frequent political assemblages which are made so powerful as educational agents in the North. In a country so sparsely settled, and so devoid of small towns as intellectual centres, a general common-school system, or, in fact, any general educational system, is impossible. And the difference in this respect between the North and South was as marked in Colonial times as now. Berkeley, a Colonial Governor of Virginia, writing home to England, thanked God that there were no free schools in his Colony, as in the North.

And, again, the fact of the exuberance of the soil is hostile to any general intellectual activity. The labor of a few months gives the small proprietor food for the year; and, like all men without the stimulus of want, his months of freedom from necessary toil are spent in idleness, with its consequent unfitness for labor during the next season, thus leading to ignorance, dissipation,—in short, the degradation of the poor whites. It is with nations as with individuals; the heirship of great riches is seldom conducive to general mental development.

And we should add to these two still another consideration,—the direct effects of the warmth of climate upon individuals. This is opposed as well to intellectual as to bodily activity, and would prevent those energetic struggles for the acquisition of knowledge which are seen so often among the agricultural people of the North.

Considering these influences, we need not attribute a great weight to slavery in causing such a condition of education as all the Southern States exhibit. For example, in Virginia, in 1848, there were 166,000 youths between the ages of seven and sixteen years; of these, 126,000 attended no schools, and received no education.†

* *Wealth of Nations*, Book III. Chap. 4. Notes and Illustrations to Robertson's Charles the Fifth.

† Cited from Harrison's *History of Virginia*, by F. L. Olmsted, "Seaboard Slave States," p. 173.

Moreover, this sparseness of population, absence of small towns, richness of soil, and warmth of climate also prevent the religious education so important as the supporter of democratic ideas. The reports of colporteurs, travelling among the "poor whites," read like missionary letters from India or Africa. One writes: "Visited sixty families; forty-one destitute of the Bible; average of their going to church, once in seven years. Some grown-up youths had never heard a prayer or sermon before mine."

Such books as those of Kirke and Olmsted give a sad picture of the religious and moral degradation of these people. This religious ignorance cannot be wholly ascribed to slavery; for certainly ministers enough can be found, both at home and abroad, who can defend slavery from the Bible, and who have no scruples against living among a slave-holding population. But churches, like schools, cannot exist where the people are too widely scattered to furnish supporting congregations. And though Northern farmers may go several miles to church or Sunday school, this obstacle is almost morally insuperable to an indolent people, dwelling in a warm climate, where the roads are impassable in winter, and in the summer exertion is the burden of life.

We should, however, discriminate between that moral obliquity which seems to be consistent with pro-slavery Christianity, and that moral and religious blindness which results from want of Christian teaching. The former, so forcibly illustrated in the conduct of the Christian leaders of the Rebellion, undoubtedly was mainly caused by slavery; while the latter has no more necessary connection with it than the heathenism of the Ashantee prince has with his participation in the slave-trade.*

In addition to these effects upon intellectual and religious education of an exclusive devotion to agriculture, we must

* The inferiority in education and positive morality of the inhabitants of rural districts is ably discussed in an essay on "Rural Life," by Dr. Holland (*Lessons in Life*, p. 162). See also Kay's "Social Condition of the English People," which but confirms the opinion of all travellers, that the English peasant is not only more ignorant, but more immoral, than the inhabitants of manufacturing towns. Also Hume's "Essay on Agriculture"; Buckle's "History of Civilization," Vol. I. p. 273 and note 86, Amer. ed.; Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Book III. Chap. 4.

consider its effect upon the third condition of democratic institutions, the general division of property in land. And in regard to this, it appears that all purely agricultural countries naturally tend from such a distribution, and to the accumulation of landed property in the hands of a few.

Estates grow by accretion. The rich man is able to tide over a bad harvest, and buys in the land which his poor neighbor, barely able to support himself in ordinary times, is obliged to sell at a great sacrifice. The most notable instance of this is recorded in the forty-seventh chapter of Genesis, where, during the famine in Egypt, Pharaoh bought up all the land of the kingdom. Illustrations of this gravitation of property to the hands of the wealthy may be gathered from every quarter of the earth, and from the history of almost every nation. Buckle, in his "*History of Civilization*," traces the process in a few nations, Egypt, ancient Mexico, India, and Peru, showing why the principle is especially true of countries lying in warm latitudes. John Stuart Mill thus speaks of Rome: "When inequality of wealth once commences, in a community not constantly engaged in repairing by industry the injuries of fortune, its advances are gigantic; the great masses swallow up the smaller. The Roman Empire ultimately became covered with the vast landed possessions of a comparatively few families, for whose luxury, and still more for whose ostentation, the most costly products were raised, while the cultivators of the soil were slaves, or small tenants in a nearly servile condition. From this time the wealth of the empire progressively declined."* At this point in the history of Rome, the vast tribute exacted from conquered nations, together with the toil of their ancestors in overcoming the obstacles of nature, had effected for the inhabitants of Rome what a bounteous nature had done for their southern provinces, as for our Southern States, in creating a state of affairs in which the bare necessities of life could be obtained with almost no labor.

In a cold climate, among a commercial and manufacturing people, such concentration of property in families is impossible, unless produced by laws or customs of primogeniture, or other

* *Political Economy*, Vol. I. p. 36, Amer. ed.

abnormal means. In the North, we find that the great estates held a hundred years ago by the patroons, or grantees of patents, have mostly dwindled away to the size of ordinary farms.

The fluctuations and contingencies of trade, or even the natural division among children, equalizes property ; so that the descendants of wealthy men, in the third or fourth generation; are rarely by inheritance in affluent circumstances. In addition to this process of levelling down the rich, which is true in a smaller degree of agricultural countries, there is the more powerful equalizing process, among a manufacturing or commercial people, of elevating the poor. These departments of industry open a field for the display of mechanical or business talents such as agricultural pursuits never afford. The operative in the factory often makes a valuable mechanical or scientific discovery, and becomes rich by his invention ; and the office boy, beginning life by sweeping out the counting-room or store, often rises, through the successive grades of clerkships, to an equality with his employer. And in this each is aided by the education of the school rendered possible by the towns which these branches of industry establish.

But the peasant or poor white tilling the ground has no such opportunities as this ; his fate is fixed ; he dies as he has lived, fortunate if a kind Heaven permits his dust to mingle with that of his fathers in the soil which he trod when living. When the cultivator of the soil lives near a market, like a great city, there is a field for the exercise of certain talents, in raising vegetables, fruits, and flowers for sale, and so far an opportunity for him to rise. But in a country with so few towns as the South, even this narrow field is wanting.

In addition to these considerations, general in their nature, is the special fact applicable to the South, that her great staples afford a peculiar advantage to capital. They require extensive and valuable machinery in their preparation for market, which the poor cultivator cannot purchase. And, moreover, a large force of labor is required, but only during a short season of the year. This the small cultivator cannot hire from others like himself, since all need it at the same time ; nor without capital can he support dependants, whether slaves or hired laborers,

to supply this labor. Thus by both these means the competition of the poor with the rich is prevented, and the large landholder stands ever ready to buy in the land which a discouraged or necessitous small proprietor may offer for sale.

We thus see why political power has remained so long in the hands of certain families in the South, when we consider the obstacles to be encountered by those endeavoring to rise from the lower classes of society.

Such are some of the effects upon society of an exclusive devotion to agriculture. Tried by the three conditions first laid down, — general education, religious training, and division of property in land, — we have seen that the South was wanting. The result of this — ignorance, debasement, impoverishment of the masses, and a monopoly of wealth and power in the hands of a few — is a virtual aristocracy.

There still remains the consideration of one other cause of this aristocratic tendency of the South. Those already enumerated may be regarded as the more or less indirect effects of climate; indirect, because affecting the people through the pursuits which the climate forces upon them. In addition to this is the direct influence of the temperature of the atmosphere upon individuals. The consequences of this, because more apparent, are better understood and more universally acknowledged than the former, and only need mention to present more fully the power of the forces which impel the South to an aristocracy.

This direct effect of climate is discussed at length by Montesquieu,* by Hume, Buckle, J. S. Mill,† &c. A warm climate makes men indolent; “energy at the call of passion they possess in abundance, but not that which is manifested in sustained and persevering labor.”‡ With this indolence comes pride,§ and contempt for those who labor. And sluggishness of body is rarely united with that activity of mind which, taking cognizance of all the bearings of a subject, and looking far into the future, forms or guards good political institutions. Still more

* Spirit of Laws, Book XIV.

† Political Economy, Book I. Chap. 7, § 3.

‡ J. S. Mill.

§ Montesquieu, Book XIX. Chap. 9.

rarely is it joined to that self-restraint, willingness to sacrifice the present to the future, and eternal vigilance, which are the price of liberty.

Thus all nations inhabiting a warm climate tend naturally to servitude under foreign or domestic masters, whatever may be their pursuits.

We thus find, that, however other causes may have quickened or intensified the process, climatic influences are alone sufficient to produce an aristocratic tendency in the South, and a disinclination or unfitness for free, popular institutions. And when we consider the history of the early Colonies, remarking that there was a preponderance of Tories in South Carolina during the Revolution,* and that Massachusetts sent more soldiers to fight Southern battles in that war than all the Southern Colonies,† and remember that at this time all held slaves, we shall be less inclined to attribute Southern unfitness or want of love for popular institutions to transient or accidental causes.

It is hardly necessary to add anything upon the democratic tendencies of the North, since these are sufficiently obvious, resulting in a great measure from influences just the reverse of those operating upon the South.

We have thus endeavored to account for the growth of the aristocracy in the South, and the consequent social divergence of the two sections, which is assigned by many as the immediate cause of Secession.

Regarding their antagonistic interests, the cause assigned by so many others, but little need be added. We have shown the influence of the climate in making the Southerners an agricultural people; and as such, perfect free trade seemed to almost the whole population (except the sugar producers of Louisiana) a necessity of their well-being. Whether this opinion was correct or not we need not consider; it was their opinion, and probably will be that of every agricultural people to the end of time. And whether true or false, the belief would produce the same course of conduct as the fact. The power of this opin-

* Life of Marion, cited by F. L. Olmsted, "Seaboard Slave States," p. 503.

† Hildreth's History of the United States, Vol. IV. p 208.

ion of interest is seen in the relation of the West to Secession. The soil and climate devoted the West, as the South, to agriculture; and only by skilful management, as many believe, were several of the Western States prevented from joining the Secession movement. So strong was interest in producing Secession.

As the South were advocates of free trade, so the Middle and Eastern States mostly supported a tariff. And the soundness of their views, as in the case of the South, has no connection with the argument. Thus climatic influences produced the antagonism of interests, as well as the social divergence of the sections.

We spoke at the outset of the prominence and power at the South of the doctrine of State rights, which is sometimes assigned as the cause of Secession, saying that, admitting its influence, some explanation of its presence is required. Yet little need be said upon the subject. Given a divergence of institutions and an antagonism of interests, with a people uneducated to self-restraint, incapable of looking into the future, apt from their ignorance to magnify the disadvantages and under-estimate the benefits of a union, and some theory could easily be found to justify a separation. This the doctrine of State sovereignty afforded; harmless as a mere theory, it became powerful for evil only from the causes which we have shown above resulted from climatic influences. Such have been the effects of climate in the past, such they will be in the future, unless resisted by moral forces powerful enough to restrain them; for Nature's laws are uniform, constant, and implacable.

If climate, and not accidental causes, created the present aristocracy in the South, or was alone sufficiently powerful to have created it in a longer time, under the same conditions it will raise up another, though the whole existing population be exterminated and the land parcelled out among Northern soldiers. If climate is alone sufficient to make the poor whites such as now they are, — ignorant, irreligious, and impoverished, — it would degrade to their level even the transplanted yeomanry of New England. If climate devoted the South to agriculture, and so made her an advocate of free trade, it will still oppose manufactures, and make her a more bitter opponent of a tariff. And

lastly, if Secession and civil war were, as most thinking men believe, the legitimate results of this natural divergence of institutions and antagonism of interests, if these are not arrested, what must the future bear but wars, since the laws of Nature are invariable?

The discussion of the influence of climate has been thus far extended, in order to show more fully than is generally attempted the nature and difficulty of the problem presented to our people for solution. Its importance is sufficiently apprehended, as the almost universal desire for the legal abolition of slavery proves. The Constitutional amendment has been so generally favored, because men felt that slavery was the discordant element, the removal of which would secure future stability. But if the arguments here presented are valid, the delusiveness of this expectation will be readily seen. If slavery does not produce the exclusive devotion of the South to agriculture which makes her an advocate of free trade, its removal will not wean her from it. And if an aristocracy would arise in the South in the absence of the negro element, the abolition of slavery will not remove the opposition to popular institutions and contempt of labor, which inhere in aristocracy. Moreover, the brutality, licentiousness, and disregard of personal rights which accompany negro slavery, and which we regard rather as foul excrescences upon the Southern oligarchy than as vital elements of its hostility to the Union,—even these will hardly be removed by the Constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery. For this long train of evils, which excites the indignation and evokes the protest of philanthropists, leading, as some maintain, to the late civil war, springs from man's irresponsible power over man, call it by what name we will,—slavery, peonage, or serfdom. Leave now the freed but proscribed blacks to the almost illimitable power of State legislation, and what may we expect? The negro may be sold into apprenticeship, or may be prohibited from the witness-stand, and then the employer has an irresponsible power over the employed. The word "slavery," in the Amendment, is too indefinite a term, and is little aided by its adjunct, "involuntary servitude"; if the slavery agitation caused the late Rebellion, the mere construction of these words would be sufficient to create another.

We often hear it said, that the mere suppression of the Rebellion will be sufficient to prevent its repetition ; but this assertion all history falsifies. If the causes which produced it still retain their vigor, wars and victories, confiscations, and execution of the leaders, will be but palliatives, temporary expedients, no more effectual to prevent future rebellions than they were in England against the Stuarts, or than they have been in Ireland, or in Poland. If now a remedy can be found to heal this division between the sections, there must be no delay in its application ; it must be used while the horrors of war are fresh in the minds of the people, and while the late aristocracy of the South is powerless. Since the South tends to an aristocracy ; since all the large estates will not be confiscated, thus leaving some rich men ; and since Northern settlers will rapidly acquire large fortunes, and become, as heretofore, the most intense Southerners, — this new-born aristocracy, supported again by a party in the North, as in the nature of things it will be, soon will acquire too great a power to permit any of those changes which now are possible. Time heals many diseases in the body politic ; but, as we learned from slavery, some it only aggravates.

We cannot permit Secession ; for the same Nature which has established these causes of discord and disunion has, by the stern decrees of geographical configuration, marked out this country for one people and one government. If, on the one hand, she seems to compel separation, on the other she commands union. But climate we cannot change. What, then, can be done ? Are we thus the children of fate, the playthings of the elements ? It cannot be. There must be some reconciliation between these decrees of Nature, if we can only find it.

We are taught every day, that, though man cannot destroy, he can direct natural forces ; and if civilization and science are of any value, it is in teaching how to subdue Nature's laws, and make them servants instead of masters. "If," as says Emerson, "fate is so prevailing, man also is part of it, and can control fate with fate."

We have seen that the chief denationalizing effect of climate in this country is in rendering the South wholly agricultural, since this tends to aristocracy and free trade. The

obvious remedy is the general establishment of manufactures, which, as already shown, are democratic in their influence. The problem is, How can this be effected?

Many attempts were made, in the years preceding the war, to establish various manufactures in the South, most of which were unsuccessful. An examination of the causes of their failure will show the prospect of future success, and the assistance needed for that object.

In the first place, the failure was not due to the want of natural advantages. That "great free soil wedge," the Alleghany range, extending through Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, into Alabama and Georgia, itself larger than all Great Britain, contains inexhaustible stores of coal, iron, salt, limestone, &c., with water-power enough to turn the machinery of the world. And, in fact, abundant supplies of iron and coal are found in most of the Southern States, and water-power is equally abundant. In addition to these are copper, lead, zinc, marble, &c.; while cotton, the great staple, is at their door.

Nor can we attribute the failure to difficulty in obtaining labor. The factories which have been successfully established have experienced no such obstacle. It was the common testimony of Southern manufacturers, that three times as much labor was offered, unskilled to be sure, as could be employed.

Nor was it due to the necessary unprofitableness of the investment. When manufactures gained a foothold, as they sometimes did, they were largely profitable.

Having considered what were not the obstacles to the manufacturing interest of the South, we are prepared to treat of those which did exist. In the first place, those enumerated as opposing their establishment in Colonial times operated, though to a modified extent. In addition to these was public opinion. Perhaps Jefferson was mainly instrumental in fostering this by his condemnation of the manufacturing classes in his *Notes on Virginia*.^{*} For although more extended observation caused a radical change of his opinions,[†] these new views never gained publicity. Manufactures were felt to be opposed to the institutions of the South; a South Carolina paper called mechanics

^{*} Query 19.

[†] See Randall's *Life of Jefferson*, Vol. III. pp. 428-438.

“pests to society, dangerous among the slave population.” * This opposition in many cases exhibited itself in the destruction of factories erected by Northern capital, of which the ruins seen by our army on the Peninsula — one on the James River above Newport News, and another near Lee’s Mills — are illustrations. But the educated men in the South, even before this war, comparing their material poverty with the wealth of New England, began to see that manufactures were absolutely necessary to their existence. The fallacy that a people could prosper, even in a material point of view, by exclusive devotion to agriculture, was by actual sad experiment finally exploded. So we find a Governor of Virginia earnestly advocating and recommending the introduction of manufactures. The result of this war, introducing a new element of population, will probably quench the last sparks of this opposition of public opinion. But this obstacle probably never operated to any considerable extent, save in the rural districts, among the more ignorant classes of society. In the cities, where the semblance of law and order was more efficiently maintained, the failure may be traced mainly to one cause alone; the same which, in the opinions of the old Whig party, ruined so often this branch of Northern industry, — *competition* and custom.

It would be unnecessary to dilate upon this subject, were it not a matter so little understood by one class of our political economists, and never applied at home by another. Those who believe that capital will necessarily flow to the place where the largest profits can be earned, will probably also hold that purchasers always buy the cheapest goods, if not of inferior quality. Hence, if cotton goods could have been sold for less by Southern manufacturers than by Northern, they would have found purchasers enough. Space is not afforded to refute either of these fallacies; but the upholders of the first may be referred to one advocate of free trade, Adam Smith; † and another free-trader can answer the second class. ‡ But to students of the subject it is only necessary to show how these admitted

* Olmsted’s Seaboard Slave States, p. 512.

† See Wealth of Nations, Book IV. Chap. 2.

‡ J. S. Mill’s Political Economy, Vol. I. Book II. Chap. 4, § 3.

influences affected the South. The absence of a tariff ruined them by an inundation of English goods ; its presence crushed them no less by the fabrics of New England. The mode of accounting for the latter fact must necessarily be by an enumeration of some of the arguments used so feelingly by Northern manufacturers for explaining England's power over our markets, under a non-protective system. First, preponderance of capital. The greater the capital employed up to a certain point, the more cheaply, of course, manufactured goods can be produced and sold. From this the South suffered, and yet could, as we have seen, with small capital, have succeeded but for the other power which capital affords, that of underselling for a time, at an absolute loss to the underseller, in order to run off competition. In 1815, Henry Brougham, now Lord Brougham, understanding fully England's commercial policy, declared in Parliament, that "England could afford to incur some loss on the export of English goods, for the purpose of destroying foreign manufactures in their cradle." And the London Times stated that the combination, during three or four years, for this purpose, cost between one and a half and two million dollars. And as England has treated the North, so New England has treated the South. The history of one town in South Carolina will illustrate this, as also the beneficial effects of the establishment of manufactories. In the village of Graniteville, near Charleston, S. C., about one thousand persons were before the war gathered together by one cotton-mill ; some working as factory hands, others raising produce for their support. The company supported day and Sunday schools for the children. This mill bought yearly four thousand bales of cotton, and sold four million yards of cloth, better than English or Northern goods. But for several years the owners sold their goods at or under cost of manufacture, in order to get them into market ; and having a large capital, were finally successful.

Another reason for the power of the North over the Southern market was priority of establishment of manufactures. Mill says : "The superiority of one country over another in a branch of production often arises only from having begun it sooner. There may be no inherent advantage on one part, or disadvantage on the other, but only a present superiority of acquired

skill and experience.”* This superiority was shown, in the case of the South, in two ways. First, by absence of skilled labor. The production of a body of skilled artisans is a work of long time and favorable circumstances. For want of them, England could not compete with the Netherlands or France till the atrocities of Philip and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove the workmen to her shores whom she herself could not produce. For fine work, a few operatives imported into a country might suffice to teach a people, already accustomed to manufactures, the secrets of their art; but in the South is needed a whole manufacturing population, which must be raised at home, the number required being too large for importation. The second effect of this prior establishment of manufactures in the North is occupation of the market,—an advantage not generally noticed by political economists, yet one whose influence is daily seen. Persons accustomed to purchase goods at one place for years change with reluctance. When used to goods of a certain brand, they distrust even a better article with another stamp; and, in fact, in most branches of business the age of an establishment is a presumption for or against the article presented, often too strong to be overthrown by evidence. Some people purchase many articles of foreign manufacture, although as good a home production is offered at a smaller price. So our wine-merchants send a mixture to France, which reimported sells for champagne. The proof of the influence of this in the South is the fact, that often, before the war, Southern manufactured goods were sent to New York to be reshipped to the South for sale, under the name of Northern fabrics. Southern goods would not sell, because not known. And in fact, the products of a few Southern mills formed so small a part of the stock which a merchant would buy in the fall, that, in the absence of a large Southern city like New York, where he could lay in his stock, it was cheaper for him to buy all together in one place, than to expend time and money by hunting up and purchasing a few cotton goods at Southern factories.

Thus we find that the first obstacle was public opinion, the fear of danger to their institutions, though we see this giving

* Political Economy, Vol. II. Book V. Chap. 10, § 1.

way under the greater dread of poverty ; while still stronger than this was the influence of the well-settled, long-established manufactories of the North,—a power explicable by reason, and acknowledged by the authority of free-traders and protectionists alike.

This war has accomplished much in changing the public opinion of the South, and in establishing manufactures there of various kinds. Yet few of these, from want of capital, can be more than temporary furnishers of goods formerly supplied by the North. The North, in its preparation for the newly opened "Southern trade," evidently expects the old *régime*. Another result of the war, hopeful for the future, is the liberation of capital (a phrase not strictly correct, but enough so for our purpose) in the North, which perhaps will flow into the South for investment. The rich man who would invest a few millions in South Carolina cotton-factories would soon find it a profitable enterprise, and thereby more would be done to cement the Union than by any compromise or political concession. The pressure of the national debt will probably sustain a tariff, and in a measure prevent the foreign competition which so often has injured the South. But it is very improbable that any or all of these combined will be sufficient support against the greatly strengthened Northern manufactures. The North, after two hundred years, still complains, that, unaided, it cannot compete with England. Can Southern mills of four years' growth compete with us ? But unless in some way they are enabled to establish this counteracting force against aristocracy, its growth appears inevitable. The framers of the Constitution, as if almost foreseeing this necessity, wisely made provision for such a case. Instead of saying that Congress alone should have power to lay imposts, which should be uniform, or using some other form of words which would require an amendment to permit a State tariff against another State, they provided by Section 10, Article I. : " No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports," &c. This permission of course Congress can give, if it seems advisable ; the sums collected going into the treasury of the United States, as provided by the same section. On this subject, John Stuart Mill, an advocate of free trade, says :

“The only case in which, on mere principles of political economy, protecting duties can be defensible, is when they are imposed temporarily (especially in a young and rising nation), in hopes of naturalizing a foreign industry, in itself perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the country. The superiority of one country over another in a branch of production often arises only from having begun it sooner. There may be no inherent advantage on one part, or disadvantage on the other, but only a present superiority of acquired skill and experience. But it cannot be expected that individuals should at their own risk, or rather to their certain loss, introduce a new manufacture, and bear the burden of carrying it on, until the producers have been educated up to the level of those with whom the processes are traditional. A protecting duty, continued for a reasonable time, will sometimes be the least inconvenient mode in which the nation can tax itself for the support of such an experiment.”*

We at the North have urged these arguments for ourselves these many years; are we now willing to apply them to the South? We have long shown to the South philanthropy to be both a common and an easy virtue; are we willing to exhibit wisdom and justice which are neither common nor easy? If, by some protective laws in favor of the South, easily framed and easily executed, we can establish manufactures there, one great cause of dissension will be removed; the tariff no longer directly or indirectly will threaten the Union.

So much political economy teaches of the mode of reconciling the conflicting interests of North and South; yet this alone will not suffice. The growth of manufactures must necessarily be slow, and their influence will be but gradually felt; while the agricultural power, at first supreme, always will be paramount. Without manufactures the preservation of democratic principles appears impossible, the growth of aristocratic ones inevitable. With manufactures their perpetuation seems hopeful; yet it is a contest against soil and climate, in which freedom needs every possible assistance. In a country whose natural tendency to aristocracy is such as has been pointed out,

* Political Economy, Vol. II. Book V. Chap. 10, § 1.

what danger may not be apprehended from the presence of a Pariah caste, whose debasement and incapacity for self-protection invites to their subjection! In the North there is always a division into classes, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, high and low, but they are never permanent. They are like the sea and the clouds: the drop which stagnates among the weeds to-day, to-morrow may reflect the hues of the rainbow.

The constant interchange of position, preventing settled castes and class spirit, is our safety. But when in a state, especially one of aristocratic tendencies, there is a caste distinction drawn, permanent and unchangeable, because based upon Nature's brand, setting off a race proscribed, ignorant, and necessitous, there a weight is thrown into the scale on the side of aristocracy which it seems impossible to counterbalance. That this is not an imaginary danger is shown by the example of Jamaica. Says Mr. Underhill: "Only the perpetual interposition of the British government has prevented the enfranchised negro from being reduced to the condition of a serf, by the selfish partisan legislation of the Jamaica planters."* We must remember that the Southern States, when once reorganized, will have the power to legislate as iniquitously as did the planters of Jamaica, with no superior Parliament to revise their actions. That conscientious scruples, or considerations of interest, would restrain such legislation, the sad experience of the past hardly gives us ground to hope. Already we see in the South, wherever the military power is withdrawn, the incipient steps of a policy bearing more severely upon the negro than even the condition of nominal slavery, since his physical situation is more pitiable, while his mind is only deluded by the phantom of liberty. We can hardly hope that the influx of Northerners will be a counteracting force, when we consider the class of men, mostly adventurers and speculators, who will form this immigrating population, and remember that transplanted Northerners have always been the most bitter opponents of their native section, and the most firmly wedded to the institutions of the South. Overruling the decision in the "Dred Scot case," or allowing

* "The West Indies, their Social and Religious Condition," by Edward B. Underhill, p. 222; quoted by Professor Cairnes, "The Slave Power," p. 167.

that decision to stand, and exercising the power granted to Congress by the Constitution, "to establish an uniform rule of naturalization," and thus making the freedmen citizens, would mitigate the evil to a slight extent; yet a terrible power would still be reserved to the States, sufficient, as has been already said, to produce all the evils attending nominal slavery in the past.

But arm this class with the weapon of the free citizen, as silent and more powerful than the billet of a Borgia, and at once all this is changed. He now will be courted, where before he was spurned; interest more potent than philanthropy will now dictate education, where before it demanded debasement; the Pariah will now be treated with outward respect, and the caste barrier be swept away. Without the ballot, four million blacks, increasing more rapidly than the whites, may not only serve as the basis for another aristocracy, fatal to the Union, but also, in the future, bring upon the South the horrors of the war between races so vividly predicted by De Tocqueville.

As has been shown already, if this check upon aristocracy is to be applied at all, it must be done at once, before the new aristocracy acquires the power to successfully oppose it.

We are told that the negro is now unfit for the ballot, because of his ignorance and degradation. And men using this argument would have us fold our arms and wait for his elevation; just as our fathers waited for the abolition of slavery, which they hoped would come some day, they knew not when or how. We have seen how it came. As matters now stand, the negro can never be better fitted for the rights of citizenship, since every interest in the South unites for his depression. Each hour's delay increases the evil, while diminishing the possibility of its correction.

If an amendment to the Constitution could be passed, regulating the status and rights of the negro, in order to secure the end suggested in this paper, it need not confer upon the illiterate black the right of immediate suffrage. We might learn a lesson from the framers of the Constitution, and provide that, after a term of years, no distinction should be made because of color; in the mean time giving the ballot to those who can read and write. The knowledge that in say twenty years

this addition would be made to their voting population would make it for the immediate interest of the South to educate her future voters. But the passage of such an amendment is hardly possible. The one abolishing slavery has not yet been ratified; and, unless ratified, there is, according to the *theory* of President Johnson, nothing to prevent the re-establishment of even nominal slavery by the reorganized States. Public opinion at the North would not be ready for another amendment until it would be too late.

The only feasible method of accomplishing this vital result seems to be by the action of Congress. The Supreme Court, the tribunal of last peaceable resort, has decided that the conflict of the last four years has been a *war*, — that the South have been belligerents. Being such, their States now, by virtue of our victory, occupy the position of conquered territory, over which Congress has legislative control. And as the ordinance for the government of the Northwestern Territory was effectual to exclude slavery from the Northwestern States, so Congress might pass an ordinance fixing the status of the negro in the South, and would have the power to make this ordinance effectual.

But we do not desire to consider further the means by which this restraint upon the aristocratic tendency of the South may be secured; we only wish to show its necessity. If this can be made apparent, the mode of its application can be easily settled.

These, then, seem to be two indispensable conditions of the preservation of democratic ideas in the South, and the perpetuity of the Union, — suffrage to the negro, and permission to the Southern States to protect their manufactures till they shall be able to compete with the North. Alone neither can be sufficient; together, the successful result is by no means certain, but it may be hoped for.

ART. III. — *Mantova e Sua Provincia, per l'Avvocato* BARTOLOMEO ARRIGHI. [Section of the work entitled: *Grande Illustrazione del Lombardo-Veneto, ossia Storia delle Città, dei Borghi, Comuni, Castelli, etc., fino ai Tempi moderni. Per Cura di* CESARE CANTU, *e d' altri Literati.* Milano. 1859.]

IN that desperate depth of Hell where Dante beholds the Diviners doomed to pace with backward-twisted faces, and turn forever on the past the rainy eyes once bent too daringly on the future, the sweet guide of the Tuscan poet points out among the damned the daughter of a Theban king, and discourses to his charge: —

Manto was she : through many lands she went
 Seeking, and paused where I was born, at last.
 Therefore I choose thou be on me intent
 A little. When from life her father passed,
 And they of Bacchus' city became slaves,
 Long time about the world the daughter cast.
 Up in fair Italy is a lake that laves
 The feet of Alps that lock in Germany :
 Benaco called.
 And Peschiera in strong harness sits
 To front the Brescians and Bergamo,
 Where one down-curving shore the other meets.
 There all the gathered waters outward flow
 That may not in Benaco's bosom rest,
 And down through pastures green a river go.
 Soon as the current southward turns the crest,
 Benaco no more, but Mincio we know
 As far as to Governo, where, its quest
 Ended at last, it falls into the Po.
 But far it has not sought before a plain
 It finds and floods, out-creeping wide and slow
 To be the steaming summer's offence and bane.
 Here passing by, the fierce, unfriendly maid
 Saw land in the middle of the sullen main,
 Wild and unpeopled, and here, unafraid
 Of human neighborhood, she made her lair,
 Rested, and with her menials wrought her trade,
 And lived, and left her empty body there.
 Then the sparse people that were scattered near
 Gathered upon that island, everywhere

Compassed about with swamps and kept from fear.
They built their city above the witch's grave,
And for her sake that first made dwelling there
The name of Mantua to their city gave.

To this account of the first settlement of Mantua, Virgil adds a warning to his charge to distrust all other histories of the city's foundation ; and Dante is so thoroughly persuaded of its truth, that he declares all other histories shall be to him as so many lifeless embers. Nevertheless, divers chroniclers of Mantua reject the tradition here given as fabulous ; and the carefullest and most ruthless of these traces the city's origin, not to the unfriendly maid, but to the Etruscan King Ocnò, fixing the precise date of its foundation at thirty years before the Trojan war, one thousand five hundred and thirty-nine years after the creation of the world, three hundred years before Rome, and nine hundred and fifteen years after the flood, while Abimelech was judge in Israel. "And whoever," says the compiler of the "*Flower of the Mantuan Chronicles*," (it is a very dry and musty flower, indeed,) citing doughty authorities for all his facts and figures, — "whoever wishes to understand this more curiously, let him read the said authors, and he will be satisfied."

But we are as little disposed to unsettle the reader's faith in the Virgilian tradition, as to part with our own ; and we therefore uncandidly hold back the names of the authorities cited. This tradition was in fact the only thing concerning Mantuan history present to our thoughts as we rode toward the city, one afternoon of a pleasant Lombard spring ; and when we came in sight of the ancient hold of sorcery, with the languid waters of its lagoons lying sick at its feet, we recognized at least the topographical truth of Virgil's description. But old and mighty walls now surround the spot which Manto found sterile and lonely in the heart of the swamp formed by the Mincio, no longer Benaco ; and the dust of the witch is multitudinously hidden under the edifices of a city whose mighty domes, towers, and spires make its approach one of the stateliest in the world. It is a prospect on which you may dwell long as you draw toward the city, for the road from the railway station winds through some two miles of flat meadow-land before it reaches

the gate of the stronghold which the Italians call the first hope of the winner of the land, and the last hope of the loser of Italy. Indeed, there is no haste in any of the means of access to Mantua. It lies scarce forty miles south of Verona, and you are three hours in journeying this distance in the placid railway train,—a distance which Romeo, returning to Verona from his exile in Mantua, no doubt travelled in less time. There is abundant leisure to study the scenery on the way; but it scarcely repays perusal, for it lacks the beauty of the usual Lombard landscape. The soil is red, stony, and sterile; the orchard-trees are scant and slender, and not wedded with the caressing vines which elsewhere in North Italy garland happier trees and stretch gracefully from trunk to trunk. Especially the landscape looks sad and shabby about the little village of Villafranca, where the dejected prospect seemed incapable of a smile even in spring; as if it had lost all hope and cheerfulness since the peace was made which confirmed Venetia to the alien. It said as plainly as real estate could express the national sentiment, “Come si fa? Ci vuol pazienza!” and crept sullenly out of sight, as our pensive train resumed its meditative progress. No doubt this poor landscape *was* imbued, in its dull, earthy way, with a feeling that the coming of Garibaldi would irrigate and fertilize it into a paradise; as at Venice the gondoliers believe that his army would bring in its train cheap wine and hordes of rich and helpless Englishmen bent on perpetual tours of the Grand Canal without understanding as to price.

But within and without, Mantua is a strong argument against possibility of change in the political condition of this part of Italy. Compassed about by the corruption of the swamps and the sluggish breadth of the river, the city is no less mighty in her artificial defences than in this natural strength of her position; and the Croats of her garrison are as frequent in her sad, handsome streets, as the priests in Rome. Three lakes secure her from approach upon the east, north, and south; on the west is a vast intrenched camp, which can be flooded at pleasure from one of the lakes; while the water runs three fathoms deep at the feet of the solid brick walls all round the city. There are five gates giving access by drawbridges from the town to the fortified posts on every side, and commanding with their guns

the roads that lead to them. The outlying forts, with the citadel, are four in number, and are each capable of holding from two to three thousand men. The intrenched camp, for cavalry and artillery, and the barracks of the city itself, can receive a garrison of from thirty to forty thousand men; and the measureless depths of the air are full of the fever that fights in defence of Mantua, and serves with equal zeal whoever is master of the place, let him be French, Italian, or Austrian, so only that he have an unacclimated enemy before him.

The writer of this article confesses that little of this formidable military knowledge burdened him on the occasion of his visit to Mantua, and he has already confessed that he was but very imperfectly informed of the history of the city. But indeed, if the reader dealt candidly with himself, how much could *he* profess to know of Mantuan history? The ladies all have some erudite associations with the place as giving the term of *mantua-making* to the art of dress, and most persons have heard that Mantua's law was once death to any he that uttered mortal drugs there, and that the place is now an Austrian fortress on the Mincio, a stream famous in New York journalism for its elbows. Of Giulio Romano, and his works in Mantua, a good many have heard; and there is something known to the reader of the punctuated edition of Browning about Sordello. But of the Gonzagas of Mantua, and their duchy, what do you know, gentle reader?

For ourselves, when in Mantua, we tried to make a virtue of our want of information, and fancied that a sort of general ignorance was more favorable to our enjoyment of what we saw there, than thorough acquaintance with the city's history would have been. It certainly enabled us to accept all the poetic fictions of the custodians, and to embroider with their pleasing improbabilities the business-like succinctness of the guide-books; to make out of the twilight which involved all impressions a misty and heroic picture of the Mantuan past, wherein her great men appeared with a stately and gigantic uncertainty of outline, and mixed with dim scenes of battle, intrigue, and riot, and were gone before Fact could lay her finger on any shape, and swear that it was called so, and did so and so. But even if there had been neither pleasure nor profit in this ignorance, the means

of dispelling it are so scant in modern literature that it might well have been excused in a far more earnest traveller. The difficulty, indeed, which we afterwards experienced in trying to learn something of Mantua, is our best excuse for writing of its history here. We fancy that the few recent books on the subject are not in the hands of most readers, and we have a comforting belief that scarcely a reader of ours has been a reader of the *Grande Illustrazione del Lombardo-Veneto*. Yet we suppose that he forms some notion of this work from its title, and figures to himself a physical bulk of six volumes, — large, abounding in ill-printed wood-cuts, and having the appalling features which repel our race from pictorial history-books generally. There is something dry and second-rate, it must be confessed, in most things that come from the hand of Cesare Cantù, one of the most prominent of modern Italian writers. It would be hard to name all the kinds of books which he has written, and it would be awful to number them. He began with poetry, and made some romances, or *novelle*, about the time when the school of Manzonian poets flourished at Milan; and he afterwards suffered one of those imprisonments with which Austria has fostered literary talent in Italy, and during his incarceration wrote one of the most popular historical novels in Italian literature, — the *Margherita Pusterla*. Afterwards came criticisms, essays, biographies, and chiefly histories, in countless volumes, — a Universal History, a History of the Italians, a History of Italian Literature. All these books have a certain interest and a certain worth, and may be partially read; but none that we have read is first-rate. They are written with a degree of enlightenment just short of liberality, and are full of the information which is the material of history and not history. In like manner, the author himself falls short of excellence: he is all that intense admiration of Manzoni can make a man in literature, and nothing more; in politics he is a man of good principles but narrow sympathies; he is a patriot limited by Papistry, and was one of the few prominent members of the Italian Parliament who last winter openly exulted in the defeat of the measure to abolish monastic establishments in Italy.

The *Grande Illustrazione del Lombardo-Veneto* includes no-

tice of all those dear and famous cities of North Italy which we know, — of Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Venice, Mantua, Modena, Brescia, Bergamo, and the rest ; but here we have only to do with the part which concerns Mantua. This is written by the advocate Bartolomeo Arrighi, whose ingenious avoidance of all that might make his theme attractive could not be sufficiently celebrated here, and may therefore be left to the reader's fancy. There is little in his paper to leaven statistical heaviness ; and in recounting one of the most picturesque histories, he contrives to give merely a list of the events and a diagram of the scenes. Whatever illustrated character in princes or people he carefully excludes, and the raciness of anecdote and the flavor of manner and epoch distil not into his compilation from the elder historiographers. We have therefore to go back, in our present purpose, to the authors whose substance he has desiccated, and with their help, and that of one or two antiquated authors of this century, we shall try to rehabilitate the ducal state of Mantua,

“ Which was an image of the mighty world,”

and present some shadow of its microcosmal life. The story has the completeness of a tragedy ; but it runs over many centuries, and it ends like a farce, though it ends with a death. One feels, indeed, almost as great satisfaction in the catastrophe as the Mantuans themselves, who terminated their national existence and parted from their last Duke with something like exultation.

As we recall our own impressions of the city, we doubt if any good or bad fortune could rouse her to such positive emotion now. She seemed sunken, that dull April evening of our visit, into an abiding lethargy ; as if perfect repose, and oblivion from the many-troubled past, — from the renown of all former famine, fire, intrigue, slaughter, and sack, — were to be preferred by the ghost of a once populous and haughty capital to the most splendid memories of national life. Certainly, the phantom of bygone Mantuan greatness did not haunt the idle tourists who strolled through her wide streets, enjoying their quiet beauty and regularity, and finding them, despite their empty, melancholy air, full of something that reminded of home.

Coming from a land where there is a vast deal of length, breadth, and rectitude in streets, as well as human nature, they could not, of course, feel that wonder in the Mantuan avenues which inspired a Venetian ambassador, two centuries since, to write the Serenest Senate in praise of their marvellous extent and straightness; but they were still conscious of a certain expansive difference from Gothic Verona and narrow Venice. The windows of the ground-floors were grated to the prison-like effect common throughout Italy; but people evidently lived upon the ground-floors, and at many of the iron-barred windows fair young prisoners sat and looked out upon the streets, or laughed and chatted together. About the open doorways, moreover, people lounged, gossiping; and the interiors of the entry-halls, as they appeared to the passing glance, were clean, and had not that forbidding, inhospitable air characteristic of most house-entrances in North Italy. But sculptured Venice and Verona had unfitted the travellers for pleasure in the stucco of Mantua; and they had an immense scorn for the large and beautiful palaces of which the before-quoted ambassador speaks, because they found them faced with cunningly-moulded plaster instead of carven stone. Nevertheless, they could not help a kind of half-tender respect for the old town. It shares the domestic character of its scenes with the other ducal cities, Modena, Parma, and Ferrara; and this character is, perhaps, proper to all long and intensely municipalized communities. But Mantua has a ghostly calm wholly its own; and this was not in the least broken that evening by chatters at thresholds, and pretty laughers at grated windows. It was very, very quiet. Perhaps half a score of carriages rumbled by us in our long walk, and we met some scattered promenaders. But for the most part the streets were quite empty; and even in the chief piazza, where there was still some belated show of buying and selling, and about the doors of the cafés, where there was a good deal of languid loafing, there was no indecency of noise or bustle. There were visibly few people in the place, and it was in decay; but it was not squalid in its lapse. The streets were scrupulously neat and clean, and the stuccoed houses were all painted of that pale saffron hue which gives such unquestionable respectability to New England towns. Before

we returned to our lodgings, Mantua had turned into twilight; and we walked homeward through a placid and dignified gloom, nowhere broken by the flare of gas, and only remotely affected, here and there, by the light of lamps of oil, faintly twinkling in a disheartened Mantuan fashion.

If you turn this pensive light upon the yellow pages of those old chronicles of which we spoke, it reveals pictures fit to raise both pity and wonder for the past of this city,—pictures full of the glory of struggles for freedom, of the splendor of wise princes, of the comfort of a prosperous and contented people, of the grateful fruits of protected arts and civilization; but likewise stained with images of unspeakable filth and wickedness, baseness and cruelty, incredible shame, suffering, and sin.

Long before the birth of Christ, the Gauls drive out the Etruscans from Mantua, and aggrandize and beautify the city, to be in their turn expelled by the Romans, under whom Mantua again waxes strong and fair. In this time, the wife of a farmer not far from the city dreams a marvellous dream of bringing forth a laurel-bough, and in due time bears into the world the chiefest of all Mantuans, with a smile upon his face. This is a poet, and they call his name Virgil. He goes from his native city to Rome, when ripe for glory, and has there the good fortune to win back his father's farm, which the greedy veterans of Augustus, then settled in the Cremonese, had annexed to the spoils bestowed upon them by the Emperor. Later in this Roman time, and only three years after the death of Him whom the poet all but prophesied, another grand event marks an epoch in Mantuan history. According to the pious legend, the soldier Longinus, who pierced the side of Christ as he hung upon the cross, has been converted by a miracle: wiping away that costly blood from his spear-head, and then drawing his hand across his eyes, he is suddenly healed of his near-sightedness, and stricken with the full wonder of conviction. He gathers anxiously the precious drops of blood from his weapon into the phial from which the vinegar mixed with gall was poured, and, forsaking his life of soldier, he wanders with his new-won faith and his priceless treasure to Mantua, where it is destined to work famous miracles, and to be the most valued possession of the city to all after-time. The saint

himself, preaching the Gospel of Christ, suffers martyrdom under Tiberius; his tongue is cut out, and his body is burnt; and his ashes are buried at Mantua, forgotten, and found again in after ages with due signs and miraculous portents. The Romans give a civil tranquillity to Mantua; but it is not till three centuries after Christ that the persecutions of the Christians cease. Then the temples of the gods are thrown down, and churches are built; and the city goes forward to share the destinies of the Christianized empire, and be spoiled by the barbarians. In 407 the Goths take it, and the Vandals in their turn sack and waste it, and scatter its people, who return again after the storm, and rebuild their city. Attila, marching to destroy it, is met at Governo (as you see in Raphael's fresco in the Vatican) by Pope Leo I., who conjures him to spare the city, and threatens him with Divine vengeance if he refuse; above the pontiff's head two wrathful angels, bearing drawn swords, menace the Hun with death if he advance; and, thus miraculously admonished, he turns aside from Mantua and spares it. The citizens successfully resist an attack of Alboin; but the Longobards afterwards, unrestrained by the visions of Attila, beat the Mantuans and take the city. From the Lombards the Greeks, sent thither by the Exarch of Ravenna, captured Mantua about the end of the sixth century; and then, the Lombards turning immediately to besiege it again, the Greeks defend their prize long and valiantly, but in the end are overpowered. They are allowed to retire with their men and arms to Ravenna, and the Lombards dismantle the city.

Concerning our poor Mantua under Lombard rule there is but little known, except that she went to war with the Cremonese; and it may be fairly supposed that she was, like her neighbors, completely involved in foreign and domestic discords of every kind. That war with the Cremonese was about the possession of the river Ollio; and the Mantuans came off victors in it, slaying immense numbers of the enemy, and taking some thousands of them prisoners, whom their countrymen ransomed on condition of building one of the gates of Mantua with materials from the Cremonese territory, and mortar mixed with water from the disputed Ollio. The reader easily conceives how bitter a pill this must have been for the high-toned Cremonese gentlemen of that day.

When Charlemagne made himself master of Italy, the Mantuan lands and Mantuan men were divided up among the brave soldiers who had helped to enslave the country. These warriors of Charlemagne became counts; and the *contadini*, or inhabitants of each *contado* (county), became absolutely dependent on their will and pleasure. It is recorded (to the confusion of those who think primitive barbarism is virtue) that the corruption of those rude and brutal old times was great, that all classes were sunk in vice, and that the clergy were especially venal and abominable. After the death of Charlemagne, in the ninth century, wars broke out all over Italy between the factions supporting different aspirants to his power; and we may be sure that Mantua had some share in the common quarrel. As we have found no explicit record of this period, we distribute to the city, as her portion of the calamities, at least two sieges, one capture and sack, and a decimation by famine and pestilence. We certainly read that, fifty years later, the Emperor Rudolph attacked it with his Hungarians, took it, pillaged it, and put great part of its people to the sword. During the siege, some pious Mantuans had buried (to save them from the religious foe) the blood of Christ, and part of the sponge which had held the gall and vinegar, together with the body of St. Longinus. Most unluckily, however, these excellent men were put to the sword, and all knowledge of the place of sepulture perished with them.

At the end of these wars Mantua received a lord, by appointment of the Emperor, and the first lord's son married the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, from which union was born the great Countess Matilda. Boniface was the happy bridegroom's name, and the wedding had a wild splendor and profuse barbaric jollity about it, which it is pleasant enough to read of after so much cutting and slashing. The viands were passed round on horseback to the guests, and the horses were shod with silver shoes loosely nailed on, that they might drop off and be scrambled for by the people. Oxen were roasted whole, as at a Kentucky barbecue; and wine was drawn from wells with buckets hung on silver chains. It was the first great display of that magnificence of which after princes of Mantua were so fond; and the wretched hinds out of whose sweat it came no doubt thought it very fine.

Of course Lord Boniface had his wars. There was a plot to depose him discovered in Mantua, and the plotters fled to Verona. Boniface demanded them; but the Veronese answered stoutly that theirs was a free city, and no man should be taken from it against his will. Boniface marched to attack them; and the Veronese were such fools as to call the Duke of Austria to their aid, promising submission to his government in return for his help. It was then that Austria first put her finger into the Italian *pasticcio*, where she has kept it ever since. But the Austrian governor whom the Duke set over the Veronese made himself intolerable, — the Austrian governor always does, — and they drove him out of the city. On this the Duke turns about, unites with Boniface, takes Verona, and sacks it.

An altogether pleasanter incident of Boniface's domination was the miraculous discovery of the sacred relics, buried and lost during the sack of Mantua by the Hungarians. The place of sepulture was revealed thrice to a blind pauper in a dream. People dug where he bade them and found the relics. Immediately on its exhumation the Blood wrought innumerable miracles; and the fame of it grew so great, that the Pope came to see it, attended by such concourse of the people that they were obliged to sleep in the streets. It was an age that threw the mantle of exterior devotion and laborious penances and pilgrimages over the most hideous crimes and unnatural sins. But perhaps the poor believers who slept in the streets of Mantua on that occasion were none the worse for their faith, when the Pope pronounced the Blood genuine and blessed it. We are sure that for some days of enthusiasm they abstained from the violence of war, and paused a little in that career of vice and wickedness of which one reads in Italian history, with the full conviction that Sodom and Gomorrah also were facts, and not merely allegory. We have no doubt the blind beggar believed that Heaven had revealed to him the place where the Blood was buried, that the Pope believed in the verity of the relic, and that the devout multitudes were helped and uplifted in their gross faith by this visible witness to the truth that Christ had died for them upon the bloody tree. Poor souls! they had much to contend with in the way to any good. The leaven of the old pleasure-making pagan civilization was in

them yet (it is in the Italians to this day); and centuries of Northern invasion had made them fierce and cruel, without teaching them Northern virtues. Nay, we question much if their invaders had so many rugged virtues to teach as some people would have us think. They seem to have liked well the sweet corruptions of the land and the studied debaucheries of ages of sin, and to have enjoyed them as furiously and clumsily as bears do the hoarded honey of civilized bees.

After the death of Boniface the lordship of Mantua fell to his famous daughter, Matilda, of whom most have heard. She was a woman of strong will and strong mind: she held her own, and rent from others with a mighty hand, till she had united nearly all Lombardy under her rule. She was not much given to the domestic affections; she had two husbands (successively), and, if the truth must be told, divorced them both,—one because he wished to share her sovereignty, perhaps usurp it, and the other because he was not warm enough friend of religion. She had no children, and, indeed, in her last marriage contract it was expressly provided that the spouses were to live in chastity together, and as much asunder as possible, Matilda having scruples. She was a great friend to learning,—founded libraries, established the law schools at Bologna, caused the codification of the canon law, corresponded with distant nations, and spoke all the different languages of her soldiers. More than literature, however, she loved the Church; and fought on the side of Pope Gregory VII. in his wars with the Emperor Henry IV. Henry therefore took Mantua from her in 1091, and up to the year 1111 the city enjoyed a kind of republican government under his protection. In that year Henry made peace with Matilda, and appointed her his vice-regent in Italy; but the Mantuans, after twenty years of freedom, were in no humor to feel the weight of the mailed hand of this strong-minded lady. She was then, moreover, nigh to her death; and, hearing that her physicians had given her up, the Mantuans refused submission. The great Countess rose irefully from her death-bed, and, gathering her army, led it in person, as she always did, laid siege to Mantua by land and water, entered the city in 1114, and did not die till a year after. Such is female resolution.

The Mantuans now founded a republican government, having unlimited immunities and privileges from the Emperor, whose power over them extended merely to the investiture of their consuls. Their republic was democratic, the legislative council of nine rectors and three curators being elective by the whole people. This government, or something like it, endured for more than a century, during which period the Mantuans seem to have done nothing but war with their neighbors in every direction, — with the Veronese chiefly, with the Cremonese a good deal, with the Paduans, with the Ferrarese, with the Modenese and the Bolognese: indeed, we count up twelve of these wars. Like the English of their time, the Mantuans were famous bowmen, and their shafts took flight all over Lombardy. At the same time they did not omit to fight each other at home; and it must have been a dullish kind of day in Mantua when there was no street-battle between families of the factious nobility. Dante has peopled his Hell from the Italy of this time, and he might have gone farther and fared worse for a type of the infernal state. The spectacle of these countless little Italian powers, racked, and torn, and blazing with pride, aggression, and disorder, within and without, — full of intrigue, anguish, and shame, — each with its petty chief or victorious faction making war upon the other, and bubbling over with local ambitions, personal rivalries and lusts, — is a spectacle which the traveller of to-day, passing over the countless forgotten battle-fields, and hurried from one famous city to another by railroad, can scarcely conjure up. Parma, Modena, Bologna, Ferrara, Padua, Mantua, Vicenza, Verona, Bassano, — all are now at peace with each other, and firmly united in the national sentiment that travellers were meant to be eaten alive by Italians. Poor old cities! it is hard to conceive of their bygone animosities; still harder to believe that all the villages squatting on the long white roads, and waking up to beg of you as your diligence passes, were once embroiled in deadly and incessant wars, and hated each other with the Christian cordiality which now marks the feeling between the English and ourselves. Municipal pride is a good thing, and decentralization is well; and we have to thank these intensely local little states for genius triply crowned with the glories of literature, art,

and science, which Italy might not have produced if she had been united, and if the little states had loved themselves less and Italy more. Though, after all, there is the doubt whether it is not better to bless one's obscure and happy children with peace and safety, than to give the world a score of great names at the cost to millions of incalculable misery.

Besides their local wars and domestic feuds the Mantuans had troubles on a much larger scale, — troubles, indeed, which the Emperor Barbarossa laid out for all Italy. In Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great you can read a pleasanter account of the Emperor's business at Roncaglia about this time than our Italian chroniclers will give you. Carlyle loves a tyrant; and if the tyrant is a ruffian and bully, and above all a German, there are hardly any lengths to which that candid historian will not go in praise of him. Truly, one would hardly guess, from that picture of Frederick Redbeard at Roncaglia, with the standard set before his tent, inviting all men to come and have justice done them, that the Emperor was actually at Roncaglia for the purpose of conspiring with his Diet to take away all vestiges of liberty and independence from miserable Italy. Among other cities Mantua lost her freedom at this diet, and was ruled by an imperial governor and by consuls of Frederick's nomination till 1167, when she joined the famous Lombard League against him. The leagued cities beat the Emperor at Legnano, and received back their liberties by the treaty of Costanza in 1183; after which, Frederick having withdrawn to Germany, they fell to fighting among themselves again with redoubled zeal, and rent their league into as many pieces as there had been parties to it. In 1236 the Germans again invaded Lombardy, under Frederick II.; and aided by the troops of the Ghibelline cities, Verona, Padua, Vicenza, and Treviso, as well as ten thousand Saracen archers, besieged Mantua, which surrendered to this formidable union of forces, thus becoming once more an imperial city, and irreparably fracturing the Lombard League. It does not appear, however, that her ancient liberties were withdrawn by Frederick II.; and we read that the local wars went on after this with as little interruption as before. The wars went on as usual, and on the old terms with Verona and Cremona, and there is little in their history

to interest us. But in 1256 the famous tyrant of Padua, Eccelino da Romano, who aspired to the dominion of all Lombardy, gathered his forces and went and sat down before Mantua. The Mantuans refused to surrender at his summons; and Eccelino, who had very little notion of what the Paduans were doing in his absence, swore that he would cut down the vines in those pleasant Mantuan vineyards, plant new ones, and drink the wine of their grapes before ever he raised the siege. But meantime that conspiracy which ended in Eccelino's ruin had declared itself in Padua, and the tyrant was forced to abandon the siege and look to his dominion of other cities.

After which there was something like peace in Mantua for twenty years, and the city waxed prosperous. Indeed, neither industry nor learning had wholly perished during the wars of the republic, and the people built grist-mills on the Mincio and cultivated belles-lettres to some degree. Men of heavier science likewise flourished, and we read of jurists and astronomers born in those troublous days, as well as of a distinguished physician, who wrote a ponderous dictionary of simples, and dedicated it to King Robert of Naples. But by far the greatest Mantuan of this time was he of whom readers have heard something from a modern poet. He is the haughty Lombard soul, "in the movement of the eyes honest and slow," whom Dante, ascending the inexplicable heights of Purgatory, beheld; and who, summoning all himself, leaped to the heart of Virgil when he named Mantua: "O Mantuan! I am Sordello, of thine own land!"

Of Virgil the superstition of the Middle Ages had made a kind of wizard, and of Sordello the old writers fable all manner of wonders; he is both knight and poet, and has adventures scarcely less surprising than those of Amadis of Gaul. It is pretty nearly certain that he was born in 1189 of the Visconti di Goito, in the Mantuan country, and that he married Beatrice, a sister of Eccelino, and had amours with the youngest sister of this tyrant, the pretty Cunizza, whom Dante places in his *Paradiso*. This final disposition of Cunizza, whom we should hardly think now of assigning a place among the blest, surprised some people even in that day, it seems; for an old commentator defends it, saying: "Cunizza was always, it is

true, tender and amorous, and properly called a daughter of Venus; but she was also compassionate, benign, and merciful toward those unhappy ones whom her brother cruelly tormented. Therefore the poet is right in feigning to find her in the sphere of Venus. *For if the gentle Cyprians deified their Venus, and the Romans their Flora, how much more honestly may a Christian poet save Cunizza.*" The lady, whose salvation is on these grounds inexpugnably accomplished, was married to Count Sanbonifazio of Padua, in her twenty-fourth year; and Sordello was early called to this nobleman's court, having already given proofs of his poetic genius. He fell in love with Cunizza, whom her lord, becoming the enemy of the Eccelini, began to ill-treat. A curious glimpse into the manners and morals of that day is afforded by the fact, that the brothers of Cunizza conspired to effect her escape with Sordello from her husband's court, and that, under the protection of Eccelino da Romano, the lovers were left unmolested to their amours. Eccelino, indeed, loved this weak sister with extraordinary tenderness, and we read of a marvellous complaisance to her amorous intrigues by a man who cared nothing himself for women. Cunizza lived in one of her brother's palaces at Verona, and used to receive there the visits of Sordello after Eccelino had determined to separate them. The poet entered the palace by a back door, to reach which he must pass through a very filthy alley; and a servant was stationed there to carry Sordello to and fro upon his back. One night Eccelino took the servant's place, bore the poet to the palace door, and on his return carried him back to the mouth of the alley, where he revealed himself, to the natural surprise and pain of Sordello, who could have reasonably expected anything but the mild reproof and warning given him by his truculent brother-in-law: "Ora ti basti, Sordello. Non venir più per questa vile strada ad opere ancor più vili." — "Let this suffice thee, Sordello. Come no more by this vile path to deeds still viler."

It was probably after this amour ended that Sordello sat out upon his travels, visiting most courts, and dwelling long in Provence, where he learned to poetize in the Provençal tongue, in which he thereafter chiefly wrote, and composed many songs. He did not, however, neglect his Lombard language, but com-

posed in it a treatise on the art of defending towns. The Mantuan historian, Volta, says that some of Sordello's Provençal poems exist in manuscript in the Vatican and Chigi libraries at Rome, in the Laurentian at Florence, and the Estense at Modena. He was versed in arms as well as letters, and he caused Mantua to be surrounded with fosses five miles beyond her walls; and the republic having lodged sovereign powers in his hands when Eccelino besieged the city, Sordello conducted the defence with great courage and ability, and did not at all betray the place to his obliging brother-in-law, as the latter expected. Verci, from whose "History of the Eccelini" we have drawn the account of Sordello's intrigue with Cunizza, says: "The writers represent this Sordello as the most polite, the most gentle, the most generous man of his time, of middle stature, of beautiful aspect and fine person, of lofty bearing, agile and dexterous, instructed in letters, and a good poet, as his Provençal poems manifest. To these qualities he united military valor in such degree that no knight of his time could stand before him." He was properly the first lord of Mantua, and the republic seems to have died with him in 1284.

The madness which comes upon a people about to be enslaved commonly makes them the agents of their own undoing. The time had now come for the destruction of the last vestiges of liberty in Mantua, and the Mantuans, in their assembly of the Four Hundred and Ninety, voted full power into the hands of the destroyer. That Pinamonte Bonacolsi whom Dante mentions in the twentieth canto of the *Inferno* had been elected captain of the republic, and, feigning to fear aggression from the Marquis of Ferrara, he demanded of the people the right to banish all enemies of the state. This reasonable demand was granted, and the captain banished, as is well known, all enemies of Pinamonte Bonacolsi. After that, having things his own way, he began to favor public tranquillity, abolished family feuds and the ancient amusement of street-battles, and, like Louis Napoleon, led his enslaved country in the paths of material prosperity; for which he was no doubt lauded in his day by those who thought the Mantuans were not prepared for freedom. He resolved to make the captaincy of the republic hereditary in the Bonacolsi family; and when he died, in 1293,

his power descended to his son Bordellone. This Bordellone seems to have been a generous and merciful captain enough, but he loved ease and pleasure; and a rough nephew of his, Guido Botticella, conspired against him to that degree that Bordellone thought best, for peace and quietness' sake, to abdicate in his favor. Guido had the customary war with the Marquis of Ferrara, and then died, and was succeeded by his brother Passerino, a very bad person, whose son at last brought his whole family to grief. The Emperor made him vicar of Modena; and he used the Modenese very cruelly, and shut up Francesco Pico and his sons in a tower, where he starved them, as the Pisans did Ugolino. In those days, also, the Pope was living at Avignon, and people used to send him money and other comforts there out of Italy. An officer of Passerino's, being of Ghibelline politics, attacked one of these richly laden emissaries, and took his spoils, dividing them with honest Passerino. For this the Pope naturally excommunicated the captain of Mantua, and thereupon his neighbors made a great deal of pious war upon him. But he beat the Bolognese, the most pious of his foes, near Montevoglio, and with his Modenese took from them that famous bucket, about which Tassone made his great Bernesque epic, *The Rape of the Bucket (La Secchia Rapita)*, and which still hangs in the tower of the Duomo at Modena. Meantime, while Passerino had done everything to settle himself comfortably and permanently in the tyranny of Mantua, his worthless son Francesco fell in love with the wife of Filippino Gonzaga.

According to the old Mantuan chronicles the Gonzagas were of a royal German line, and had fixed themselves in the Mantuan territory in 770, where they built a castle beyond Po, and began at once to take part in public affairs. They had now grown to be a family of such consequence that they could not be offended with impunity, and it was a great misfortune to the Bonacolsi that Francesco happened to covet Filippino Gonzaga's wife. As to the poor lady herself, it is of infinite consequence to her eternal health whether she was guilty or no; but to us still on earth, it seems scarcely worth while to inquire, after so great lapse of time. History, however, rather favors the notion of her innocence; and it is said that Francesco, unable to

overcome her virtue, took away her good fame by evil reports. At the same time he was greatly wroth — it is scarcely possible to write seriously of these ridiculous, wicked old shadows — that this lady's husband should have fallen in love with a pretty concubine of his, Bonacolsi's; and, after publicly defaming Filippino's wife, he threatened to kill him for this passion. The insult and the menace sank deep into the bitter hearts of the Gonzagas; and the head of that proud race, Filippino's uncle, Luigi Gonzaga, resolved to avenge the family dishonor. He was a secret and taciturn man, and a pious adulator of his line has praised him for the success with which he dissembled his hatred of the Bonacolsi, while conspiring to sweep them and their dominion away. He won over adherents among the Mantuans, and then made a league with Can Grande of Verona to divide the spoils of the Bonacolsi; and so, one morning, having bribed the guards to open the city gates, he entered Mantua at the head of the banded forces. The population was roused with patriotic cries of "Long live the Mantuan people!" and, as usual, believed, poor souls, that some good was meant them by those who came to overthrow their tyrants. The Bonacolsi were dreaming that pleasant morning of anything but ruin, and they made no resistance to the insurrection till it burst out in the great square before the Castello di Corte. They then made a feeble sally from the castle, but were swiftly driven back, and Passerino, wounded to death under the great Gothic archway of the palace, as he retreated, dropped from his languid hands the bridle-rein of his charger and the reins of that government with which he had so long galled Mantua. The unhappy Francesco fled to the cathedral for protection; but the Gonzagas slew him at the foot of the altar, with tortures so hideous and incredible, that we are glad to have our heavy friend, the advocate Arrighi, deny the fact altogether. Passerino's brother, a bishop, was flung into a tower to starve, that the Pichi might be avenged; and the city of Mantua was liberated.

In that day, when you freed a city from a tyrant, you gave it up to be pillaged by the army of liberation; and Mantua was now sacked by her deliverers. Can Grande's share of the booty alone amounted to a hundred thousand gold florins

(about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars). The Mantuans, far from imitating the ungrateful Paduans, who, when the crusaders liberated them from Eccelino, grudged these brave fellows three days' pillage of their city, and even wished back their old tyrant, — the Mantuans, we say, seemed not in the least to mind being devoured, but gratefully elected the Gonzaga their captain-general, and purchased him absolution from the Pope for his crimes committed in the sack. They got this absolution for twenty thousand gold florins; and the Pope probably sold it cheap, remembering his old grudge against the Bonacolsi, whom the Gonzaga had overthrown. All this was in the year of health 1328.

We confess that we are never weary of reading of these good, heroic, virtuous old times in Italy, and that we are here tempted to digress into declamation about them. There is no study more curious and interesting, and we are fond of tracing the two elements of character visible in Italian society, and every individual Italian, as they flow down from the remotest times to these; — the one element, that capacity for intellectual culture of the highest degree; the other element, that utter indomability of passion and feeling, which at this day remain as wild in the Italians as in the primitive savages. For miles after the Monongahela and the Alleghany meet to form the Ohio River, their waters flow side by side, unmixed, in the same channel; on the left yellow and turbid, on the right blue and clear. In this anomalous Italian character the two elements have descended for ages together, without effect upon each other; — one refulgent with a lustre that shall light up the world to the farthest verge of time; the other thick and dark and foul with all crime and misery. Who can think without tears and wonder of him who wrote the Divine Comedy, as he stoops and gathers stones to fling at the ragged children yelling "Ghibelline!" after him in the way?

"Evil or good may be better or worse

In the human heart, but the mixture of each

Is a marvel and a curse."

The presence of these contradictory elements seems to influence every relation of Italian life; — to make it capable of splendor, but barren of comfort; to endear beauty, but not

goodness, to the Italian; to lead him to recognize and celebrate virtues, but not to practise them; to produce a civilization of the mind, and not of the soul.

When Luigi Gonzaga was made lord of Mantua, he left his castle beyond Po, to dwell in the city. In this castle he had dwelt, like other lords of his time, in the likeness of a king, spending regally, and keeping state and open house in an edifice strongly built about with walls, encircled with fosses passable by a single drawbridge, and guarded day and night, from castle moat to castle crest, by armed vassals. Hundreds ate daily at his board, which was heaped with a rude and rich profusion, and furnished with carven goblets and plate of gold and silver. In fair weather the banquet-hall stood open to all the winds that blew; in foul, the guests were sheltered from the storm by curtains of oiled linen, and the place was lighted with torches borne by splendidly attired pages. The great saloons of the castle were decked with tapestries of Flanders and Damascus, and the floor was strewn with straw or rushes. The bed in which the lord and lady slept was the couch of a monarch; the household herded together in the empty chambers, and lay upon the floor like swine. The garden-fields about the castle smiled with generous harvests; the peasant lay down after his toil, at night, in deadly fear of invasion from some neighboring state, which should rob him of everything, dishonor his wife and daughters, and slay him upon the smoking ruins of his home.

In the city to which this lord repaired, the houses were built here and there at caprice, without numbers or regularity, and only distinguished by the figure of a saint, or some pious motto painted above the door. Cattle wandered at will through the crooked, narrow, and filthy streets, which rang with the clamor of frequent feud, and reeked with the blood of the embattled citizens; over all the squalor and wickedness rose the loveliest temples that ever blossomed from man's love of the beautiful, to the honor and glory of God.

In this time crusaders went to take the Lord's sepulchre from the infidel, while their brothers left at home rose against one another, each petty state against its neighbor, in unsparing wars of rapine and devastation,—wars that slew, or, less

mercifully, mutilated prisoners,—that snatched the babe from the dishonored embrace of its mother, and dashed out its brains upon the desolated hearth. A hopeless, hellish time of sack, plunder, murder, famine, plague, and unnatural crime ; a glorious age, in which flourished the gentlest and sweetest poet that ever sang, and the grimmest and grandest that ever upbraided a godless generation for its sins,—in which Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome, and Dante wandered in despair from court to court, learning in the bitterness of his exile's heart,

“ come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e come è duro calle
Lo scendere e il salir per l' altrui scale.”

It was a time ignorant of simplest comfort, but debauched with the vices of luxury ; in which cities repressed the license of their people by laws regulating the length of women's gowns and the outlays at weddings and funerals. Every wild misdeed and filthy crime was committed, and punished by terrible penalties, or atoned for by fines. A fierce democracy reigned, banishing nobles, razing their palaces, and ploughing up the salt-sown sites ; till at last, in the uttermost paroxysm of madness, it delivered itself up to lords to be defended from itself, and was crushed into the abjectest depths of slavery. Literature and architecture flourished, and the sister arts were born amid the struggles of human nature convulsed with every abominable passion.

For nearly four hundred years the Gonzagas continued to rule the city, which the first prince of their line, having well-nigh destroyed, now rebuilt and restored to greater splendor than ever ; and it is the Mantua of the Gonzagas which travelers of this day look upon when they visit the famous old city. Their pride and their wealth adorned it ; their wisdom and prudence made it rich and prosperous ; their valor glorified it ; their crimes stain its annals with infamy ; their wickedness and weakness ruined it and brought it low. They were a race full of hereditary traits of magnificence, but one reads their history, and learns to love, of all their long succession, only one or two in their pride,—learns to pity only one or two in their fall. They were patriotic, but the patriotism of despotic princes is self-love. They were liberal—in spending the revenues of

the state for the glory of their family. They were brave, and led many nameless Mantuans to die in forgotten battles for alien quarrels which they never understood.

The succession of the Gonzagas was of four captains, ending in 1407; four marquises, ending in 1484; and ten dukes, ending in 1708.

The first of the captains was Luigi, as we know. In his time the great Gothic fabric of the Castello di Corte was built; and having rebuilt the portions of the city wasted by the sack, he devoted himself, as far as might be in that age, to the arts of peace; and it is remembered of him that he tried to cure the Mantuan air of its feverish unwholesomeness by draining the swampy environs. During his time, Petrarch, making a sentimental journey to the birthplace of Virgil, was splendidly entertained and greatly honored by him. For the rest, Can Grande of Verona was by no means content with his hundred thousand golden florins of spoil from the sack of the city, but aspired to its seigniory, declaring that he had understood Gonzaga to have promised him it as the condition of alliance against the Bonacolsi. Gonzaga construed the contract differently, and had so little idea of parting with his opinion, that he fought the Scaligero on this point of difference till he died, which befell thirty years after his election to the captaincy.

Him his son Guido succeeded, — a prince already old at the time of his father's death, and of feeble spirit. He shared his dominion with his son Ugolino, excluding the younger brothers from the dominion. These, indignant at the partiality, one night slew their brother Ugolino at a supper he was giving; and, being thereupon admitted to a share in their father's government, had no trouble in obtaining the pardon of the Pope and Emperor. One of the murderers died before the father; the other, named Ludovico, was, on the death of Guido, in 1370, elected to the captaincy, and ruled long, wisely, and well. He loved a peaceful life; and though the Emperor confirmed him in the honors conferred on him by the Mantuans, and made him Vicar Imperial, Ludovico declined to take part with Ghibellines against Guelphs, but remained quietly at home, and spent himself much in good works, as if he would

thus expiate his bloody crime. He gathered artists, poets, and learned men about him, and did much to foster all arts. In his time, Mantua had rest from war, and grew to have twenty-eight thousand inhabitants; but it was not in the nature of a city of the Middle Ages to be long without a calamity of some sort, and it is a kind of relief to know that Mantua, under this peaceful prince, was wellnigh depopulated by a pestilence.

In 1381 he died, and with his son Francesco the blood-letting began again. Indeed, this captain spent nearly his whole life in war with those pleasant people, the Visconti of Milan. He had married the daughter of Barnabò Visconti, but discovering her to be unfaithful to him, or believing her so, he caused her to be put to death, refusing all her family's intercessions for mercy. After that, a heavy sadness fell upon him, and he wandered aimlessly about in many Italian cities, and at last married a second time, taking to wife Margherita Malatesta. He was a prince of high and generous soul, and of manly greatness rare in his time. There came once a creature of the Visconti to him, with a plot for secretly taking off his masters; but the Gonzaga (he must have been thought an eccentric man by his neighbors) dismissed the wretch with scornful horror. We are sure the reader will be glad to know that he finally beat the Visconti in fair fight, and (the pest still raging in Mantua) lived to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. When he returned, he compiled the city's statutes, divided the town into four districts, and named its streets. So he died.

And after this good Christian, brave soldier, and wise prince had made his end, there came another Francesco, or Gianfrancesco, who was created Marquis of Mantua by the Emperor Sigismund. He was a friend of war, and having been the ward of the Venetian republic, (Venice was fond of this kind of trust, and sometimes adopted princely persons as her children, among whom the reader will of course remember the Queen of Cyprus, and the charming Bianca Capello, whose personal attractions and singularly skilful knowledge of the use of poisons made her Grand-Duchess of Tuscany, some years after she eloped from Venice,) he became the leader of her armies on the death of Carmagnola, who survived the triumphant reception given him by the Serenest Senate only a

very short time.* The Gonzaga took Verona and Padua for the republic, and met the Milanese in many battles. Venice was then fat and insolently profuse with the spoils of the Orient, and it is probable that the Marquis of Mantua acquired there that taste for splendor which he introduced into his hitherto frugal little state. We read of his being in Venice in 1414, when the Jewellers' and Goldsmiths' Guild gave a tournament in the Piazza San Marco, offering as prizes to the victorious lances a collar enriched with pearls and diamonds, the work of the jewellers, and two helmets excellently wrought by the goldsmiths. On this occasion the Gonzaga, with two hundred and sixty Mantuan gentlemen, mounted on superb horses, contested the prizes with the Marquis of Ferrara, at the head of two hundred Ferrarese, equally mounted, and attended by their squires and pages, magnificently dressed. There were sixty thousand spectators of the encounter. "Both the Marquises," says Mutinelli in his *Annali Urbani*, "being each assisted by fourteen well-armed cavaliers, combated valorously at the barrier, and were both judged worthy of the first prize: a Mantuan cavalier took the second."

The Gonzaga magnificently entertained the Emperor Sigismund in Mantua, and Martin V., Pope elect, was likewise feasted there on his journey from Germany to Rome. In this time lived a certain Buonamonte Aleprandi, who wrote a history of Mantua in *terza rima*; and Gianfrancesco's reign was also adorned by the feats in arms of his kinsman, Galeazzo Gonzaga. This warrior beat all champions far and near; and once hearing tell of a braggart Frenchman named Bucicaldo, who from his place in Genoa sent out a scornful boast that he could overcome any Italian knight, Galeazzo met him and conquered him, and the Frenchman, covered with confusion, swore never to wear armor more.

* It seems scarcely worth while to recall the fact that Carmagnola, suspected of treasonable correspondence with the Visconti, was recalled to Venice to receive distinguished honors from the republic. The Senate was sitting in the hall of the Grand Council when he appeared, and they detained him there with various compliments till night fell. Then, instead of lights, the Sbirri appeared, and seized Carmagnola. "I am a dead man," he exclaimed, on beholding them. And so indeed he was, poor fellow; for, three days after, he was led out of prison, and beheaded between the pillars of the Piazzetta. St. Mark had small compassion on traitors, and never hesitated to coerce them.

The Marquis Gonzaga was the first of his line who began that royal luxury of palaces with which Mantua was adorned. He commenced the Ducal Palace ; but before he went far with the work, he fell a prey to the science then much affected by Italian princes, but still awaiting its last refinement from the gifted Lucrezia Borgia. The poor Marquis was poisoned by his wife's paramour, and died in the year 1444. Against this prince, our advocate Arrighi records the vandalism of causing to be thrown down and broken in pieces the antique statue of Virgil, which stood in one of the public places of Mantua, and of which the head is still shown in the Museum of the city. In all times, the Mantuans had honored, in divers ways, their great poet, and at certain epochs had coined money bearing his face. With the common people he had a kind of worship, (more likely as wizard than as poet,) and they celebrated annually some now-forgotten event by assembling with songs and dances about the statue of Virgil, which was destroyed by the uncle of the Marquis, Malatesta, rather than by the Marquis's own order. This ill-conditioned person is supposed to have been "vexed because our Mantuan people thought it their highest glory to be fellow-citizens of the prince of poets." We can better sympathize with the advocate's indignation at this barbarity, than with his blame of Francesco for having consented, by his acceptance of the marquisate, to become a prince of the Roman Empire. Mantua was thus subjected to the Emperors, but liberty had long been extinguished ; and the voluntary election of the Council, which bestowed the captaincy on each succeeding generation of the Gonzaghi, was a mere matter of form, and of course.

The next prince, Lodovico Gonzaga, was an austere man, and had been bred in a hard school, if we may believe some of our old chroniclers, whom, indeed, we sometimes suspect of being not altogether faithful. It is said that his father loved his younger brother better than him, and that Lodovico ran away in his boyhood, and took refuge with his father's hereditary enemies, the Visconti. To make dates agree, it must have been the last of these, for the line failed during Lodovico's time, and he had wars with the succeeding Sforza. In the day of his escape, Milan was at war with Mantua and with

Venice, and the Marquis Gonzaga was at the head of the united armies, as we have already seen. So the father and son met in several battles; though the Visconti, out of love for the boy, and from a sentiment of piety somewhat amazing in them, contrived that he should never actually encounter his parent face to face. Lodovico came home after the wars, wearing a long beard; and his mother called her son The Turk, a nickname that he never lost.

Il Turco was a lover of the arts and of letters, and he did many works to enrich and beautify the city. He established the first printing-office in Mantua, where the first book printed was the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio. He founded a college of advocates, and he dug canals for irrigation; and the prosperity of Mantuan manufactures in his time may be inferred from the fact that, when the king of Denmark paid him a visit, in 1474, the merchants decked their shops with five thousand pieces of fine Mantuan cloth.

The Marquis made his brilliant little court the resort of the arts and letters; and hither from Florence came once the elegant Politian, who composed his tragedy of *Orfeo* in Mantua, and caused it to be first represented before Ludovico. But it must be confessed that this was a soil in which art flourished better than literature, and that even born-Mantuan poets went off, after a while, and blossomed in other air. The painter Mantegna, whom the Marquis invited from Padua, passed his whole life here, painting for the Marquis in the palaces and churches. The prince loved him, and gave him a house, and bestowed other honors upon him; and Mantegna executed for Ludovico his famous pictures representing the Triumph of Julius Cæsar.* It was divided into nine compartments, and, as a frieze, went round the upper part of Lodovico's newly erected palace of San Sebastian. Mantegna also painted a hall in the Castello di Corte, called the Stanza di Mantegna, and there, among other subjects of fable and of war, made the portraits of Lodovico and his wife. It was partly the wish to see such works of Mantegna as still remained in Mantua that took us thither; and it was chiefly this wish that carried us, the morn-

* Now at Hampton Court, in England.

ing after our arrival, to the Castello di Corte, or the Ducal Palace. Our thirst for Mantegnas was destined to be in no degree satisfied in this pile, but it was full of things to tempt us to forget Mantegna, and to make us more and more interested in the Gonzagas and their Mantua.

It is taken for granted that no human being ever yet gained an idea of any building from the most artful description of it; but if the reader cares to fancy a wide piazza, or open square, with a church upon the left hand, immense, uninteresting edifices on the right, and an ugly bishop's palace, of Renaissance taste, behind him, he may figure before him as vastly and magnificently as he pleases the superb Gothic front of the Castello di Corte. This façade is the only one in Italy that reminds you of the most beautiful building in the world, the Ducal Palace at Venice; and it does this merely by right of its short pillars and deep Gothic arches in the ground story, and the great breadth of wall that rises above them, unbroken by the second line of columns which relieves and lightens this wall in the Venetian palace. It stands at an extremity of the city, upon the edge of the broad fresh-water lagoon, and is of such extent as to include within its walls a whole court-city of theatre, church, stables, play-ground, course for riding, and several streets. There is a far older edifice adjoining the Castello di Corte, which Guido Bonacolsi began, and which witnessed the bloody end of his line, when Louis Gonzaga surprised and slew his last successor. But the palace itself is all the work of the Gonzagas, and it remains the monument of their kingly state and splendid pride.

It was the misfortune of the present writer to be recognized by the *employé* (formerly of Venice) who gives the permissions to travellers to visit the palace, and to be addressed in the presence of the *Custode* by the dignified title to which his presence did so little honor. This circumstance threw upon the *Custode*, a naturally tedious and oppressive old man, the responsibility of being doubly prolix and garrulous. He revelled with pride in his office of showing the palace, and did homage to the visitor's charge and nation by an infinite expansion upon all possible points of interest, lest he should go away imperfectly informed of anything. By dint of frequent encounter with

strangers, this *Custode* had picked up many shreds and fragments of many languages, and did not permit our travellers to consider themselves as having at all understood him until he had repeated everything in Italian, English, French, and German. He led the way with his polyglot babble through an endless number of those magnificent and uninteresting chambers which palaces seem specially built to contain, that men may be content to dwell in the humbler dulness of their own houses; and though the travellers often prayed him to show them the apartments containing the works of Mantegna, they really got to see nothing of this painter's in the Ducal Palace, except, here and there, some evanescent frescoes, which the *Custode* would not go beyond a *si crede* in attributing to him. Indeed, it is known that the works of Mantegna suffered grievously in the wars of the last century, and his memory has faded so dim in this palace where he wrought, that the guide could not understand the curiosity of our foreigners concerning the old painter; and certainly Giulio Romano has stamped himself more ineffaceably than Mantegna upon Mantua.

In the Ducal Palace are seen vividly contrasted the fineness and strength, the delicacy and courage of the fancy, which, rather than the higher gift of imagination, characterize Giulio's work. There is such an airy refinement and subtile grace in the pretty grotesques with which he decorates a chamber; there is such daring luxury of color and design in the pictures for which his grand halls are merely the frames. No doubt we could make fine speeches about these paintings; but who, not seeing them, would be the wiser, after the best description and the choicest critical disquisition? In fact, our travellers themselves found it pleasanter, after a while, to yield to the guidance of the *Custode*, and to enjoy the stupider marvels of the place, than to do the set and difficult admiration of the works of art. So, passing the apartments in good preservation, (the Austrian Emperors have taken good care of some parts of the palace of one of their first Italian possessions,) they did justice to the splendor of the satin beds and the other upholstery work; they admired rich carpentering and costly toys; they dwelt on marvellous tapestries (among which the tapestry copies of Raphael's cartoons, woven at Man-

tua in the fifteenth century, are certainly worthy of wonder); and they expressed the proper amazement at the miracles of art which caused figures frescoed in the ceilings to turn with them, and follow and face them from whatever part of the room they chose to look. Nay, they even enjoyed the Hall of the Rivers, on the sides of which the usual river-gods were painted, in the company of the usual pottery, from which they pour their founts, and at the end of which there was an abominable little grotto of what people call, in modern landscape-gardening, rock-work, out of the despair with which its unmeaning ugliness fills them. There were busts of several Mantuan duchesses in the gallery, which were interesting, and the pictures were so bad as to molest no one. There was, besides all this, a hanging garden in this small Babylon, on which the travelers looked with a doleful regret that they were no longer of the age when a hanging garden would have brought supreme comfort to the soul. It occupied a spacious oblong, had a fountain and statues, trees and flowers, and would certainly have been taken for the surface of the earth, had not the *Custode* proudly pointed out that it was on a level with the second floor, on which they stood.

After that they wandered through a series of unused, dismantled apartments and halls, melancholy with faded fresco, dropping stucco, and mutilated statues of plaster, and came at last upon a balcony overlooking the Cavallerizza, which one of the early dukes built after a design by the inevitable Giulio Romano. It is a large square, and was meant for the diversion of riding on horseback. Balconies go all round it between those thick columns, finely twisted, as we see them in that cartoon of Raphael, "The Healing of the Lame Man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple"; and here once stood the jolly dukes and the jolly ladies of their light-hearted court, and there below rode the gay, insolent, intriguing courtiers, and outside groaned the city under the heavy extortions of the tax-gatherers. It is all in weather-worn stucco, and the handsome square is planted with trees. The turf is now cut and carved by the heavy wheels of the Austrian baggage-wagons constantly passing through the court to carry munitions to the fortress outside, whose black guns grimly overlook the dead lagoon. A sense of

desolation had crept over the sight-seers, with that strange sickness of heart which one feels in the presence of ruin not to be lamented, and which deepened into actual pain as the *Custode* clapped his hands and the echo buffeted itself against the forlorn stucco, and up from the trees rose a score of sullen, slumberous owls, and flapped heavily across the lonesome air with melancholy cries. It only needed, to crush these poor strangers, that final touch which the *Custode* gave, as they passed from the palace through the hall in which are painted the Gonzaghi, and in which he pointed out the last Duke of Mantua, saying he was deposed by the Emperor for felony, and somehow conveying the idea of horse-stealing and counterfeiting on the part of his Grace.

A very different man from this rogue was our old friend Lodovico, who also, however, had his troubles. He was an enemy of the Ghibellines, and fought them a great deal. Of course he had the habitual wars with Milan, and he was obliged to do battle with his own brother Carlo to some extent. This Gonzaga had been taken prisoner by Sforza; and Lodovico, having paid for him a ransom of sixty thousand florins of gold, (which Carlo was scarcely worth,) seized the fraternal lands, and held them in pledge of repayment. Carlo could not pay, and tried to get back his possessions by war. Vexed with these and other contentions, Lodovico was also unhappy in his son, whose romance we may best tell in the words of the history* from which we take it.

“Lodovico Gonzaga, having agreed with the Duke of Bavaria to take his daughter Margherita as wife for his (Lodovico's) first-born, Federico, and the young man refusing her, Lodovico was so much enraged that he sought to imprison him; but the Marchioness Barbara, mother of Federico, caused him to fly from the city till his father's anger should be abated. Federico departed with six attendants; † but this flight caused still greater displeasure to his father, who now declared him banished, and threatened with heavy penalties any one who should give him help or favor. Federico, therefore, wandered about with these six attendants in divers places, and finally arrived in Naples; but having already spent all his substance, and not daring to

* Volta, *Storia di Mantova*.

† The *Fioretto delle Cronache* says “persons of gentle condition.”

make himself known for fear of his father, he fell into great want, and so into severe sickness. His companions having nothing wherewith to live, and not knowing any trade by which to gain their bread, did menial services fit for day-laborers, and sustained their lord with their earnings, he remaining hidden in a poor woman's house where they all dwelt.

“The Marchioness had sent many messengers in divers provinces with money to find her son, but they never heard any news of him; so that they thought him dead, not hearing anything, either, of his attendants. Now it happened that one of those who sought Federico came to Naples, and presented himself to the king with a letter from the said lady, praying that he should make search in his territory for a company of seven men, giving the name and description of each. The king caused this search to be made by the heads of the district; and one of these heads told how in his district there were six Lombard men, (not knowing of Federico, who lay ill,) but that they were laborers and of base condition. The king determined to see them; and they being come before him, he demanded who they were, and how many; and as they were not willing to discover their lord, on being asked their names they gave others, so that the king, not being able to learn anything, would have dismissed them. But the messenger sent by the Marchioness knew them, and said to the king, ‘Sire, these are the attendants of him whom I seek; but they have changed their names.’ The king caused them to be separated one from another, and then asked them of their lord; and they, finding themselves separated, minutely narrated everything; and the king immediately sent for Federico, whom his officers found miserably ill on a heap of straw. He was brought to the palace, where the king ordered him to be cared for, sending the messenger back to his mother to advise her how the men had been found, and in what great misery. The Marchioness went to her husband, and, having cast herself at his feet, besought him of a grace. The Marquis answered that he would grant everything, so it did not treat of Federico. Then the lady opened him the letter of the king of Naples, which had such effect that it softened the soul of the Marquis, showing him in how great misery his son had been; and so, giving the letter to the Marchioness, he said, ‘Do that which pleases you.’ The Marchioness straightway sent the prince money, and clothes to clothe him, with order that he should return to Mantua; and having come, the son cast himself at his father's feet, imploring pardon for himself and for his attendants; and he pardoned them, and gave those attendants enough to live honorably and like noblemen, and they were called The Faithful of the House of Gonzaga, and from them come the *Fedeli* of Mantua.

"The Marquis then, not to break faith, caused Federico to take Margherita, daughter of the Duke of Bavaria, for his wife, and celebrated the nuptials splendidly ; so that there remained the greatest love between father and son."

The son succeeded to the father's dominion in 1478 ; and it is recorded of him in the "*Flower of the Chronicles*," that he was a hater of idleness, and a just man, greatly beloved by his people. They chiefly objected to him that he placed a Jew, Eusebio Malatesta, at the head of civil affairs ; and this Jew was indeed the cause of great mischief : for Ridolfo Gonzaga coming to reside with his wife for a time at the court of his brother, the Marquis, Malatesta fell in love with her. She repelled him ; and the bitter Jew thereupon so poisoned her husband's mind with accusations against her chastity, that he took her home to his town of Lazzaro, and there put the unhappy and innocent lady to death by the headsman's hand in the great square of the city.

Federico was Marquis only six years, and died in 1484, leaving his marquisate to his son Francesco, the most ambitious, warlike, restless, splendid prince of his magnificent race. This Gonzaga wore a beard, and brought the custom into fashion in Italy again. He founded the famous breed of Mantuan horses, and gave them about free-handedly to other sovereigns of his acquaintance. To the English king he presented a steed which, if we may trust history, could have been sold for almost its weight in gold. He was so fond of hunting that he kept two hundred dogs of the chase, and one hundred and fifty birds of prey.

Of course this Gonzaga was a soldier, and indeed he loved war better even than hunting, delighting so much in personal feats of arms that, concealing his name and quality, in order that the combat should be in all things equal, he was wont to challenge renowned champions wherever he heard of them, and to meet them in the lists. Great part of his life was spent in the field ; and he fought in turn on nearly all sides of the political questions then agitating Italy. In 1495 he was at the head of the Venetian and other Italian troops when they beat the French under Charles VIII. at Taro, and made so little use of their victory as to let their vanquished invaders escape from

them after all. Nevertheless, if the Gonzaga did not here show himself a great general, he did great feats of personal valor, penetrating to the midst of the French forces, wounding the king, and with his own hand taking prisoner the great Bastard of Bourbon. Venice paid him ten thousand ducats for gaining the victory, such as it was, and when peace was made he went to visit the French king at Vercelli; and there Charles gave his guest a present of two magnificent horses, which the Gonzaga returned yet more splendidly in kind. About five years later he was again at war with the French, and helped the Aragonese drive them out of Naples. In 1506, Pope Julius II. made him leader of the armies of the Church, (for he had now quitted the Venetian service,) and he reduced the city of Bologna to obedience to the Holy See. In 1509 he joined the League of Cambray against Venice, and, being made Imperial Captain-General, was taken prisoner by the Venetians. They liberated him, however, the following year; and in 1513 we find him at the head of the league against the French.

A curious anecdote of this Gonzaga's hospitality is also illustrative of the anomalous life of those times, when good faith had as little to do with the intercourse of nations as at present; but good fortune, when she appeared in the world, liked to put on a romantic and melodramatic guise. An ambassador from the Grand Turk on his way to Rome was robbed of all his money, and left planted, as the Italians expressively say, at Ancona (which was as if Lord Lyons should have fallen among thieves at New York, and had no money left to continue his journey to Washington). The magnificent Gonzaga hears of the Turk's embarrassing mischance, sends and fetches him to Mantua, clothes him, puts abundant money in his purse, and despatches him on his way. The Sultan, in reward of this courtesy to his servant, gave a number of fine horses to the Marquis, who, possibly being tired of presenting his own horses, returned the Porte a ship-load of excellent Mantuan cheeses. This interchange of compliments seems to have led to a kind of romantic friendship between the Gonzaga and the Grand Turk, who did occasionally interest himself in the affairs of the Christian dogs; and who, when Francesco lay prisoner at Venice, actually wrote to the Serenest Senate, and asked his

release as a personal grace to him, the Grand Turk. And Francesco was, thereupon, let go; the canny republic being willing to do the Sultan any sort of cheap favor.

This Gonzaga, being so much engaged in war, seems to have had little time for the adornment of his capital. The Church of Our Lady of Victory is the only edifice which he added to it; and this was merely in glorification of his own triumph over the French at Taro. Mantegna painted an altar-piece for it, representing the Marquis and his wife on their knees before the Virgin, in act to render her thanks for the victory. The French nation avenged itself for whatever wrong was done its pride in this picture by stealing it away from Mantua in Napoleon's time; and it now hangs in the gallery of the Louvre.

Francesco died in 1519; and after him his son, Federico II., the first Duke of Mantua, reigned some twenty-one years, and died in 1540. The marquisate in his time was made a duchy by the Emperor Charles V., to whom the Gonzaga had given efficient aid in his wars against the French. This was in the year 1530; and three years later, when the Duke of Monferrato died, and the inheritance of his opulent little state was disputed by the Duke of Savoy, by the Marquis of Saluzzo, and by the Gonzaga, who had married the late Duke's daughter, Charles's influence secured it to the Mantuan. The dominions of the Gonzagas had now reached their utmost extent, and these dominions were not curtailed till the deposition of Fernando Carlo in 1708, when Monferrato was adjudged to the Duke of Savoy, and afterwards confirmed to him by treaty. It was separated from the capital of the Gonzagas by a wide extent of alien territory; but they held it with a strong hand, embellished (according to the notions of that day) the city, and founded there the strongest citadel in Italy.

Federico, after his wars for the Emperor, appears to have reposed in peace for the rest of his days, and to have devoted himself to the adornment of Mantua and the aggrandizing of his family splendor. His court was the home of many artists; and Titian painted for him the Twelve Cæsars, which the Germans stole when they sacked the city in 1630. But his great agent and best beloved genius was Giulio Pippi, called Romano,

who was conducted to Mantua by pleasant Count Baldassare Castiglione.

Pleasant Count Baldassare Castiglione ! whose incomparable book of the *Cortigiano* succeeded in teaching his countrymen every gentlemanly grace but virtue. He was born at Casatico in the Mantovano, in the year 1476, and went in his boyhood to be schooled at Milan, where he learnt the profession of arms. From Milan he went to Rome, where he exercised his profession of arms till the year 1504, when he was called to gentler uses at the court of the elegant Dukes of Urbino. He lived there as courtier and court-poet, and he returned to Rome as the ambassador from Urbino. Meantime his liege, Francesco Gonzaga, was but poorly pleased that so brilliant a Mantuan should spend his life in the service and ornament of other princes ; and Castiglione came back to his native country about the year 1516. He married in Mantua, and there finished his famous book of "The Courtier," and succeeded in winning back the favor of his prince. Federico, the Duke, made him ambassador to Rome in 1528 ; and Baldassare did his master two signal services there, — he procured him to be named head of all the Papal forces, and he found him Giulio Romano. So the Duke suffered him to go as the Pope's Nuncio to Spain, and Baldassare finished his courtly days at Toledo in 1529.

The poet made a detour to Mantua on his way to Spain, taking with him the painter, whom the Duke received with many caresses, as old Vasari says, gave him a house honorably furnished, ordered provision for him and his pupils, gave them certain brave suits of velvet and satin, and, seeing that Giulio had no horse, called for his own favorite Luggieri, and bestowed it on him. Ah ! they knew how to receive painters, those fine princes, who had merely to put their hands into their people's pocket, and take out what florins they liked. So the Duke presently set the artist to work, riding out with him through the gate of San Bastiano to some stables about a bow-shot from the walls, in the midst of a flat meadow, where he told Giulio that he would be glad (if it could be done without destroying the old walls) to have such buildings added to the stables as would serve him for a kind of lodge, to come out and merrily sup in when he liked. Whereupon Giulio began to think out the famous Palazzo del T.

This painter is an unlucky kind of man, to whom all criticism seems to have agreed to attribute great power and deny great praise. Castiglione had found him at Rome, after the death of his master Raphael, when his genius, for good or for ill, began for the first time to utter itself in original expression. At Mantua, where he spent all the rest of his busy life, it is impossible not to feel in some degree the force of this genius. As in Venice all the Madonnas in the street-corner shrines have some touch of color to confess the painter's subjection to Titian or Tintoretto; as in Vicenza the edifices are all in Greekish taste, and stilted upon rustic basements in honor and homage to Palladio; as in Parma Correggio has never died, but lives to this day in the mouths and chiaro-scuro effects of all the figures in all the pictures painted there;—so in Mantua Giulio Romano is to be found in the lines of every painting and every palace. It is wonderful to see, in these little Italian cities which have been the homes of great men, how no succeeding generation has dared to wrong the memory of them by departing in the least from their precepts upon art. One fancies, for instance, the immense scorn with which the Vicentines would greet the audacity of any young architect who dared to think Gothic instead of Palladian Greek, and how they would put him to shame by asking him if he knew more than Palladio about architecture! It seems that original art cannot arise in the presence of the great virtues and the great errors of the past; and Italian art of this day seems incapable of even the feeble, mortal life of other modern art, in the midst of so much immortality.

Giulio Romano did a little of everything for the Dukes of Mantua,—from painting the most delicate and improper little fresco for a bed-chamber, to restraining the Po and the Mincio with immense dikes, restoring ancient edifices and building new ones, draining swamps and demolishing and reconstructing whole streets, painting palaces and churches, and designing the city slaughter-house. He grew old and very rich in the service of the Gonzagas; but though Mrs. Jameson says he commanded respect by a sense of his own dignity as an artist, the Bishop of Casale, who wrote the *Annali di Mantova*, says that the want of nobility and purity in his style, and his “gal-

lant inventions, were conformable to his own sensual life, and that he did not disdain to prostitute himself to the infamies of Aretino," — whatever this may mean.

His great architectural work in Mantua is the Palazzo del T, or Tè, as it is now written. It was first called Palazzo del T, from the convergence of roads there in the form of that letter; and the modern Mantuans call it Del Tè, from the superstition, transmitted to us by the *Custode* of the Ducal Palace, that the Gonzagas merely used it on pleasant afternoons to take tea in! so curiously has latter-day guidemanship interpreted the jolly purpose expressed by the Duke to Giulio. We say nothing to control the reader's choice between T and Tè, and merely adhere to the elder style out of reverence for the past. It is certain that the air of the plain on which the palace stands is most unwholesome, and it may have been true that the dukes never passed the night there. Federico did not intend to build more than a lodge in this place; but fascinated with the design offered him by Giulio, he caused the artist to go on, and contrive him a palace instead. It stands, as Vasari says, about a good bow-shot from one of the city's gates; and going out to see the palace on our second day in Mantua, we crossed a drawbridge guarded by Austrian soldiers. Below languished a bed of sullen ooze, tangled and thickly grown with long, villanous grasses, and sending up a damp and deathly stench, which made all the faces we saw look feverish and sallow. Already at that early season the air was foul and heavy, and the sun, faintly making himself seen through the dun sky of the dull spring day, seemed sick to look upon the place, where indeed the only happy and lively things were the clouds of gnats that danced before us, and welcomed us to the Palazzo del T. Damp fosses surround the palace, in which these gnats seemed to have peculiar pleasure; and they took possession of the portico of the stately entrance of the edifice as we went in, and held it faithfully till we returned.

In one of the first large rooms are the life-size portraits of the six finest horses of the Gonzaga stud, painted by the pupils of Giulio Romano, after the master's designs. The paintings attest the beauty of the Mantuan horses, and the pride and fondness of their ducal owners; and trustworthy critics have

praised their eminent truth. But it is only the artist or the hippanthrop who can delight in them long; and we presently left them for the other chambers, in which the invention of Giulio had been used to please himself rather than his master. We scarcely mean to name the wonders of the palace, having, indeed, general associations with them, rather than particular recollections of them.

One of the most famous rooms is the Chamber of Psyche (the apartments are not of great size), of which the ceiling is by Giulio and the walls are by his pupils. The whole illustrates, with every variety of fantastic invention, the story of Psyche, as told by Apuleius, and deserves to be curiously studied as a part of the fair outside of a superb and corrupt age, the inside of which was full of rottenness. The civilization of Italy, as a growth from the earliest Pagan times, and only modified by Christianity and the admixture of Northern blood and thought, is yet to be carefully analyzed; and until this analysis is made, discussion of certain features must necessarily be incomplete and unsatisfactory. No one, however, can stand in this Chamber of Psyche, and not feel how great reality the old mythology must still have had, not only for the artists who painted the room, but for the people who inhabited it and enjoyed it. We do not say that they believed it as they believed in the vital articles of Christian faith, but that they accepted it with the same spirit as they accepted the martyrology of the Church; and that to the fine gentlemen and ladies of the court, those jolly satyrs and careless nymphs, those Cupids and Psyches, and Dianas and Venuses, were of the same verity as the fathers of the desert, the Devil, and the great body of the saints. If they did not pray to them, they swore by them, and their names were much oftener on their lips; and the art of the time was so thoroughly Pagan, that it forgot all Christian holiness, and clung only to heathen beauty. When it had not actually a mythologic subject to deal with, it paganized Christian themes. St. Sebastian was made to look like Apollo, and Magdalene was merely a tearful, triste Venus. There is scarcely a ray of feeling in Italian art since Raphael's time which suggests Christianity in the artist, or teaches it to the beholder. In confessedly Pagan subjects it was happiest,

as in the life of Psyche, in this room ; and here it inculcated a gay and spirited license, and an elegant absence of delicacy, which is still observable everywhere in Italian life. It would be instructive to know in what spirit the common Mantuans of his day looked upon the inventions of the painter, and how far the courtly circle which frequented this room went in discussion and comment on its subjects ; they were not nice people, and probably had no nasty ideas about the unspeakable indecency of some of the scenes.*

Returning to the city we visited the house of Giulio Romano, which stands in one of the fine, lonesome streets, and at the outside of which we looked. The artist designed it himself ; and it is very pretty, with delicacy of feeling in the fine stucco ornamentation, but is not otherwise interesting.

We passed it, continuing our way toward the Arsenal, near which we had seen the women at work washing the linen coats of the garrison in the twilight of the evening before ; and we now saw them again from the bridge, on which we paused to look at a picturesque bit of modern life in Mantua. The washing-machine (when the successful instrument is invented) may do its work as well, but not so charmingly, as these Mantuan girls did. They washed the linen in a clear, swift-running stream, diverted from the dam of the Mincio to furnish mill-power within the city wall ; and we could look down the water-course past old arcades of masonry half submerged in it, past pleasant angles of houses and a lazy mill-wheel turning slowly, slowly, till our view ended in the gallery of a time-worn palace, through the columns of which was seen the blue sky. Under the bridge the stream ran very strong and lucid, over long, green, undulating water-grasses, which it loved to dimple over and play with. On the right were the laundresses under the eaves of a wooden shed, each kneeling, as their custom is, in a three-sided box, and leaning forward over the washboard that

* The ruin in the famous room frescoed with the Fall of the Giants commences on the very door-jambs, which are painted in broken and tumbling brick-work ; and throughout there is a prodigiousness which does not surprise, and a bigness which does not impress ; and the treatment of the subject can only be expressed by the Westernism *powerfully weak*. In Kugler's Hand-Book of Italian Painting are two illustrations, representing parts of the fresco, which give a fair idea of the whole.

sloped down into the water. As they washed they held the linen in one hand, and rubbed it with the other ; then heaped it into a mass upon the board, and beat it with great two-handed blows of a stick. They sang, meanwhile, one of those plaintive airs of which the Italian peasants are fond, and which rose in indescribable pathos, pulsing with their blows, and rhythmic with the graceful movement of their forms. Many of the women were young, — though they were of all ages, — and the prettiest among them was third from where we stood upon the bridge. She caught sight of the sketch-book which one of the travellers carried, and pointed it out to the rest, who could hardly settle to their work to be sketched. Presently an idle baker, whose shop adjoined the bridge, came out and leaned upon the parapet, and bantered the girls. “ They are drawing the prettiest,” he said, at which they all bridled a little ; and she who knew herself to be prettiest hung her head and rubbed furiously at the linen. Long before the artist had finished the sketch, the lazy, good-humored crowd which the public practice of the fine arts always attracts in Italy, had surrounded the strangers, and were applauding, commenting, comparing, and absorbing every stroke as it was made. When the book was closed and they walked away, a number of boys straggled after them some paces, inspired by a curious longing and regret, like that which leads boys to the eager inspection of fireworks when they have gone out. We lost them at the first turning of the street, whither the melancholy chorus of the women’s song had also followed us, and where it died pathetically away.

In the evening we walked to the Piazza Virgiliana, the beautiful space laid out and planted with trees by the French, at the beginning of this century, in honor of the great Mantuan poet. One of its bounds is the shore of the lake which surrounds the city, and from which now rose ghostly vapors on the still twilight air. Down the slow, dull current moved one of the picturesque black boats of the Po ; and beyond, the level landscape had a pleasant desolation that recalled the scenery of the Middle Mississippi. It might have been here in this very water that the first-born of our first Duke of Mantua fell from his boat while hunting water-fowl in 1550, and took a fever of which he died only a short time after his accession to the sov-

ereignty of the duchy. At any rate, the fact of the accident brings us back from lounging up and down Mantua to our grave duty of chronicler. Francesco's father had left him in childhood to the care of his uncle, the Cardinal Hercules, who ruled Mantua with a firm and able hand, increasing the income of the state, spending less upon the ducal stud, and cutting down the number of mouths at the ducal table from eight hundred to three hundred and fifty-one. His justice tended to severity rather than mercy ; but reformers of our own time will augur well of his heart, that he founded in that time a place of refuge and retirement for abandoned women. Good Catholics will also be pleased to know that he was very efficient in suppressing the black heresy of Calvin, which had crept into Mantua in his day, — probably from Ferrara, where the black heretic himself was then, or about then, in hiding under the protection of the ill-advised Marchioness Renée. The good Cardinal received the Pope's applause for his energy in this matter, and we doubt not his hand fell heavily on the Calvinists. Of the Duke who died so young, the Venetian ambassador thought it worth while to write, what we think it worth while to quote as illustrating the desire of the Senate to have careful knowledge of its neighbors: "He is a boy of melancholy complexion. His eyes are full of spirit, but he does not delight in childish things, and seems secretly proud of being lord. He has an excellent memory, and shows much inclination for letters."

His brother Guglielmo, who succeeded him in 1550, seems to have had the same affection for learning ; but he was wilful, harsh, and cruelly ambitious, and cared, an old writer says, for nothing so much as perpetuating the race of the Gonzagas in Mantua. He was a hunchback, and some of his family (who could not have understood his character) tried to persuade him not to assume the ducal dignity ; but his haughty temper soon righted him in their esteem, and it is said that all the courtiers put on humps in honor of the Duke. He was not a great warrior, and there are few picturesque incidents in his reign. Indeed, nearly the last of these in Mantuan history was the coronation at Mantua of the excellent poet Lodovico Ariosto, by Charles V., in 1532, Federico II. reigning. But the Mantuans of Guglielmo's day were not without their sen-

sations, for three Japanese ambassadors passed through their city on the way to Rome, when it is to be supposed the Mantuan ladies made much of the attendant Tommy. They were also awakened to religious zeal by the reappearance of Protestantism among them. The heresy was happily suppressed by the Inquisition, acting under Pius V., though with small thanks to Duke William, who seems to have taken no fervent part in the persecutions. "The proceedings," says Cantù, writing before our national complicity with slavery had ceased, "were marked by those punishments which free America inflicts upon the negroes to-day, and which a high conception of this mission of the Church moves us to deplore." The Duke must have made haste after this to reconcile himself with the Church; for we read that two years later he was permitted to take a particle of the blood of Christ from the church of St. Andrea to that of Sta. Barbara, where he deposited it in a box of crystal and gold, and caused his statue to be placed before the shrine in the act of adoring the relic.

Duke William managed his finances so well as to leave his spendthrift son Vincenzo a large sum of money to make way with after his death. Part of this, indeed, he had earned by obedience to his father's wishes in the article of matrimony. The prince was in love with the niece of the Duke of Bavaria, very lovely and certainly high-born enough, but having unhappily only sixty thousand crowns to her portion. So she was not to be thought of, and Vincenzo married the sister of the Duke of Parma, of whom he grew so fond, that, though two years of marriage brought them no children, he could scarce be persuaded to suffer her divorce on account of sterility. This happened, however, and the prince's affections were next engaged by the daughter of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. The lady had a portion of three hundred thousand crowns, which entirely charmed the frugal-minded Duke William, and Vincenzo married her, after certain diplomatic preliminaries demanded by the circumstances, which scarcely bear statement in English, and which the present history would blush to give even in Italian.

Indeed, he was a great beast, this splendid Vincenzo, both by his own fault and that of others; but it ought to be remem-

bered of him, that at his solicitation the most clement lord of Ferrara liberated from durance in the hospital of St. Anna his poet Tasso, whom he had kept shut in that madhouse seven years. On his delivery, Tasso addressed his *Discorso* to Vincenzo's kinsman, the learned Cardinal Scipio Gonzaga; and to this prelate he submitted for correction the *Gerusalemme*, as did Guarini his *Pastor Fido*.

When Vincenzo came to power he found a fat treasury, which he enjoyed after the fashion of the time, and which, having a princely passion for every costly pleasure, he soon emptied. He was crowned in 1587; and on his coronation day rode through the streets throwing gold to the people, after the manner of the Mantuan Dukes. He kept up an army of six thousand men, among a population of eighty thousand all told; and maintained as his guard "fifty archers on horseback, who also served with the arquebuse, and fifty light-horsemen for the guard of his own person, who were all excellently mounted, the Duke possessing such a noble stud of horses that he always had five hundred at his service, and kept in stable one hundred and fifty of marvellous beauty." He lent the Spanish king two hundred thousand pounds out of his father's sparings; and when the Archduchess of Austria, Margherita, passed through Mantua on her way to wed Philip II. of Spain, he gave her a diamond ring worth twelve thousand crowns. Next after women, he was madly fond of the theatre, and spent immense sums for actors. He would not, indeed, cede in splendor to the greatest monarchs, and in his reign of fifteen years he squandered fifty million crowns! No one will be surprised to learn from a contemporary writer in Mantua, that this excellent prince was adorned with all the Christian virtues; nor to be told by a later historian, that in Vincenzo's time Mantua was the most corrupt city in Europe. A satire of the year 1601, which this writer (Maffei) reduces to prose, says of that period: "Everywhere in Mantua are seen feasts, jousts, masks, banquets, plays, music, balls, delights, dancing. To these, the young girls," an enormity in Italy, "as well as the matrons, go in magnificent dresses; and even the churches are scenes of love-making. Good mothers, instead of teaching their daughters the use of the needle, teach them the arts of rouging,

dressing, singing, and dancing. Naples and Milan scarcely produce silk enough, nor India and Peru gold and gems enough, to deck out female impudence and pride. Courtiers and warriors perfume themselves as delicately as ladies; and even the food is scented, that the mouth may exhale fragrance. The galleries and halls of the houses are painted full of the loves of Mars and Venus, Leda and the Swan, Jove and Danae, while the devout solace themselves with the sacred subjects of Beer-sheba in the Bath, and Susannah and the Elders. The flower of chastity seems withered in Mantua. No longer in Lydia nor in Cyprus, but in Mantua, is fixed the realm of pleasure." The Mantuans were a different people in the old republican times, when a fine was imposed for blasphemy, and the blasphemous put into a basket and drowned in the lake, if he did not pay within fifteen days; which must have made profanity a luxury even to the rich. But in that day a man had to pay twenty soldi (seventy-five cents) if he spoke to a woman in church; and women were not allowed even the moderate diversion of going to funerals, and could not wear silk lace about the neck, nor have dresses that dragged more than a yard, nor crowns of pearls or gems, nor belts worth more than ten livres (twenty-five dollars), nor purses worth more than fifteen soldi (fifty cents.)

Possibly as an antidote for the corruption brought into the world with Vincenzo, there was another Gonzaga born about the same period, who became in due time Saint Louis Gonzaga, and remains to this day one of the most powerful friends of virtue to whom a good Catholic can pray. He is particularly recommended by his biographer, the Jesuit Father Cesari, in cases of carnal temptation; and improving stories are told Italian youth of the miracles he works under such circumstances. He vowed chastity for his own part at an age when most children do not know good from evil, and he carried the fulfilment of this vow to such extreme, that, being one day at play of forfeits with other boys and girls, and being required to kiss — not one of the little maidens — but her *shadow* on the wall, he would not, but preferred to lose his pawn. Everybody, we think, will agree with Father Cesari that it would be hard to draw chastity finer than this.

St. Luigi Gonzaga descended from that Ridolfo who put his wife to death, and his father was Marquis of Castiglione delle Stivene. He was born in 1568, and, being the first son, was heir to the marquisate; but from his earliest years he had a call to the Church. His family did everything possible to dissuade him—his father with harshness, and his uncle, Duke William of Mantua, with tenderness—from his vocation. The latter even sent a “bishop of rare eloquence” to labor with the boy at Castiglione; but everything was done in vain. In due time Luigi joined the Company of Jesus, renounced this world, and died at Rome in the odor of sanctity, after doing such good works as surprised every one. His brother Ridolfo succeeded to the marquisate, and fell into a quarrel with Duke William about lands, which dispute Luigi composed before his death. About all which the reverend Jesuit Father Tolomei has shown how far heaviness can go in the dramatic form, and has written a pitiless play, wherein everybody goes into a convent with the fall of the curtain. Till the reader has read this play, he has never (properly speaking) been bored. For the happiness of mankind, it has not been translated out of the original Italian.

From the time of the first Vincenzo's death, there are only two tragic events which lift the character of Mantuan history above the quality of *chronique scandaleuse*, namely, the Duke Ferdinand's repudiation of Camilla Faa di Casale, and the sack of Mantua in 1630. The first of these events followed close upon the demise of the splendid Vincenzo; for his son Francesco reigned but a short time, and died, leaving a little daughter of three years to the guardianship of her uncle, the Cardinal Ferdinand. The law of the Mantuan succession excluded females; and Ferdinand, dispensed from his ecclesiastical functions by the Pope, ascended the ducal throne. In 1615, not long after his accession, as the chronicles relate, in passing through a chamber of the palace he saw a young girl playing upon a cithern, and being himself young, and of the ardent temper of the Gonzagas, he fell in love with the fair minstrel. She was the daughter of a noble servant of the Duke, who had once been his ambassador to the court of the Duke of Savoy, and was called Count Ardizzo Faa Monferrino

di Casale ; but his grace did not on that account hesitate to attempt corrupting her : indeed, a courtly father of that day might well be supposed to have few scruples that would interfere with a gracious sovereign's designs upon his daughter. Singularly enough, the chastity of Camilla was so well guarded that the ex-cardinal was at last forced to propose marriage. It seems that the poor girl loved her ducal wooer ; and besides, the ducal crown was a glittering temptation, and she consented to a marriage which, for state and family reasons, was made secret. When the fact was bruited, it raised the wrath and ridicule of Ferdinand's family, and the Duke's sister Margaret, Duchess of Ferrara, had so lofty a disdain of his *mésalliance* with an inferior, that she drove her to desperation with her sarcasms. About this time Camilla's father died, with strong evidences of poisoning ; and the wife being left helpless and friendless, her noble husband resorted to the artifice of feigning that there had never been any marriage, and thus sought to appease his family. Unhappily, however, he had given her a certificate of matrimony, which she refused to surrender when he put her away, so that the Duke, desiring afterwards to espouse the daughter of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, was obliged to present a counterfeit certificate to his bride, who believed it the real marriage contract, and destroyed it. When the Duchess discovered the imposition, she would not rest till she had wrung the real document from Camilla, under the threat of putting her son to death. The miserable mother then retired to a convent, and died of a broken heart, while Ferdinand bastardized his only legitimate son, a noble boy, whom his mother had prettily called Jacinth. After this, a kind of retribution, amid all his political successes, seems to have pursued the guilty Duke. His second wife was too fat to bear children, but not to bear malice ; and she never ceased to distrust and reproach the Duke, whom she could not believe in anything since the affair of the counterfeit marriage contract. She was very religious, and embittered Ferdinand's days with continued sermons and reproofs, and made him order, in the merry Mantuan court, all the devotions commanded by her confessor.

So Ferdinand died childless, and, it is said, in sore remorse, and was succeeded in 1626 by his brother Vincenzo, another

hope of the faith and light of the Church. His brief reign lasted but one year, and was ignoble as it was brief, and fitly ended the direct line of the Gonzagas. Vincenzo, though an ecclesiastic, never studied anything, and was disgracefully ignorant. Lacking the hereditary love of letters, he had not the warlike boldness of his race; and resembled his ancestors only in the love he bore to horses, hunting, and women. He was enamored of the widow of one of his kinsmen, a woman no longer young, but of still agreeable person, strong will, and quick wit, and of a fascinating presence, which Vincenzo could not resist. The excellent prince was wooing her, with a view to seduction, when he received the nomination of cardinal from Pope Paul V. He pressed his suit, but the lady would consent to nothing but marriage, and Vincenzo bundled up the cardinal's purple and sent it back, with a very careless and ill-mannered letter to the ireful Pope, who swore never to make another Gonzaga cardinal. He then married the widow, but soon wearied of her, and spent the rest of his days in vain attempts to secure a divorce, in order to be restored to his ecclesiastical benefices. And one Christmas morning *he* died childless; and three years later the famous sack of Mantua took place. The events leading to this crime are part of one of the most complicated episodes of Italian history.

Ferdinand, as guardian of his brother's daughter Maria, claimed the Duchy of Monferrato as part of his dominion; but his claim was disputed by Maria's grandfather, the Duke of Savoy, who contended that it reverted to him on the death of his daughter, as a feudatory which had been added to Mantua merely by the intermarriage of the Gonzagas with his family. He was supported in this claim by the Spaniards, then at Milan. The Venetians and the German Emperor supported Ferdinand, and the French advanced the claim of a third, a descendant of Lodovico Gonzaga, who had left Mantua a century before, and entered upon the inheritance of the Duchy of Nevers-Rethel. The Duke of Savoy was one of the boldest of his warlike race; and the Italians had great hopes of him as one great enough to drive the barbarians out of Italy. But nearly three centuries more were wanted to raise his race to the magnitude of a national purpose; and Carlo Emanuel spent

his greatness in disputes with the petty princes about him. In this dispute for Monferrato he was worsted ; for at the treaty of Pavia, Monferrato was assured to Duke Ferdinand of Mantua.

Ferdinand afterwards died without issue, and Vincenzo likewise died childless ; and Charles Gonzaga of Nevers-Rethel, who had married Maria, Ferdinand's ward, became heir to the Duchy of Mantua, but his right was disputed by Ferrante Gonzaga of Guastalla. Charles hurriedly and half secretly introduced himself into Mantua, without consultation with Venetian, Spaniard, or German. While Duke Olivares of Spain was meditating his recognition, his officer at Milan tried to seize Mantua, and failed ; but the German Emperor had been even more deeply offended, and claimed the remission of Charles's rights as a feudatory of the Roman Empire, until he should have regularly invested him. Charles prepared for defence. Meanwhile Spain and Savoy seized Monferrato, but they were afterwards defeated by the French, and the Spanish Milanese was overrun by the Venetians and Mantuans. The German Emperor then sent down his Landsknechts, and in 1630 besieged Mantua, while the French promised help and gave none, and the Pope exhorted Charles to submit. The Venetians, occupied with the Uskok pirates, could do little in his defence. To the horrors of this unequal and desperate war were added those of famine ; and the Jews, passing between the camp and the city, brought a pest from the army into Mantua, which raged with extraordinary violence among the hungry and miserable people. In vain they formed processions, and carried the blood of Christ about the city. So many died, that there were not boats enough to bear them away to their sepulture in the lakes, and the bodies rotted in the streets. There was not wanting at this time the presence of a traitor in the devoted city ; and that this wretch was a Swiss will be a matter of no surprise. The despicable valor of these republicans has everywhere formed the best defence of tyrants, and their fidelity has always been at the service of the highest bidder. The recreant was a lieutenant in the Swiss Guard of the Duke ; and when he had led the Germans into Mantua, and received the reward of his infamy, two German soldiers, placed over him for his protection, killed him and plundered him of his spoil.

The sack now began, and lasted three days, with unspeakable horrors. The Germans (the most slavish and merciless of soldiers) violated Mantuan women, and then buried their victims alive. The harlots of their camp cast off their rags, and, robing themselves in the richest spoils they could find, rioted with brutal insult through the streets, and added the shame of drunken orgies to the dreadful scene of blood and tears; nay, it is said that, in their infernal rage, they roasted and ate the flesh of those dead of the plague. The Jews were driven forth almost naked from the Ghetto. The precious monuments of ages were destroyed; or such as the fury of the soldiers spared, the avarice of their generals consumed; and pictures, statues, and other works of art were stolen and carried away. The churches were plundered, the sacred houses of religion were sacked, and the nuns who did not meet a worse fate went begging through the streets.

The imperial general, Aldringher, had, immediately upon entering the city, appropriated the Ducal Palace to himself as his share of the booty. He placed a strong guard around it, and spoiled it at leisure and systematically, and gained fabulous sums from the robbery. After the sack was ended, he levied upon the population (from whom his soldiers had forced everything that terror and torture could wring from them) four contributions, amounting to a hundred thousand doubloons. This population had, during the siege and sack, been reduced from thirty to twelve thousand; and Aldringher had so thoroughly accomplished his part of the spoliation, that the Duke Charles, returning after the withdrawal of the Germans, could not find in the Ducal Palace so much as a bench to sit upon. He and his family had fled half naked from their beds on the entry of the Germans, and, after a pause in the citadel, had withdrawn to Ariano, whence the Duke sent ambassadors to Vienna to expose his miserable fate to the Emperor. The conduct of Aldringher was severely rebuked at the capital; and the Empress sent Carlo's wife ten thousand sequins, with which they returned at length to Mantua. It is melancholy to read how his neighbors had to compassionate his destitution; how the Grand-Duke of Tuscany sent him upholstery for two state chambers; how the Duke of Parma supplied his table-

service ; how Alfonso of Modena gave him a hundred pairs of oxen, and as many peasants to till his desolated lands. His people always looked upon him with evil eyes, as the cause of their woes ; and after a reign of ten years he died of a broken heart, or, as some thought, of poison.

Carlo had appointed as his successor his nephew and namesake, who succeeded to the throne ten years after his uncle's death, the princess Maria Gonzaga being regent during his minority. Carlo II. early manifested the amorous disposition of his blood, but his reign was not distinguished by remarkable events. He was of imperial politics during those interminable French-Austrian wars, and the French desolated his dominions more or less. In the time of this Carlo II., we read of the Jews being condemned to pay the wages of the Duke's archers for the extremely improbable crime of killing some Hebrews who had been converted ; and there is account of the Duchess going on foot to the sanctuary of Our Lady of Grace, to render thanks for her son's recovery from a fever, and her daughter's recovery from the bite of a monkey. Mantua must also have regained something of its former gayety ; for in 1652 the Austrian Archdukes and the Medici spent Carnival there. Carlo II. died, like his father, with suspicions of poisoning, and undoubted evidences of debauchery. He was a generous and amiable prince ; and, though a shameless profligate, was beloved by his subjects, to whom, no doubt, his profligacy was not a reproach.

Ferdinand Carlo, whose ignoble reign lasted from 1665 to 1708, was the last and basest of his race. The histories of his country do not attribute a single virtue to this unhappy prince, who seems to have united in himself all the vices of all the Gonzagas. He was licentious and depraved as the first Vincenzo, and he had not Vincenzo's courage ; he was luxurious as the second Francesco, but had no ray of his generosity ; he taxed his people heavily that he might meanly enjoy their substance without making them even the poor return of national glory ; he was grasping as Guglielmo, but saved nothing to the state ; he was as timid as the second Vincenzo, and yet made a feint of making war, and went to Hungary at one time to fight against the Turk. But he loved far better to go

to Venice in his gilded barge, and to spend his Carnivals amid the infinite variety of that city's dissoluteness. He was so ignorant as scarcely to be able to write his name; but he knew all vicious things from his cradle, as if, indeed, he had been gifted to know them by instinct through the profligacy of his parents. It is said that even the then degraded Mantuans blushed to be ruled by so dull and ignorant a wretch; but in his time, nevertheless, Mantua was all rejoicings, promenades, pleasure-voyages, and merry-makings. "The Duke recruited women from every country to stock his palace," says an Italian author, "where they played, sang, and made merry at his will and theirs." "In Venice," says Volta, "he surrendered himself to such diversions without shame, or stint of expense. He not only took part in all public entertainments and pleasures of that capital, but he held a most luxurious and gallant court of his own; and all night long his palace was the scene of theatrical representations by dissolute women, with music and banqueting, so that he had a worse name than Sardanapalus of old." He sneaked away to these gross delights in 1700, while the Emperor was at war with the Spaniards, and left his Duchess (a brave and noble woman, the daughter of Ferrante Gonzaga, Duke of Guastalla) to take care of the duchy, then in great part occupied by Spanish and French forces. This was the War of the Spanish Succession; and it used up poor Ferdinand, who had not a shadow of interest in it. He had sold the fortress of Casale to the French in 1681, feigning that they had taken it from him by fraud; and now he declared that he was forced to admit eight thousand French and Spanish troops into Mantua. Perhaps indeed he was, but the Emperor never would believe it; and he pronounced Ferdinand guilty of felony against the Empire, and deposed him from his duchy. The Duke appealed against this sentence to the Diet of Ratisbon, and, pending the Diet's decision, made a journey of pleasure to France, where the Grand Monarch named him generalissimo of the French forces in Italy, though he never commanded them. He came back to Mantua after a little, and built himself a splendid theatre, — the cheerful Duke.

But his end was near. The French and Austrians made peace in 1707; and next year, Monferrato having fallen to Sa-

voy, the Austrians entered Mantua, whence the Duke promptly fled. The Austrians marched into Mantua on the 29th of February, that being leap-year, and Ferdinand came back no more. Indeed, trusting in false hopes of restoration held out to him by Venice and France, he died on the 5th of the July following, at Padua,—it was said by poison, but more probably of sin and sorrow. So ended Ducal Mantua.

The Austrians held the city till 1797. The French Revolution took it and kept it till 1799, and then left it to the Austrians for two years. Then the Cisalpine Republic possessed it till 1802; and then it was made part of the Kingdom of Italy, and so continued twelve years; after which it fell again to Austria. In 1848, there was a revolution, and the Austrian soldiers stole the precious silver case that held the phial of the true blood. Austria still keeps the place, and Mantua the fortress is stronger than ever before. As for Mantua the people, it is dead.

- ART. IV. — 1. *The Currency Question. Letters to the Honorable Schuyler Colfax.* By HENRY C. CAREY. Philadelphia. 1865.
2. *Report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1864.*
3. *Remarks on Specie Reserves and Bank Deposits.* By FRANCIS BOWEN. (Memoirs of the American Academy, Vol. VIII.)

THE Rebellion has left us with an enormous debt and an excessively complicated currency. The former must be paid, the latter regulated. The two are so intimately connected, however, that it is difficult entirely to separate the consideration of them. At present we regulate the currency only by contracting or changing the form of debts; and in future its regulation must be affected by the mode of paying the debt. But there are two propositions respecting the debt which can be sustained independently of considerations of the currency. They are,—

That it ought to be discharged as rapidly as possible.

That it can be discharged much more rapidly than is generally supposed.

The tendency toward a change in our views of the merits and demerits of a national debt is a most discouraging feature of public sentiment. Before the late war we very correctly and justly looked upon a national debt as a peculiarly undemocratic institution, a device of prodigal, reckless, and ambitious rulers to cheat their people out of taxes which they would not pay directly, and to throw upon the labor of the future burdens which ought to be borne by the capital of the present. We flattered ourselves that the idea of a permanent debt would never be transplanted to American soil. Now, however, attempts are being made in many quarters to seduce us into the belief that it has advantages to compensate for its evils. Some tell us that it is to be a bond of union, and that, had we been saddled with a debt of three thousand millions when Abraham Lincoln was elected President, the South would never have seceded, because they would have been unwilling to lose their portion of the debt. A more dangerous delusion could not be imposed on a nation. In reasoning of this class, the fact that all the money received by the public creditors must be raised by taxation is completely ignored. True, the taxes, being mostly indirect, may be less felt than if they were drawn directly from the pockets of those who contribute them; but this is no sufficient reason why they should be left entirely out of consideration.

There is, moreover, a very cogent reason why they should be taken into consideration. Suppose a heavy national debt had been incurred in 1850, and that the South held as much of that debt as it paid taxes. Before 1855 the improvident people of that section would have sold out almost their entire share of the debt to the more frugal and industrious North; and the only inducement the debt would then offer them to preserve the Union would have been the privilege of paying an annual tax of several millions of dollars to the people of another section!

The attention which has recently been paid to the project for paying off the national debt by subscription has at least had the

effect of bringing the public mind to perceive the abstract possibility of paying it off at one effort. The project is indeed chimerical, but only because it makes the amount to be paid by each individual dependent on his own judgment, instead of that of the community. Levy a direct tax to the entire amount of the debt, and the debt will, in a great measure, be the means of paying itself off. The total amount of the tax will, of course, be equal to the total amount of the debt. If the debt happened to be divided among the community in proportion to the tax to be levied, so that every man should find himself possessed of government securities to the entire amount of his tax, he would simply have to give these securities in payment of his tax. He would then be no poorer than before; because all that he lost in government debt he would be saved in future taxes.

Although the debt is not divided among the community in this proportion, that is, in proportion to their ability to pay taxes for its extinction, yet the number who own enough of the debt to pay their tax out of it is so great, that it might be paid off by a single direct tax with far less real distress or difficulty than might be anticipated. A very important consideration is, that if paid off in this way different classes of the community would not pay in the same proportion that they actually do pay by the plan of gradual extinction. When the revenue to pay the debt is raised by indirect taxation, each individual pays in proportion to his consumption, during a long series of years, of those products of labor which are taxed. But if the debt is paid off by direct assessment, each individual must contribute in proportion to his present ability to command a considerable sum. Compare, for instance, the case of a capitalist worth fifty thousand dollars, and living entirely on the interest of his money, with that of a professional man who earns three thousand dollars per annum. Their income being equal, if their habits are similar they will contribute equally to the gradual extinction of the debt. But if they are called upon for a sudden assessment to meet a temporary emergency, the capitalist can, without serious injury to his wealth, part with a sum which it would be impossible for the professional man to raise. If the government is engaged in war, and must have the money, the possessor of capital will naturally

favor the plan of raising the money by loans, because he will then have refunded to him, from taxes levied on the producing classes, the money which he would otherwise have to pay into the treasury as a special war tax. But it will be for the interest of the professional man, or the laborer, whose annual consumption of the products of labor exceeds his accumulated capital, that the war expenses be raised by taxation; because, although his share of the tax may prove burdensome, it will amount to much less than the future indirect taxes which he would otherwise have to contribute to the extinction of the debt.

Which of these two methods of raising money is the more just and expedient, we shall not now pretend absolutely to decide. The question is an extremely complex one, and the two sides of it can hardly be weighed in the same balance. It is, however, suggested, —

That a great, sudden, and temporary expenses like that of our late war should, in great part, be distributed in proportion to the *present* ability of individuals to sustain it, this ability being fixed by each man's accumulated wealth, income, and profession; in other words, the money should be raised in great part by direct taxation.

And that the regular and permanent expenses, whether to carry on the government or to pay the debt, should be raised by taxes on articles of consumption.

But, granting that an assessment of one third of the debt, (say one thousand millions of dollars,) in proportion to the present ability of each individual to contribute, would be an equitable one, the sum required might certainly be paid off. In addition to the indirect taxes now levied, the government might, without injury to the pecuniary interests of the country, levy two annual direct taxes of five hundred millions each, provided that government indebtedness of every form should be received in payment of the tax.

It is true that, by this plan, the South would be relieved of some portion — perhaps nearly half — of that share of the debt she will otherwise be compelled to pay. But the inevitable effect of a policy which should throw the full share on her would be to give the majority of the future Southern voters a direct interest in the destruction or dishonor of the government;

so that it is a serious question whether the advantage which we of the North should gain by waiting till the South is able to pay her entire share will not be more than compensated by the dangers to which such a course would expose us.

One advantage of an assessment such as is here suggested is, that it would, for a time at least, stop the export of our securities. Instead of selling them at seventy cents on the dollar, individuals would save them to pay their assessments, and in consequence their value at home would speedily approach that of gold. The complacency with which the public look upon the export of our bonds by hundreds of millions, as if they were the products of our industry, is truly remarkable, inconsistent as it is with the economical opinions entertained by the majority in the Northeastern States. It can be justified only by carrying the principles of free trade beyond every limit assigned by common sense. Allusion has already been made to the two opposing popular fallacies respecting a national debt;—the one, that it is a great advantage, because it is capital, and a source of strength; the other, that it is a great evil, owing to the taxes which must be levied to pay it. When the community which pays the taxes is the same which holds the debt, the latter is neither a source of great evil nor of great advantage, so long as it is kept within moderate limits. But *when the debt is held by one community, and the taxes are paid by another, the obligation is then an unmitigated evil.* The two communities stand toward each other in the relation of debtor and creditor, just as if they were two individuals. To say that it is for the good of the debtor community that it be suffered to run in debt as far as its creditors will trust it, is no more true than would be a similar remark about an individual. A young rake, who has come into possession of a fortune, may spend it all in a single year; but few will argue that a friend who should induce him to change his habits to those of temperance, industry, and frugality, would do him an evil.

It is not denied that running in debt may frequently be advantageous. If a nation or an individual incurs a debt for something which is to be a source of wealth and power, so that, after he pays it, he will be richer than if it had never been incurred, it is well. Therefore, before we can decide whether

the debt is or is not beneficial, we must know the terms on which it is incurred, and what it is incurred for. What do we receive for the bonds which we are exporting? Ploughs, steam-engines, mines, and factories? No. We receive mainly cloths, silks, wines, and other articles of luxury, which add little or nothing to our permanent wealth. And see how hard the terms on which the debt is contracted. Even now, for every hundred dollars' worth of goods, we have to export more than one hundred and thirty dollars in six per cent bonds, so that we pay eight per cent interest on the value received, and a bonus of thirty per cent on the principal besides.

That public opinion should look with favor on such a transaction as this, is almost inexplicable. Were the transaction of a very complex nature, it might be supposed that the public generally did not see into its results. But when a nation's imports exceed its exports by hundreds of millions, and the balance is made up by exporting national indebtedness on such terms as a Jew offers an heir who has not yet entered into possession of his estate, surely the nature and effect of the bargain cannot require much elucidation.

The regulation of our currency is a problem of far greater complexity than the payment of our debt. In almost all countries the relations and mutual reactions of the currency, prices, trade, and credit are so complex, that the profoundest political economists have scarcely been able to unravel them. But compared with our present bank and government currency, the currency of every other commercial people is simple in the extreme. Some idea of its complexity may be formed by glancing at its origin and rise.

In 1861 our currency consisted of coin, and bank and government notes convertible into coin at the pleasure of the holder. This, being the sort of currency on which, after several centuries of trial and experiment, the civilized world has finally settled as the best, did not involve any new financial principle, and was neither more nor less complex than the monetary systems of other nations.

In the winter of 1862 the first additional element of complexity was introduced by the issue of the legal-tender notes. Underestimating its own credit and the determination of the

people, Congress, in a moment of great general depression, cut loose entirely from the specie anchorage, and substituted government six per cent bonds as the basis of the entire monetary system. One hundred and fifty millions of notes, convertible into these bonds, were declared a legal tender for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt. They were therefore a legal tender for the entire principal, whenever it should become due.

This first change in the character of government obligations to pay money was little more than a change of principle. A very great change of principle, indeed, when a nation which had agreed to pay gold coin would really pay nothing but its own promissory notes; but if these promissory notes would serve the receiver as well as an equivalent amount of coin, the change was productive of little injury. Now, this was the case so long as the volume of the notes was limited to one hundred and fifty millions. Unfortunately, however, when a nation or an individual changes its principles, it is pretty sure to change its practice accordingly. To grant any earthly power the legal right, under any circumstances, to issue notes which it is not obliged to pay in coin, and to expect that this right will not be abused, is like putting an open cask of wine before a thirsty laborer, with the expectation that he will confine himself to a single glass. Such a power never was granted without being abused. Before Congress adjourned, the total amount of notes was increased to three hundred millions, of which, however, fifty millions were reserved to pay depositors. The next Congress increased the sum total to about four hundred and fifty millions.

During the year 1863 the five-twenty bond basis was cut loose from, and the entire volume of currency and of public and private indebtedness was left without any basis whatever, except such as Congress might from time to time fix. The provision permitting the notes to be converted into five-twenty bonds was repealed, and the notes were simply declared receivable in payment of all loans made to the government. Here was a second addition to the complexity of the system.

A third source of complexity was devised in the shape of compound-interest legal-tender notes. They are legal-tender

notes, payable at a definite time in other legal-tender notes, which are themselves payable no one knows how or when.

The rights and the functions of the national banks and their currency introduce another complex element into our calculations. These institutions, in consideration of converting three hundred and fifty millions of legal-tender notes into interest-bearing bonds, are to be permitted to issue three hundred millions of their own notes.

However wise, patriotic, or necessary these measures might have been, they were each designed solely with reference to the exigencies of the hour, and adopted without any inquiry into their ultimate effects on the financial condition of the country. The government required money, and each measure supplied a limited amount of that commodity; but what government should do when the supply was exhausted was left to be discovered when the emergency should arise. In no official document do we find any attempt to discover the effect upon government indebtedness of the depreciation of the successive currencies authorized. In fact, many thinkers are disposed to deny that there has been any depreciation. The first step of an inquiry into the working of our currency system must be this: During the time that gold has been fluctuating between par and one hundred and sixty per cent premium, which was the standard of value, gold or legal-tender notes, or something between the two? This is a disputed question; and before entering the arena, let us disclaim all intention of answering it with logical precision. Political economists have searched in vain for a standard of value which would apply to different ages and countries, or even to the same country for two successive years. Exchangeable value not only depends upon every circumstance which influences the desires of man, but is itself something so impalpable as almost to elude exact definition.

But a standard of value, though unattainable, can be approached. The result of an average day's work of the entire community is, mathematically, the best approximate standard. Unfortunately it is not a standard which we can directly measure by. It is like the French metre before an arc of the meridian was measured, very well defined, being exactly the forty

millionth part of the earth's circumference, but not very easily handled.

It is found by experience that gold is the best attainable standard, its value, as measured by labor, varying less from month to month than that of any other commodity. In other words, *the amount of exertion with which men in general can obtain possession of a definite weight (say one ounce) of gold is more nearly constant from year to year than an amount of exertion defined in any other way.* If you contract to deliver your neighbor an ounce of gold in two, four, or ten years, you can count with more certainty on the amount of labor it will cost you to fulfil your contract, than if you agreed to deliver him a specified quantity of flour, cloth, or "lawful money." If you agree simply to pay twenty dollars in lawful money, that lawful money may, for aught you know, be as difficult to obtain as gold, as it certainly will be if gold is at par. On the other hand, currency may be issued in such quantities by Congress and banks, that you may be able to possess yourself of the required twenty dollars with very little exertion. For example, if you are a farmer, you may be able to obtain them by raising and selling a single bushel of wheat. Thus the contract loses that definiteness which would characterize it if you agreed to pay gold, pure and simple, and partakes of the character of a game of chance.

Still, gold itself is subject to changes of value of three different kinds. The largely increased supply is undoubtedly diminishing its value from generation to generation, though it is difficult to say to what extent. Like all other commodities, it is subject to slight fluctuations from month to month, but these are rendered very minute by the international supply and demand. Finally, in case of a great war or other social convulsion, circumstances may arise to change the value of gold, independently of other causes. Thus, during the Napoleonic wars, the great demand of the British government for gold to export to the Peninsula and other seats of war created a real rise, amounting perhaps to twenty per cent, in the value of that article, as measured by the relative price of other products of labor. Has there been a similar enhancement of its value during our civil war? This question can be answered only by an appeal to fact. Reason-

ing can no more settle it than it can decide how much rain fell in July, 1863. Appealing to tables of prices, we find that the average price of the products of labor has, throughout the war, kept pace with that of gold.* It is, then, a settled statistical fact, that during the war men in general have been able to possess themselves of a gold dollar with as much ease as at any time before the war.

Should any one be disposed to argue that there has been a universal rise in the intrinsic value of commodities, it will be vain to discuss the question with him. If the maker of a new yardstick should find that everything he measured with it seemed twice as long as before, his neighbors would probably conclude that his measure was only half long enough. But he might claim that the human race, the world, and the entire solar system had doubled their dimensions while he was hewing his yardstick, and it would be impossible to drive him from his position. Equally impossible is it to disprove the proposition that United States notes are invariable in value while everything else fluctuates.

Having settled upon the fact that gold is the only practical standard of value for every-day purposes, and the nearest approximation to an invariable standard at our command, we have a firm basis to build our conclusions upon. All prices and values must be reduced to a gold standard before we can

* It is quite common to argue this point from entirely insufficient data, taking the price of a few articles on a certain day, instead of the average price of a great number during a considerable length of time. Even then, what we strictly want is, not an indiscriminate average, but one making due allowance for the quantity of each product produced or sold. To express the rule in algebraic language, if the prices of the different products are represented by p_1, p_2, p_3 , etc., and the quantities sold by q_1, q_2, q_3 , the average price of the products of labor and capital will be represented by

$$\frac{p_1 q_1 + p_2 q_2 + p_3 q_3 + p_4 q_4 + \text{etc.}}{q_1 + q_2 + q_3 + q_4 + \text{etc.}}$$

The tables of prices which have appeared on several occasions in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine furnish us with the nearest approach to our desideratum. From a table in Vol. XLVIII. p. 121, it seems that, during the year 1862, the average price of a large number of staples in the New York market had increased more than fifty per cent; the premium on gold having risen to but thirty-five. Cotton, tobacco, rosin, and turpentine were excepted in taking the average. It also appears that the rise in prices did not follow, but preceded, the rise of the premium on gold, and generally kept in advance of it. Again, from a table in Vol. L. p. 132, it seems that the average rise per cent in the price of fifty-five products increased as follows from

compare them with each other. For instance, gold being now at forty-five per cent premium, and six per cent bonds at six per cent, it follows that legal-tender notes really exchange between man and man at sixty-nine cents on the dollar, and six per cent bonds at seventy-three cents on the dollar; and this not as measured by an imaginary standard, but by the amount of butter, flour, and beef which they will buy in the public markets. Measuring their value in the same practical way, bonds a year ago were worth only forty cents on the dollar.

An obvious corollary from the proposition just laid down is, that, when gold goes up, or the value of the dollar falls, those who owe money are enriched at the expense of their creditors, while in the opposite case the creditors are enriched at the expense of the debtors. Hence every change in the value of the dollar is an evil. But it is less injurious to national wealth when the creditor is benefited at the expense of the debtor, than in the opposite case, because, as a general rule, the creditor class are disposed to save their money, and the debtor class to spend it; and when the debtor pays more than he justly owes he is compelled to be more frugal, while the creditor receives a greater reward for his frugality, and is therefore encouraged to be more frugal. Frugality being the foundation of all national wealth and strength, the habits which conduce to wealth and

January, 1862, to January, 1864. For comparison, we append the average premium on gold for the month preceding and following: —

Date.	Per cent.	PREMIUM ON GOLD.	
		Month prec.	Month foll.
1862, January,	0	0	0
" April,	5	2	2
1863, January,	64	32	44
" May,	69	51	48
" July,	90	46	31
" October,	65	33	46
1864, January,	111	52	54

These results, though conclusive on the general question, leave much to be desired in accuracy of detail, since the most insignificant articles in the list influence the result equally with the most important. Had the table been used so as to determine, by a method mathematically exact, the average product in currency of a day's labor of the entire community, this product would, we conceive, have been found to agree much more closely with the average premium on gold than the result really found. But it suffices to establish this fact, — that during most of the war, and still more since the war closed, men in general can command a given quantity of gold with greater ease than ever before.

strength are encouraged by an appreciation of the currency. The converse of this proposition is a familiar fact to the philosophical student of history. Eras of depreciating paper money have always been those of luxury, extravagance, and waste of wealth.

The experience of generations has shown that the only certain mode of regulating a paper currency is to make it convertible into coin or bullion at the pleasure of the holder. Every other mode has proved a miserable failure. Few practical men will deny that it is desirable that our currency should rise to the level of specie as soon as possible. The only sound objection to the change is the consequent enhancement of the burden of debts by those who have contracted to pay money; but all such contracts are now made with eyes open to the possibility of having to pay in the equivalent of specie. Taking it for granted, then, that our paper dollars must be made as valuable as gold dollars, it is proposed to inquire how this end may best be attained. But an intelligent judgment of the merits and effects of different ways of attaining it cannot be formed without a clear idea of the laws which regulate the value of our complex currency.

The present value of our paper dollar rests on two entirely distinct bases; (1.) the want by the community of a circulating medium, and (2.) the credit of the government. Let us see how.

Every man in the community is generally under the necessity of having in his possession, or to his credit in a bank, a greater or less supply of money, for the purpose of buying goods or paying his debts. Although the amount which any one man may have is continually varying, the total amount held, in ordinary times, by a community or by the nation, is remarkably constant. Every banker, for instance, finds that, although the amount on his books to the credit of any individual depositor fluctuates violently, yet the total amount to the credit of all fluctuates very slowly.

The total amount thus held by the people of the Union, but continually circulating from hand to hand, was, in 1862, about six hundred millions. Of this, about half was in the form of bank deposits, and most of the other half in circulating notes of

the banks.* This amount being absolutely necessary to the transaction of the business of the country, however, the proposition respecting the relation between the volume of the currency and its gold value may be expressed thus: *The total gold value of the circulating medium, including bank deposits, cannot permanently fall below five hundred or six hundred millions of dollars.* In other words, the average price of the products of industry, gold included, cannot permanently rise in a higher ratio than the excess of the total volume of circulating notes and bank deposits over the above amount. For instance, if the total amount of circulating notes and bank deposits is limited to one thousand millions, prices cannot permanently rise to more than twice their gold value.

The proposition in question is not laid down as universally true. It ceases to hold good when the public feel that the currency is going to ruin, because then, every one being anxious to pass off all the money he receives as soon as possible, lest he lose by the crash, the money circulates with preternatural rapidity, and thus does far more than the regular amount of business. Such was the case in the Rebel States; but, happily, we have not been under the influence of such a fear.

The converse of this proposition, that all prices will rise in proportion to the volume of the currency, is not necessarily true, unless we mean by the term "volume of currency" something differing from the total amount of circulating notes held by the community. It is self-evident that government credit is a very important element in the value of the notes, irrespective of their total amount. When men in general contemplate the future of government credit and the national currency with confidence, instead of paying out their money as fast as they receive it, they will save it up for the purpose of investing in government bonds, or in hope that prices will fall. Few will give a hundred dollars for any article not urgently required, if he feels confident that, by waiting a few months, he will get it

* It is impossible to estimate accurately the total volume of the circulating medium, owing to the uncertainty of how much coin entered into it. The coin held by the banks is not to be included, it being represented by the deposits and circulation. Fifty millions will probably be considered a fair estimate of the coin actually used by the people as money.

for eighty ; nor will any provident man prefer seventy gold dollars' worth of luxuries to a hundred-dollar gold bond, if he feels sure that the bonds will really be paid in gold. If this increased confidence in the future is general throughout the community, the necessary result will be a general fall in prices ; in other words, an appreciation of the currency before a single greenback is withdrawn by the government.

But it is plain that the *effective* volume of the circulation is thus diminished, because this is not the total amount of government and bank notes which can be used for money, but the amount which is actually in the market for the purpose of buying. If you have a ten-dollar bill in your drawer which you intend to spend at the present tariff of prices, *so that you do not expect to gain by keeping it*, then that bill is part of the effective circulation ; but if you intend to add more to it and invest the whole in seven-thirties, or if you are keeping it in hopes that prices will fall, it is withdrawn from circulation as much as if it were waiting to be burned in the treasury.

To set the proposition in another and perhaps a clearer light, suppose that the entire twenty-seven hundred millions of our public debt were put into such a shape that it could pass from hand to hand as money, and were made a legal tender between individuals. Would the value of the debt be depreciated ? To maintain the affirmative would be to maintain that, by adding to the number of uses of a commodity, its value might be diminished, — a manifest absurdity. It is therefore possible to have many times as much money in the country as is needed for use in effecting exchanges without producing depreciation, the only condition being that the money shall have a value independent of its uses as currency.

These laws of currency, and the effects of our double basis, are fully illustrated by well-known facts of our financial history during the late war. In the winter of 1862-63, a legal-tender note, payable no one knew how or when, was worth from seven to ten per cent more than a six per cent bond, both principal and interest of which government was bound, by every consideration of honor, to pay in gold ; and this was simply because it could be passed from hand to hand as money, while the bond

could not. Thus its usefulness as money gave it a value which government credit alone could not give it.

Again, the most superficial observer cannot have failed to notice that the two periods of great fall in the price of gold have been those of heavy subscriptions to government loans, or, to speak more accurately, of large conversion of notes into bonds. During the spring and summer of 1863, nearly five hundred millions were subscribed to the five-twenty loan; and during the same period the premium on gold fell from seventy to twenty-five per cent. From this time until the end of 1864 the subscriptions to national loans were comparatively small; and during the first eight months of this period we witnessed a continuous rise in the price of gold from 125 to 260. During the first six months of the present year the premium on gold fell nearly one hundred per cent, while the immense subscriptions to the seven-thirty loan were going on.

It is not claimed that, in the cases just alluded to, the large conversion of notes was the immediate cause of the fall in gold. The conversion of the notes and the fall in gold were conjointly the effects of the increased confidence of the people in the credit of the government, and one could not have occurred without the other. So long as prices were kept at two or three times their gold height, almost the entire volume of the currency would be needed to effect the exchanges of the community, so that there would be little to spare the government. On the other hand, had no loan been offered, there would have been no inducement to lay up money to invest in government securities, so that there could not have been much of a fall in gold.

A very powerful party oppose a return to specie payments on the ground that such a course would prove highly injurious to the industrial interests of the country. This view can be supported by arguments seemingly so powerful, it appeals so strongly to the popular idea of the functions of money, and the grain of truth which it contains stands out so strongly, that it is worthy of very careful consideration.

Let us imagine the internal commerce of a country going on at a regular and natural rate. Let us follow in imagination the course of a dollar bill, and see what office it performs. We find

it in the hands of a farmer. He exchanges it with a shoemaker for a pair of shoes. The shoemaker pays it to the grocer for a pound of tea. The grocer sends it to an importer, and orders more tea. The importer must import more tea, and with the bill buys wheat for export from the very farmer from whom the bill started. Thus, in the course of a month, it may have a dozen exchanges. Six hundred million such bills keep up the entire commercial exchanges of the country.

Suppose, now, that government had induced the farmer to hoard, invest, or loan the dollar, and wear his old shoes awhile longer. Then it would seem that the shoemaker, not selling his shoes, cannot buy the pound of tea. The grocer orders less tea from the importer. The importer has no occasion to buy wheat from the farmer, or, rather, he buys one dollar's worth less. Thus all the commerce which would have been effected by that dollar ceases. Withdrawing it from circulation is like withdrawing blood from the veins of a workman.

Mr. Carey, in his pamphlet, describes what he conceives to be the state of the country on the 4th of March, 1861. He sees millions of people wholly or partially unemployed, thousands of traders unable to meet their engagements, thousands of mills and factories standing idle, and all for the want of money to pay the workmen and buy the goods, and thus establish the "societary circulation."

The position described in the last paragraphs is so strong, that an attempt to carry it by a direct assault would be likely to result in failure. But if we besiege it by regular approaches, it will, we conceive, be proved wholly untenable. The question is one of fact rather than of logic. The position of the paper-money school is, that a diminution of the currency will produce certain injurious effects on the ability of men to exchange and enjoy the products of each other's labor. We claim that human nature is so constituted that the cause in question never did and never can produce the effects attributed to it to an injurious extent, and that there is no example of a people being without a circulating medium adequate to effect all the exchanges which they are disposed to make. We shall state the facts which we oppose to the views disputed in such a way that their truth will be evident to the enlightened good-sense of the reader.

Taking a bird's-eye view of the country, we see crops reaped, railroads built, steam-engines set going, freight trains moved, and goods of all kinds bought and sold. What is the actual moving power, the efficient cause, which keeps the social system in such a state of activity?

We answer, it is the desire of every individual man to enjoy the fruits of labor. Many might say it is the desire of the individual to acquire money; but this is a secondary and merely accidental link in the chain of causes. Why does he wish money? Only that he may buy the fruits of other men's labor with it. Force him to keep all the money he earns, and his exertions will instantly cease. The desire for goods which he hopes to buy with the money is therefore the original and sole motive which keeps up his exertions.

The amount of each man's labor is regulated by a law which is wholly independent of money. He will labor as long as the wealth which he produces compensates him for the irksomeness of the labor, *and no longer*. It is impossible to force his industry beyond this point; and if it were possible, doing so would diminish his happiness, because the advantages of increased wealth would no longer compensate for the irksomeness of the increased labor. And he will, of his own accord, labor until the compensation in question is established, unless he is liable to be forcibly deprived of the fruits of his industry.

It is quite certain that, when men come to exchange the products of their industry, as a general rule, they exchange products of labor for the products of equal labor. In other words, the money prices which they set on their goods are proportional to the labor of producing them. And, as the only limit of the disposition to labor is the failure of its product to afford sufficient enjoyment, so the only limit of the demand for any class of goods is the willingness of the community to give in exchange for them the amount of labor necessary for their production. Take shoes, for instance. The aggregate desire of all the individuals in the community for shoes is the exact measure and limit of the total demand for shoes. The aggregate desire of railroad companies for locomotives, which is itself the product of the desire of the community for transportation, is the exact measure of the demand for locomotives; and so

with all other articles, — the desire, however, beginning to operate only when sufficiently intense to induce the person desiring to give an equivalent in the products of his own labor for the article desired.

Thus the laws of supply and demand, of production and exchange, are defined without reference to the circulating medium. And our positions thus far will not, we conceive, be assailed. But the besieged may contest our farther advance somewhat after the following fashion : —

We fully admit the truth of your laws of the limits of industry, exchange, and demand, provided that every man who produces anything desired by others can exchange it for an equivalent of the articles which he himself desires. But you know that, in the vast majority of cases, the man who wants his products will not be the man whose products he wants; the exchange must therefore be made indirectly, by means of the circulating medium. But by deranging the circulation, its power to effect these indirect exchanges is diminished.

To this the reply is, that money has no “power” to effect exchanges. It is only the *instrument*, not the *cause*, of the exchange; a very necessary instrument it is true, but the very fact that it is at the same time necessary and simple affords the best guaranty that no community will ever be long without it. The community will always have enough of the medium of exchange, because any easily transportable commodity can be used as such. Our school-books tell us that iron and salt have been used as money by barbarous tribes; and we all know that Indian corn and wampum were once lawful money in this very Commonwealth, and tobacco in Virginia. We have become so accustomed to the best possible media of exchange, that we cannot conceive of anything else being used as money, — just as a man who had always eaten out of silver might fear starvation if reduced to pewter. If we were next year driven to use tobacco as money, allowing all who were so disposed to issue their notes payable in tobacco, it would not permanently diminish “societary circulation,” more than the destruction of all the silver and china in the country would diminish the quantity of food eaten.

Let us now take up Mr. Carey’s hypothesis of a universal

cessation of the demand for the products of industry,—not because they had ceased to be desired, but because of a want of the instrument of demand, namely, money,—and see what would have been the result. Would every one have stood idle? No. Nearly every one would have said, we may as well work as stand idle; and would have gone on with their work, only with less than their usual energy, in anticipation of a future demand. Thus, a surplus of all the articles desired by man would have been accumulated. Now, we ask, is there any example of a country being in possession of all the articles which its people desired, but the people unable to use those articles for the want of means to effect a general system of exchange? We venture to say that there is no such example. True, goods are often produced for which there is no sale. But this is only because people do not desire them with sufficient intensity to give an equivalent of their own labor in exchange, or because large classes are deprived of the power of producing commodities to give in exchange, as was the case during the famine in Ireland. Such misfortunes are almost necessarily the result of sudden changes in the industrial pursuits of a people, such as result from transition from war to peace, or peace to war. They have nothing whatever to do with the currency. Mr. Carey's *tableau vivant* is as purely imaginary as if he had reproduced the history of the Lili-putians.

Now, what is the error of the views we set forth respecting the effect of withdrawing a dollar from the currency? Is it not really true that the farmer would be prevented from buying the shoes, the shoemaker from buying the tea, the grocer from ordering of the importer, and the importer from buying the farmer's flour? It could be true only for a few days, or weeks at farthest, and it would not necessarily be true at all. The first effect of the temporary diminution in the demand for goods would be, that *every one would offer his products a little cheaper*. The farmer, estimating more highly the government dollar, will offer his flour to the importer a little cheaper; the latter will then be obliged to offer his tea cheaper in proportion; and finally the shoemaker, to increase the demand for his shoes, will sell them cheaper, and the farmer will now buy

them at the diminished price. If the gold value of the dollar is doubled, this cheapening process will go on till prices are reduced one half. Then the "societary circulation" will again go on at its natural rate. The fifty-cent note will perform all the exchanges formerly performed by the dollar note; the latter will take the place of the two-dollar note, and the fifty-dollar check of the hundred-dollar check. Every one will derive as much benefit from his labor as before, because he buys as well as sells at half price.

Singularly enough, Mr. Carey gives so happy an illustration of the supposed wants of the country, that it perfectly illustrates his own error. He compares the pouring of money into the veins of commerce to the opening of a *clearing-house* for the whole country. Now, if he should account for a total stagnation in the banking business by assuming that the clearing-house had been destroyed, so that the banks could no longer exchange their checks and bills, and should propose to establish a clearing-house in every street of every city of the Union, on the ground that banking would increase in proportion to the number of such institutions, there would be as much truth and common sense in his propositions as in those he actually sustains.

Nearly all the views we have thus far combated are examples of that idol of the theatre which gives rise to the belief that the limitations under which we see men act are the necessary limitations of all human action. The fabled currier, who argued that "there was nothing like leather" to fortify a city, was no more the victim of this idol than the financier who argues that there is nothing like money to carry on war. Leather was the cause or the instrument of all the good he had ever done the world, or received from it; and was he any more to blame for thinking that without leather society would relapse into chaos, than the financier for thinking that money is the moving power of the social system? The man of thought knows that the human race is too skilful in the adaptation of means to ends to be permanently impeded in his course merely by the deprivation of the usual means of progress.

Since no permanent injury can arise from the most rapid return to specie payments, we may inquire how a specie basis

is to be reached. Many used to think that our paper money would become as valuable as specie of itself after the war was over. This delusion has already been corrected by sad experience. If the permanent circulation of the country is to consist of four hundred and fifty millions of government currency, three hundred millions of bank notes, and as great a value of bank deposits as the banks choose to receive and loan, it is morally certain that the currency will be depreciated to forty or fifty cents on the dollar for years to come; in other words, that the price of gold will range from 200 to 250. When government ceases to ask for loans without making provision for paying its notes in specie, every note will be in the market for the purpose of buying, and prices will be inflated in proportion to the value of the currency; and the price of gold will necessarily keep pace with that of everything else.

A return to a specie basis is impossible without contracting the total note circulation, bank and government, to something like three hundred millions. There being now some eight hundred millions of notes afloat, the consequence of an offer to redeem them immediately in specie would be to cause five hundred millions to rush to the treasury in a mass. Of course these could not all be redeemed at once.

But these five hundred millions must in some way be withdrawn before a specie basis can be reached. The question is, how shall the withdrawal be effected. Let us fund the redundant currency in a long loan, say the public. The question whether we shall or shall not thus fund the surplus currency, is discussed with a blissful unconsciousness that there is any impediment in the way of its being done. The public seem to forget that, unless the funding is compulsory, it takes two parties to fund a note, the note-holder and the government; or, rather, the consent of the former to any arrangement the government chooses to propose is taken for granted. But let us see on what kind of terms a note could be funded on a long loan.

The five per cent "ten-forty loan," both principal and interest payable in coin, is at present selling at a discount of six and a half per cent for currency, and therefore at sixty-five cents on the dollar in gold. If, therefore, the government chose to fund

the outstanding legal-tender notes in five per cent bonds, not a note would come in to be funded, for the simple reason that the same bonds could be got cheaper from the public.

“But,” say some, “let us offer long bonds, irredeemable for a much longer time than ten years. Such bonds will be much more valuable than the comparatively short ones.”

The latter assertion can be most conclusively refuted, both by experience and the reason of the thing. We now have five-twenty bonds, six per cent, redeemable at any time after two years, and long bonds irredeemable until 1881; but the average price of the latter is but an insignificant fraction higher than that of the former; frequently there is no difference at all in the price, after allowing for the difference of accrued interest. Again, the only reason why a long bond can be more valuable than a short one is, that the latter may be redeemed at a time when the former is above par. It seems then, that, in the general opinion of the public, there is no probability of a six per cent bond being much above par in coin in the next sixteen years. If this is the case with a six per cent bond, for a much stronger reason will it be the case with one bearing a lower rate of interest; so that a four or five per cent bond, irredeemable for a thousand years, would be worth no more than a ten-forty bond, unless issued to an amount so small that only the eccentric few who might be tickled with the thousand-year plan could be supplied.

The bonds, then, if bearing interest at the rate of only five per cent, must be sold below par. How much below? Suppose the first hundred millions can be sold at present prices, so as to withdraw ninety-three millions of currency, the currency which is left will then be more valuable in proportion to the bonds, and the next hundred millions will have to be sold at a yet greater discount, — how much greater it is impossible to say. All we can say is, that the present gold value of the bonds (65) is pretty certain to increase, and the currency value (93) to diminish; so that when the value of the currency is finally brought up to that of gold, the bonds will sell at some figure between 65 and 93. In the absence of data for judging whereabouts between these limits the price will settle, let us assume the mean, or 79 per cent, as the final price.

The knowledge that the currency must appreciate by the funding process will make the holders of notes unwilling to fund them at present rates; probably 89 is the highest price that would be obtained for the first hundred millions of bonds. The probable cost of funding the five hundred millions of notes will then be as follows:—

The holders of the first hundred millions			
of notes will demand about	112	millions in five per cent bonds.	
The second hundred millions,	116	"	"
" third " "	119	"	"
" fourth " "	123	"	"
" fifth " "	127	"	"
Total,	597	millions.	
Annual interest,	30	millions, nearly.	

This method will, we fear, not be received with much favor. So far as we can judge from the expressions of those who favor the funding plan, they intend the bonds to be taken at par. If they simply wait for this to be done, they will wait for many years; and our currency will in the mean time be subject to the most disastrous fluctuations.

The great objection to the funding plan is, that the future will be as uncertain as ever. The notes withdrawn can be re-issued at almost any time. No one will be able to tell when a specie basis will be reached, whether in six months or six years; and no one will know how long before some party in favor of repudiating redemption in specie will get possession of the government, and reissue the entire mass of currency. The evil to be dreaded is strongly set forth in the following extract from a widely circulated document:—

"All is greenbacks. If you invest in Boston Sixes, better, if possible, than the British Exchequer Bills, and pay 120 for them, what will you get paid off in when they mature? what will you get the interest in? In gold? No, sir: in greenbacks. Invest in New York City Sixes, and pay 110 for them. When you or your children come to be paid up, you will get greenbacks, and one hundred dollars of greenbacks for one hundred dollars of debt, and no more. The interest and the principal of every debt of every State in this Union, except California, temporarily indulging herself, and being indulged by us, in a point

of metallic pride, is payable in greenbacks. Every debt of every kind in the business of this nation of thirty millions of people is payable in greenbacks. Practically, gold is not money."

Remembering that, as the term "greenback" is here used, it means any piece of paper, however worthless, which any party which may hereafter come into power may choose to declare lawful money, it must be confessed that the picture here presented is dark enough to the eyes of those who contemplate investing their capital in any form of indebtedness, public or private.*

A modification of the plan just discussed, and possibly a measure which the advocates of funding have in view, is to make the exchange of the notes for bonds compulsory, by depriving them of the character of lawful money, now and forever. To avoid the injustice of making those who had contracted debts in currency pay them in coin, it should be provided, —

That all debts contracted before January 1, 1863, should be payable in coin only, as required by every consideration of justice.

All debts contracted between January 1, 1863, and the passage of the act, to be discharged by paying seventy cents on the dollar in coin.

All debts contracted thereafter to be payable in coin only; and coin alone, or notes convertible into coin, to be lawful money or legal tender.

This would be for the government the cheapest plan, and possibly the best. A great recommendation of this plan is, that less injustice would be done to individuals by it than by any other. It is the only one which makes allowance to both debtor and creditor for the depreciation and appreciation of the currency in which the debt is contracted. The principal objections to it are, (1.) that the notes would still be used as money in current transactions, and it would not be advisable to follow the course of the late Rebel government in threatening to repudiate all notes not returned to the treasury by a

* Singular as it may seem, this discouraging picture was presented to the people in a document professing to sustain the public credit, as an argument for investing their funds in a government loan.

certain time; and (2.) that many intricate legal questions might arise respecting the time when a debt should be considered as contracted.

A third method would be to fix by law a date for the resumption of specie payments. Our failure to do this in the beginning was one of our most serious financial errors, for a note which has no fixed time of payment cannot have any definite value as a debt. At this time not a man in the country has the remotest idea when the four hundred and thirty millions of non-interest bearing notes will be payable.

It is not proposed that the month and day for a universal payment should be fixed, but that the date should be in some way defined. It may be enacted that all notes surrendered to the treasury during the months of January and February, 1866, shall be paid in coin during the month of January, 1867; that

All notes surrendered during	Shall be paid in
March and April, 1866,	February, 1867.
May and June, 1866,	March, 1867.
July and August, 1866,	April, 1867.
September and October, 1866,	May, 1867.
November and December, 1866,	June, 1867.
January and February, 1867,	July, 1867.
March and April, 1867,	August, 1867.
May and June, 1867,	September, 1867.
July and August, 1867,	October, 1867.
September and October, 1867,	November, 1867.
November, 1867,	Thirty days after surrender.
December, 1867,	On January 1, 1868.
After January 1, 1868,	On demand.

By thus extending the redemption over a period of two years, the appreciation in the value of the currency and its diminution in volume would be gradual, extending, as it would, over all this period. The government also would save interest on the money from the date of surrender of the note to that of payment.

Whatever method is adopted, we strenuously maintain that its first feature should be *a permanent return to specie payments at a definite time*. A mere withdrawal of the surplus currency will not only fail to produce the desired feeling of

security, but it will produce in the greatest degree that temporary stagnation of business which is so much feared by the advocates of an expanded currency. But when every one knows that specie, and nothing else, is to be the basis of the currency, men will regulate their business and their prices accordingly, and the change may be effected without injury to any except mere gamblers in prices.

These considerations on the mode of attaining a specie basis give rise to one of the most important questions we have to discuss. Our national currency being a fixed fact, shall it be a bank or a government currency? At present it is a mixture of the two. Leaving out of the question the compound-interest legal-tender notes, which are likely soon to be hoarded for redemption, we now have in circulation about four hundred and fifty millions of government notes, or "greenbacks," and three hundred millions of National and State bank notes, the latter of which will be converted into the former as soon as the Comptroller of the Currency can issue them. If the issue of this bank currency were prohibited, a return on the part of the government to specie payments would be comparatively easy. We have already seen that about three hundred millions in notes will be kept in circulation after the resumption, because this amount is absolutely needed to transact the business of the country. If, then, no bank notes were in circulation, and the government should offer to redeem in specie all its own non-interest bearing notes, only about one hundred and fifty millions would be presented, the rest being retained for currency. But, with three hundred millions of bank money to serve the purposes of currency, the entire four hundred and fifty millions of government notes will have to be redeemed before a specie basis can be reached. The entire burden of redeeming those three hundred millions of bank notes must therefore be borne by the government.

Congress, at its last session, provided for taxing all the State bank currency out of existence, on the common-sense ground that these institutions should not be allowed to inflate the currency by their issues. But the fact that the National bank currency was yet more deleterious than that of the State banks seems to have been overlooked, and instead of being prohibited,

it was fostered. It was supposed to support the government credit by facilitating the negotiation of loans. It seems to be universally taken for granted, that the great subscriptions to the seven-thirty loan were very gratifying, because they indicated that the government credit was good. But the public jumps altogether too quickly at this conclusion. These large subscriptions, in themselves, prove nothing more than that our public credit is not absolutely worthless. Suppose our government, before the destruction of the Confederacy, had offered to receive Confederate currency in payment of all its loans, with what alacrity would loans have been taken. Jeff Davis would have been glad to loan us a thousand millions at once. But would his offer have been heralded as proof of the high standard of our credit?

Why should the government adopt a policy by which the interest on its debt shall be increased by twenty millions a year? That reasons can be urged in favor of it, we do not deny. These reasons may be divided into those which are entirely baseless and illogical, and those which, whether strong or weak, are really founded on a logical basis. Among the former, that most prominently urged will be that the national banks support the public credit, and therefore ought to be encouraged. This reason scarcely touches the point in question. We do not propose to abolish the national banks, or change their charters, or curtail a single one of their legitimate privileges. We simply insist that they shall be made to confine themselves to their legitimate business of receiving deposits and discounting notes. We insist that the business of supplying a national currency belongs to the general government, and that the gratuitous surrender of the advantages of this business to private corporations, and that at a time when the future is fraught with danger, is a policy so clearly bad, that it is acquiesced in only through a general misapprehension of its nature and effects.

A large class of illogical objections are those which start from some universal proposition, as, for instance, that "government should not be bankers." All such sweeping generalizations, when used as premises for an argument, we deny at the outset, on the same grounds that logicians have denied the validity of the syllogism as an instrument for arriving at truth.

We might as well object to our postal system on the general ground that governments should not be carriers ; or declare in favor of having our entire navy built in private shipyards, on the ground that governments should not be shipbuilders. It is impossible to prove that governments should not be bankers, without first proving that participation in anything whatever that can be called banking is deleterious to the government interests ; that is, without proving the very point in dispute. In practice, such maxims always give way to the common sense of the nation. The post-office money-order system was objected to, because this form of banking was out of the sphere of the Post-Office Department ; but Congress wisely concluded that logical definitions of the functions of any department ought to be subordinate to the public convenience.

The only logical reasons which can be assigned for the substitution of bank for government notes are those given in the Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1864 : —

“ Governments should not be bankers. None has existed which could be safely trusted with the privilege of permanently issuing its own notes as money. Circulating notes have been issued under peculiar circumstances by other governments, as it is now being done by that of the United States ; but the judgment of the world is against it as a permanent policy ; and nothing but an overpowering public exigency will at any time justify it. Under popular institutions like ours, no more dangerous, no more corrupting power could be lodged in the hands of the party in possession of the government ; none more perilous to official probity and free elections. Give to a party dominant in the legislative and executive branches of the government the authority of issuing paper money for the purpose of furnishing the country with its currency, subject as it would be to no restraint but its own pleasure, and what guaranty would there be that this authority would be honestly and judiciously used? The power of issuing government promises as a circulating medium is too dangerous a one to be conferred upon any party except under extraordinary circumstances.”

As we understand Mr. McCulloch, we heartily indorse all he says in this paragraph, except the first sentence. The authority actually possessed by any and every party which may hereafter come into power to pay off the national debt by an issue of paper money is indeed a terrible one, and one with which it

has no business to be intrusted. The possibility of its exercise is the sword of Damocles, which now hangs over the head of our public credit, and keeps our securities at a heavy discount at a time when our government is among the most stable and powerful on the planet. If this source of danger would, indeed, be removed by withdrawing our government notes, the increased security of our credit might compensate for the expense. But the weak point of the argument is, that the bank circulation will neither remove nor mitigate the danger. It has been judicially decided by the highest State courts that Congress does indeed possess this terrible authority; and that ends the question until we adopt a constitutional amendment that nothing but gold coin shall ever be a legal tender in payment of debts. The mere withdrawal of our notes will not deprive any future Congress of the power to flood the country with paper money; but a burden of twenty millions in extra interest on the debt will rather increase their disposition to exercise it. It will be like stripping the leaves from a shade tree, because its roots are exhausting the soil.

Mr. McCulloch seems disposed to let the root of the evil remain. He defends our issue of legal-tender notes, not on the legitimate ground of their expediency, as furnishing, to a limited extent, government indebtedness in a form at the same time least burdensome to the government (because it bears no interest), and most acceptable to the people (because it can be used as money), but on the very last ground on which a patriot ought to defend them,—their necessity. He expresses the opinion, that “there are now very few intelligent persons who are not persuaded that, without these notes, and the character of lawful money given to them by Congress and confirmed by the courts, the credit of the nation would have given way at the very outbreak of the Rebellion.” Now the notes can be justified as a *necessity* only on the ground that, at a time when there was more specie in the country, and less use for it than ever before, the public would not trust the government with their idle capital on any but the most ruinous terms. That an issue of notes on such grounds as this could improve the public credit, or save it from ruin, is a proposition which needs only to be understood to make its refutation unnecessary.

The assertion of necessity emasculates the whole argument. As a logical argument, it is an exposition of the evils of irredeemable paper money in general, and applies with as much force to the present national bank currency as to a government currency. A national bank note is practically, though not theoretically, irredeemable, so long as specie payments are suspended. Redemption in coin is the safety-valve which insures the escape from circulation of all notes issued in excess. But redemption in irredeemable paper is simply a safety-valve leading into a twin boiler, where the pressure is as great as in the boiler to be relieved. Under such a system, the bank circulation is subject to no restraint but the pleasure of the party in power; and there is no guaranty whatever that its issue will be regulated by the real wants of the community.

We frankly admit that, in assuming irredeemableness and unchecked issues as necessary characteristics of government notes, Mr. McCulloch has all the facts of history on his side, and against that now sustained. The whole history of government paper money is a continuous record of human folly, fatuity, and dishonesty, as facts of American history familiar to every reader abundantly illustrate. But what was the essence of the evil? Simply this: that governments have invariably refused to redeem — in other words, pay — their notes when they were a legal tender between individuals. Mr. McCulloch concludes, as a matter of course, that, if our government issues paper money permanently, its policy will be of the same kind. At the same time he has entire confidence that government will adhere to its obligation to pay its funded debt. Supposing his argument to tell more strongly against government than against bank paper, its force will be best appreciated by putting it in the form of an answer by government to an inquiry into the grounds of its policy.

Question. Why do you allow those banks to issue notes, and then borrow them yourself and pay interest on the debt, and then pay them out to your creditors, when the latter would take your own notes as readily as those of the bank?

Answer. We do thus, because, if we issue our own notes, we shall very likely repudiate them, and thus bring discredit on ourself and ruin on the financial interests of the country. You

know very well that neither we nor any other government could be trusted to maintain the credit of their circulation ; and we make no claim to have improved our morals in this respect. But we can, whenever we choose, force these corporations to pay their notes ; so that they are not subject to the same danger.

These sentences contain all the pith of the continuation of Mr. McCulloch's argument as found on pages 5 and 6 of his Report. Grant this premise : The contraction of a debt in the form of a circulating note does not *necessarily* involve its repudiation, — and you knock the corner-stone from his argument. Admit that the obligation to redeem such a note may be as sacred as the obligation to pay a bond on maturity, and the whole fabric comes to the ground. The question then comes to this : Can this nation exhibit such firmness of principle that its notes shall be issued and redeemed in accordance with certain previously defined laws, from passive obedience to which the treasury shall not be permitted to deviate on any pretext whatever ? If not, we yield the entire point. Our government must throw away an advantage which might save it from dishonor, simply because it cannot trust its own firmness of purpose. But if Congress can bind the Treasury Department by mandatory laws, then we aver that, if that body will employ, in elaborating a system of government paper money, a small part of the ingenuity which it formerly exhibited in inventing compromises between freedom and slavery, it will succeed in avoiding most of the evils feared by Mr. McCulloch.

To discuss the various possible systems of regulating such a currency would unduly increase the length of this article. We shall stop only to present the leading features of one such system, which seems to us best adapted to the actual condition of the country. Should the advisability of having some kind of government currency until our national debt is paid off become a subject of general discussion, we may take occasion to set forth the practical working of the proposed system more in detail. The great objects to be attained are threefold : —

1. That the value of every paper dollar shall be as nearly as possible that of a gold dollar.
2. That the volume of currency shall be diminished when excessive.

3. That it shall be increased when too small.

To attain the first end, Congress should pledge itself to a return to specie payments at a definite time. We have already indicated what we conceive to be the best method of bringing our currency to a par with specie.

Let a tax of six per cent per annum be levied on all bank circulation indiscriminately. If this is done, government will have to sell about two hundred millions of six per cent bonds to raise specie to redeem the notes which will be handed in, or to sell for notes at the market price. If it is not done, it will cost probably five hundred millions in such bonds to secure the resumption.

To secure the diminution of the currency when excessive, issue, in lieu of the present government and bank notes, notes payable in coin thirty days after surrender to the treasury; the holder of the note, on surrendering it, to receive a coin certificate payable in thirty days to him or his assignee. The faith of the United States to be pledged that all such certificates shall, at maturity, be paid in coin containing at least twenty-three grains of fine gold in every dollar,* and the Secretary of the Treasury to have unlimited power to sell, in the open market, all bonds necessary to provide coin for this purpose. The notes to be lawful money in current transactions, and in payment of debts due in less than ninety days after being contracted, so long as they are redeemed at the treasury, and *no longer*.

By this plan, the operation of supplying a currency, and of diminishing it when excessive, can be performed by government as well as by banks. But how increase it when deficient? The banks do this by discounting the notes of individuals, — a kind of business which it is not advisable for the government to undertake. But there are several ways by which government can effect the desired result.

1. Enact that notes shall always be issued on demand in

* Is it not to be regretted that the old habit of specifically pledging the faith of the United States to repay all moneys borrowed has been abandoned? Would not our public credit be slightly improved if every provision for future loans should contain the clause, "and the faith of the United States is hereby pledged to cause both interest and principal of the said loan to be paid in gold coin containing twenty-three grains of fine gold in every dollar"?

exchange for bullion or coin, at a certain rate, say an allowance of one fourth per cent in favor of the coin.

2. Pay principal or interest of the public debt in notes, in advance of the time when due, whenever the holders are willing to allow a certain discount.

3. Make loans to the banks, under such restrictions as shall secure the government against loss by the return of the notes for redemption.

As auxiliaries to the general system, repeal all laws making anything but gold coin receivable in payment of loans, and repeal the law absolutely limiting the rate of interest which may be charged by the banks. It is high time that we had passed the usury-law stage of financial civilization, and become willing to let the rate of interest be determined by the state of the money market.

Such a currency would not, we conceive, be subject to a single objection which would not apply with equal force to a bank circulation.

While differing from Mr. McCulloch on the important point to which we have alluded, it is only just to bear tribute to the general fairness of statement and liberality of view which characterize his Report. In this respect it is in singular contrast to the crude and prejudiced fancies which form the staple of most of our current speculation on financial subjects. All his words are those of one disposed to weigh carefully both sides of the question. We differ with him, because we assign less importance to the mere machinery by which the exchanges of the nation are carried on, and individuals are made to contribute to the common cause. Allusion has already been made to one of the false ideas of the working of that machinery which men naturally imbibe from what they see of the operations of trade and industry. One great object of the study of Political Economy is to eradicate these Baconian idols of the theatre from the mind. The importance of this point will warrant some further illustration.

When one views the operations of a powerful piece of machinery, it is natural to feel as if the force resided in the ponderous wheels, the swift-moving pinions, and the rattling cogs. The stream of water quietly running through the turbine is

apt to be entirely overlooked. Yet it is, at the same time, the cause and the measure of all the work done by the mill. A wheel, a cog, or a pinion can be replaced in a short time; but remove the waterfall, and the machinery all stops forever.

Men make a similar mistake in seeking to learn why some nations have become rich and powerful, and others poor and weak. We examine their laws, their commerce, their banks, and their tariffs, to find the seeds of power or decadence. We search in vain. Wealth and power are characteristics of people more than conditions. At least the characteristic is the sole cause of the condition. A nation is poor for the same reason that it is dirty, because it will not take the pains to become otherwise. Let the people of England and Spain change places, and in ten years the Cunard steamers will start from Cadiz instead of Liverpool. Why? Simply because the English people are willing to expend the labor necessary to build the steamer for the sake of obtaining her, while the Spaniard would prefer to purchase present enjoyment by selling her.

However wealthy individuals may be, a people cannot put forth their power without a government. Having got a government, its power is measured by the will and energy of the people, and not by its banks or financial system, provided that the interests of government and people are really the same. But if the government has other ends than the good of the nation,—ends which the people, if left to themselves, would not be willing to carry out,—then some system of cajoling becomes necessary. Such was the origin of the national debts of Europe. Warlike and ostentatious monarchs desired to spend more money than their people would have been willing to pay in taxes. So they borrowed the money, not for their people's good, but for their own, trusting to get out of the former by a series of small contributions what they would have been unwilling to give at once.

The purpose for which our government may want money can never be of this nature, because it is simply the agent of the nation, and its good is the good of the nation. Its power and its credit rest directly upon the virtue, integrity, and patriotism of the people, and upon nothing else. No intermediate agents, such as national banks or other corporations designed

to support its credit, can help it in any considerable degree; and when we lean on such supports, we trust to a broken reed. So with irredeemable paper money and a national debt. It can hardly be necessary in the present advanced state of social science to show that these add nothing to the power of a people.

Although this fact is so well understood by those who have made the dynamics of the social system a subject of study, it seems impossible to eradicate from the popular mind the idea that money is the sinew of war, and that it must be got by borrowing. And yet it is as false in political economy as the doctrine that the earth is an immovable plane would be in geography. No theory has been oftener disproved by experience. Our first war for independence showed that paper money was only a rude and violent instrument of taxation, giving nothing to the government which it did not take from the people. We have seen revolutionary France throw aside her paper money and come back to specie just as her twenty years' struggle with the combined powers of Europe was fairly begun. We have seen England raise by taxation her entire war expenses during her struggle with Napoleon. Why, then, could we not fight without such cumbersome and expensive auxiliaries as irredeemable paper money and a permanent debt? It is impossible to borrow money from our own citizens in sums larger than could be raised by taxation. For the only absolute limit of taxation is fixed by the power of the individual to pay; and this is also the necessary limit of the ability to loan. No one can loan money unless he is able to dispense with its use; and if he can dispense with it, he can pay it as a tax. Again, there are great numbers who, from lack of faith or frugality, will loan the government nothing; but all this class can be reached by taxation, and thus be made to lighten the burden which would otherwise fall exclusively on those possessed of confidence in the stability and good faith of the government. Thus, to a republic like ours, a permanent national debt is not only a source of danger, and an unmitigated evil, but it is an evil to which there can never be any absolute necessity of our being subjected.

Public opinion, we trust, will ere long accept these general propositions as the basis of our future financial policy:—that

the collective virtue and public spirit of the individual citizens of our republic are the source, and the only source, of all our national power; that the functions of government are limited to devising the ways and means by which each individual citizen can most conveniently bear his share of the public burden; that taxation, and not loans, is the proper way of meeting an extraordinary expenditure which taxes the whole energies of the people, loans being advisable only when the emergency is not sufficient to necessitate the expensive machinery of taxation. When these principles are acted upon, our government will be a commonwealth in deed, as in name, and our financial system, from being the most complex, will become the most simple among nations.

- ART. V.—1. *Mémoire sur l'Origine et l'Organisation des Committés Conciliateurs en Dannemarc.* Par A. B. ROTHE. Copenhagen. 1803. 16mo. pp. 126.
2. *Beyträge zur Kenntniss der Vergleichs-Einrichtungen in Dänemark.* Von A. B. ROTHE. Copenhagen. 1804. 16mo. pp. 118.

At the close of the last century the administration of justice on the continent of Europe was in a very wretched state. At no time can the praise bestowed on the theoretical simplicity of the civil law be truly extended to the practice of the courts; and at this period the forms of procedure were to the full as verbose and cumbersome, as provocative of delay and expense, as those in an English chancery suit, while the legal profession generally were accused, and it would seem justly, of chicanery, and of eagerness rather to foment litigation than to promote the real interests of their clients. To remedy these growing evils several governments established Courts of Conciliation for the amicable settlement of disputes. These courts differed considerably in their organization, and met with very different success.

In most countries the experiment has entirely failed and

been abandoned. Such has been the case in the Netherlands, in Holland, and substantially at Geneva. In Denmark, on the other hand, these courts have continued down to the present time, and are said still to fulfil their intended purpose; in France too they still exist, but chiefly as a mere form, of little or no use.

Attempts have been made to introduce similar tribunals into England, notably by Lord Brougham in 1830, and also into this country, as by the commissioners who prepared the New York code. None of these attempts have, we believe, been successful.

We propose to give a short account of the organization and procedure of the Courts of Conciliation in the countries, Denmark and France, where they are still to be found, to note the measure of success which has attended them, to trace the causes to which success may be due, and to consider whether the same causes exist to lead to the same result among ourselves.

The Courts of Conciliation were established in Denmark by a royal decree of July, 1795. There is one in the capital, and one in each of the chief towns, while the whole of the kingdom outside the towns is divided into districts, each with its separate court. This system of judicature is, however, confined to the kingdom of Denmark proper, comprising Jutland and the islands; it was never extended over the rich duchies of Holstein and Schleswig.

In Copenhagen the court consists of three members, — a president, chosen from among the assessors of the city court, one of the city magistrates, and one of the thirty-two representatives of the city. The president holds his office for four years, and may be reappointed; but the two other members are changed weekly in regular rotation. In the other towns the magistrates nominate four or six candidates, two of whom are elected by the citizens. These two compose the court, and remain in office three years. In the country districts the duty of holding these courts devolves upon the grand bailiffs, or those counts and barons who have the like authority; but the districts are so arranged that no place shall be more than twelve miles from the seat of a court; and if any bailiwick comprises more than one district, the bailiff appoints as deputies two worthy

citizens, who hold court in his stead in the districts remote from his own residence.

Both in town and country, service on these courts is compulsory ; and no barrister, attorney, or judge of the ordinary court is eligible to them. Each court has a clerk, a seal, and a record ; but in some of the smallest country districts the presiding member acts as clerk. A member interested in a case is not allowed to sit, neither is he if related to one of the parties, unless the other party waives the objection.

In Copenhagen the court is constantly in session ; elsewhere the courts usually meet once a week. They always sit with closed doors.

The territorial limits of each court's jurisdiction are prescribed ; and all persons within them, even the nobility, the military, and the clergy, who have special tribunals of their own and are not amenable to the ordinary law courts, are yet subject to the Courts of Conciliation. These courts have jurisdiction over all questions which might form the subject of a suit at law, with the following exceptions :—1. Criminal cases ; 2. Suits brought by any department of the royal government ; 3. Matters relative to bills of exchange ; 4. Actions for libel against public officers ; 5. Matrimonial causes. Under this last head it should be observed, however, that, though the court cannot decree a divorce or separation, even with the consent of the parties, it can compel the attendance of husband and wife, and attempt to reconcile them ; and, failing this, can arrange terms of separation, which it reports to the court authorized to act in such cases.

The proceedings before the Courts of Conciliation begin with a complaint containing a brief statement of the plaintiff's claim and of the name and residence of both parties. This complaint, which may be oral, but is generally written and may be accompanied by such papers as bear on the case, is entered, on its reception, in the record. Thereupon summons to the plaintiff and defendant are issued by the court, and served by its officers, who receive a trifling fee for each person summoned. These fees are paid by the plaintiff, and repaid to him by the defendant, if the award of the court so decrees and is concurred in. In the towns, parties are obliged to appear the day after sum-

mons ; in the country, on the fourth day. An appearance in person is required, unless the party has one of the legal excuses : these are absence, sickness, the performance of public duties, and “ private business which cannot be deferred or which will be prejudiced by delay.” When any one is prevented by a legal excuse from appearing in person, he must send a proxy, with full power to act in his name. All barristers, attorneys, and their clerks, are excluded from appearing before the Courts of Conciliation, either as proxies or in any other representative or advisory capacity.

If the plaintiff fail to appear when summoned, he is nonsuited. If the defendant fail to appear, the court certifies the fact on the original complaint, which is returned to the plaintiff, who can then bring the case before a court of law ; and this court will order the defendant to pay the costs of the trial, the damages to which all persons *temere litigantes* are subject, the costs before the Court of Conciliation, and compensation to the plaintiff for loss of time. All these costs and damages must be paid by the defendant, even should the final decision of the cause be in his favor.

When one party appears by proxy, the Court of Conciliation has no authority to decide whether there is a legal excuse for the failure to appear in person, but the alleged excuse is entered on the record, and its sufficiency must be judged of by the law court should the case come before it ; if deemed insufficient, the party in fault is mulcted in the same costs and damages as a defendant who has failed to appear altogether.

When the parties are before the court, their names and the subject-matter of dispute are entered in the record. The plaintiff then states his grievance, and the defendant replies, admitting its truth or making a counter-statement of his own.

If the dispute turns on a question of fact, which cannot be decided by the documentary evidence produced, the court grants a continuance to allow the plaintiff time to examine witnesses. This examination, which is in writing, takes place before the ordinary tribunals, the Court of Conciliation having no power to administer an oath. The defendant can cross-examine the plaintiff's witnesses, but he is not allowed to examine any witnesses of his own ; if he finds it necessary to produce evi-

dence on his own behalf, he must refuse to accede to the award of the Court of Conciliation, and bring the case before a court of law. When the examination is closed, the deposition is delivered by the magistrate before whom it is taken to the plaintiff, who appears with it before the Court of Conciliation at the adjourned hearing. The court then reads these depositions in the presence of the parties, explains to them the law bearing on the case, and makes its award.

The parties can agree to this award or not. If they agree, it is put in formal shape, inserted in the record, and signed by both parties. A copy is furnished to the plaintiff, who can at once have execution on it in the same way as on the judgment of a law court of last resort, no exception or appeal being allowed to interfere with or delay it.

If execution is not levied within a year and six weeks, the suit must be renewed before the Courts of Conciliation by a process analogous to *scire facias* at the common law. This provision, however, it should be observed, is not peculiar to the case of awards by the Courts of Conciliation, but extends to the judgments of the ordinary tribunals.

If either party refuses to agree to the award of the Court of Conciliation, or if the defendant neglects to appear before it, a transfer of the cause to the courts of law takes place. In case of a refusal to agree, the court notes it on the record, and returns to the plaintiff his original complaint, with a certificate of this refusal; and the plaintiff can then proceed in the courts of law. The latter courts refuse to consider any case which has not been before the Court of Conciliation.

We have already said that these courts always sit with closed doors. This is a most important provision. No declarations or admissions of the parties are of any weight outside the court-room, or are allowed to prejudice or in any way affect subsequent proceedings. If the parties agree to an award, this is of course published by the court, and there are two other exceptions to the rule of secrecy. In the first place, all questions relative to the appearance of the parties in person or by proxy are certified to the courts of law, and a note of any actual violence or abusive language to an adversary before the court is entered on the record, and a copy furnished, if desired, to the party injured.

The Courts of Conciliation can punish by imprisonment any violence or disorder committed in their presence; all other contempts they report to the royal chancery.

In Copenhagen, there are no costs of court except fees to the officers who serve the summons; the members of the court and its attendants have salaries from government, and all contingent expenses are also paid from the public purse. In the towns and in the country districts a small fee, one third of which goes to the clerk, is paid to the court for each case settled by award. The plaintiff pays all costs, and the award determines whether the defendant shall reimburse him; and if so, whether in whole or in part. When a case is transferred to the law courts, no fee is paid to the Court of Conciliation, and no other fees are ever allowed than those just specified.

From this brief account the theory which underlies the Danish Courts of Conciliation becomes evident. It is this. Much needless litigation will be prevented, if disputants can be brought together to tell their stories to disinterested persons, in whose character and judgment they have confidence, and before whom they must govern their tongues and tempers, especially if influences adverse to conciliation are absent, if freedom and openness of speech can be secured, and if the delay interposed by the hearing be short. The Danish legislators have striven fully to carry out this theory; they bring the disputants together by forbidding litigation except under heavy penalties to any party who does not consent to meet the other in person. They have attempted to secure the disinterestedness of the arbiter, and the confidence of the suitors in him, by the rules of his nomination and appointment. They have enforced the government of tongue and temper by investing the arbiter with the authority of a judge. They have aimed to banish influences adverse to conciliation by forbidding the disputants to be represented or assisted by lawyers. They have provided for freedom and openness of speech by the secrecy of the hearing; and they have prevented delay by the summary process of the courts and by a decision upon *ex parte* evidence.

In France this theory has been carried out only under such modifications as materially change its character. Courts of Conciliation were established in France in 1790, and were rec-

ognized and have been perpetuated by the Code. They are not held by a distinct class of magistrates, as in Denmark, but by the ordinary "Juges de Paix." Their jurisdiction is much more limited than that of the Danish courts. Among the numerous classes of questions which may be brought directly before the law courts without a previous attempt at conciliation are all those to which the government or any public institution is a party, all to which a minor is party, all calling for despatch, or relating to commerce, (a most extensive exception,) all disputes about the payment of rents or annuities, all claims in the nature of set-off, all matrimonial suits, and all causes to which more than two persons are parties.

A party who fails to appear is fined ten francs, which he must pay before he is allowed to appear in the law courts; but this small fine seems to be the only penalty upon a defendant for not obeying a summons before the Court of Conciliation. Either party may appear by proxy, and the proxy may be a barrister or attorney, — a very important difference between the French and Danish practice. Another marked distinction is, that in France the judge may sit with closed or with open doors, at his discretion; nor does it seem to be settled how far the judge can interrogate the parties, and place their answers and statements on the public record.

Looking now at the results of these Courts of Conciliation in Denmark and France, we find the Danish writers speaking with great pride and satisfaction of their success. In the half-dozen years after their establishment, the average annual number of awards made by them and accepted by the parties was between 30,000 and 35,000. The number of civil cases tried before the law courts during the three years preceding the organization of these Courts of Conciliation was 25,521; during the three years immediately succeeding, the number was 9,653; showing a decrease of 15,868.

From an official report for 1823, it appears that in that year 31,000 cases were brought before the Danish Courts of Conciliation; 21,000 were there concluded; about 600 of the remaining 10,000 were abandoned; and of the rest, 9,426 in number, only 2,355 were decided by the law courts, the others remaining undetermined.

In France the system seems to have been much less successful. M. J. A. Rogron, in his *Codes Français Expliqués*, says that "the attempt at conciliation before justices of the peace does much good in the country, but is of almost no value in the large towns, especially in Paris, where the justices, having in general only a slight acquaintance with the persons appearing before them, can exercise but little influence." Lord Brougham, though an earnest advocate for the introduction of a similar system into England, is still more general and emphatic in his language. "In France," he says, "the experiment has signally failed"; — and he quotes M. Levasseur to the effect that instances in which parties settle their disputes before the Court of Conciliation are exceedingly rare.

The success of these courts in France has been at least equivocal. On the other hand, they certainly seem in Denmark to have achieved valuable results. The reason, we think, is not far to seek.

Denmark is one of the smallest and most sparsely populated of the kingdoms of Europe; it is also one of the poorest. The great majority of the people live on farms or in small villages, and are engaged in agriculture. Except Copenhagen, no town has over twelve thousand inhabitants, and only two have over eight thousand. It was only in the beginning of the present century that the peasantry were freed from slavery. They still labor under many of the restrictions of feudal times; and though a brave, thrifty, industrious people, they are, except in the capital, decidedly less affected than any other nation of Western Europe by the improvements of modern civilization. The foreign commerce is not extensive, and interior communication is hampered by inland dues and execrable roads.

From the character and occupation of the people, and from the difficulty of intercourse between the different parts of the country, it naturally follows that such quarrels as spring up are generally among neighbors, and that the parties to a dispute reside near each other, and not far from the Court of Conciliation, whose jurisdiction, as we have seen, cannot extend over twelve miles in each direction. Indeed, the great probability that the litigants will be such near neighbors as to come within the same jurisdiction, is shown by the fact that the ele-

mentary treatises on the organization of these Danish courts make no mention of the course to be pursued when the plaintiff and defendant reside in different districts; and this omission can hardly be explained except on the supposition that such cases occur but rarely in practice.

Such near neighborhood renders possible the appearance in person of the litigants, and this is in our view the most important feature in the system of these Courts of Conciliation; for when once the parties can send a proxy, the whole proceeding is sure to degenerate into an idle form. By compelling the plaintiff and defendant to meet face to face and talk over their grievances, great good may often be accomplished. Now in our country, with its far-reaching traffic, litigation ceases to be confined to narrow bounds; the plaintiff and defendant often live hundreds of miles apart; to bring them together for a proceeding which, at the option of either, might be treated as an entire nullity, would be attended with great inconvenience and hardship; and yet to allow them to appear by proxy would destroy, as we have said, one of the main features, if not the most important one, of the whole system.

Again, from the character and occupations of the Danish people, together with their primitive mode of life, it must result that their disputes are of very simple nature, readily to be explained by the parties, and readily to be understood by the court. Disputes arising among such a rude peasantry cannot often be of much detail or complication. They must be as easy of settlement as the quarrels of servants or children. How different are the questions which come before the courts in this country! Springing as they often do out of the most involved transactions in a highly civilized state of society, they present a variety of incident and a multiplicity of detail, to unravel which demands patient and skilful examination.

A great part, indeed, of the duties of a lawyer, and a task often requiring of him both toil and ability, is to extract the facts from the confused stories of his clients, to ascertain the true relations of these facts, and to state them clearly. For a judge to determine the rights of contending parties who should rush before him in the first heat and blindness of a quarrel, without having their ideas shaped and arranged by a legal ad-

viser, would, in any complicated case, be either entirely impossible, or possible only after long delay and tedious sifting of evidence and statement.

Another reason why these courts have met with success in Denmark seems to be, that the constitution of the ordinary law courts was essentially defective. We have mentioned incidentally that, of the 9,426 cases sent from the Courts of Conciliation to the law courts in a single year, only 2,355 were decided, leaving 7,071 undetermined. It is hardly matter for surprise that people should rest content with the award of a Court of Conciliation, even if unsatisfactory, rather than submit to the long delay of justice which this fact discloses.

The reader, too, will not have failed to notice that the nobility, the clergy, and the army have courts of their own, and are not amenable to the ordinary tribunals; so that a Court of Conciliation is the only place where a peasant can have even a hearing before a possibly impartial judge against any member of the privileged classes.

And this brings us to the chief cause of the success attending these courts in Denmark, which is undoubtedly to be found in the general state of society, in that distinction between classes, and those remains of the feudal system, which exist to a greater extent in Denmark than in any other nation of Western Europe. The grand bailiff who holds the court in the country, or his deputy, who is often the clergyman of the parish, however void of compulsion his awards may be in theory, is yet invested with a temporal or spiritual power which carries his advice with the weight of a command to his tenants or parishioners. The value of these courts lies not in their organization, but in the personal character and influence of the judges. To give the institution its effect, the suitors must look up to the opinion and advice of the judge as only an ignorant and dependent people can look up, with a readiness to yield their opinions and wishes to one whom they personally revere as higher than themselves. Few would think it desirable, none probably possible, that such a condition of society as this should exist even in the most rural districts of the Northern States. The least elevated and educated Yankee holds his opinions on matters affecting his own purse and person too tenaciously, and with too

much independence, to be ready to surrender them at the advice of any one, even though he be a justice of the peace or the parish minister.

The following extract from an article published in the Law Magazine of January, 1831, in review of Lord Brougham's speech on Local Courts, does not entirely coincide with our view, but contains so much sound sense that we quote it at some length.

"The notion [of Courts of Conciliation] originated in those tempting exhibitions of philanthropy which country life occasionally presents. A landlord like Fielding's Allworthy, or a clergyman like Goldsmith's curate, residing constantly amongst his tenantry or parishioners, familiar with their habits and constantly ministering to their wants, acquires a sort of patriarchal authority; and his interposition as a conciliator derives an almost irresistible weight, as well from the general confidence in his integrity as from his having the means of punishment and reward in his hands. Such characters appear to have been uppermost in the minds of the French at the first conception of the plan, and a more preposterous one has never been conceived. They might as well have ordered back Astræa by vote, or fixed a day for the Millennium to begin, as one of our rising legislators would fix a day for a fast. A man hired to play at philanthropy is, *ipso facto*, disqualified for the gratuitous sacrifice; the unbought grace of it is gone, —

‘ At sight of legal ties,
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies.’

We feel no gratitude to a salaried conciliator, and he, on the other hand, does not feel hurt at the rejection of his offices. . . . There is nothing at all surprising in the statement that two thirds of the cases referred to the Denmark conciliators went no further; the proportion, indeed, is much smaller than we should have anticipated, whilst there is something quite ludicrous in the argument that these two thirds would probably in this country have gone ‘to a needless and dilatory and most expensive trial.’ The larger part, we firmly believe, would have been settled by our courts of requests; and the rest by the first attorney, or, at any rate, the first counsel, who should advise upon them. But the whole fallacy may be still more summarily disposed of; — of those who enter a court of justice, an immense majority have made up their minds to litigation; of those who go to a conciliator, the greater number as certainly have not.”

We have given the reasons which lead us to doubt the ad-
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vantage of introducing Courts of Conciliation generally in this country ; yet there is one part of the United States where we think they might be established with success. We mean in those States lately in rebellion, and especially for causes to which the Freedmen are parties. It is with special reference to their probable utility in such cases, and to the important aid which they might afford in the reorganization of society at the South on its new foundation of freedom, that we have thought fit at this time to call attention to their working and methods. The situation of the recently enfranchised slaves presents many of the features which have made these courts successful among the peasantry of Denmark. They are a poor people, an agricultural people ; their dealings are confined to their own neighborhood ; their quarrels are generally about simple matters ; they have just been freed from slavery, and have many of its trammels still hanging about them. Though an irascible, they are a very placable people, and when they do respect one of the lately dominant race, they will submit to his opinion and advice with a readiness which exceeds the docility of any European peasantry. There is great danger that, in their disputes, they will fall easy victims to pettifoggers, and the more need that they should be compelled to hear good advice. Indeed, it would be hard to find a combination of circumstances more favorable to the usefulness of Courts of Conciliation. It would be a difficult task to choose impartial and discreet persons to sit on them, but, though difficult, not impossible, and we would gladly see the experiment tried.

ART. VI. — *The Life, Correspondence, and Speeches of HENRY CLAY.* By the REV. CALVIN COLTON, LL. D., Professor of Public Economy, Trinity College. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1857. 6 vols. 8vo.

THE close of the war removes the period preceding it to a great distance from us, so that we can judge its public men as though we were the "posterity" to whom they sometimes appealed. James Buchanan still haunts the neighborhood of Lancaster, a living man, giving and receiving dinners, paying his taxes, and taking his accustomed exercise; but as an historical figure he is as complete as Bolingbroke or Walpole. It is not merely that his work is done, nor that the results of his work are apparent; but the thing upon which he wrought, by their relation to which he and his contemporaries are to be estimated, has perished. The statesmen of his day, we can all now plainly see, inherited from the founders of the Republic a problem impossible of solution, with which some of them wrestled manfully, others meanly, some wisely, others foolishly. If the workmen have not all passed away, the work is at once finished and destroyed, like the Russian ice-palace, laboriously built, then melted in the sun. We can now have the requisite sympathy with those late doctors of the body politic, who came to the consultation pledged not to attempt to *remove* the thorn from its flesh, and trained to regard it as the spear-head in the side of Epaminondas, — extract it, and the patient dies. In the writhings of the sufferer the barb has fallen out, and lo! he lives and is getting well. We can now forgive most of those blind healers, and even admire such of them as were honest and not cowards; for, in truth, it *was* an impossibility with which they had to grapple, and it was not one of their creating.

Of our public men of the sixty years preceding the war, Henry Clay was certainly the most shining figure. Was there ever a public man, not at the head of a state, so beloved as he? Who ever heard such cheers, so hearty, distinct, and ringing, as those which his magic name evoked? Men shed tears at his defeat, and women went to bed sick from pure sympathy

with his disappointment. He could not travel during the last thirty years of his life, but only make progresses. When he left his home the public seized him and bore him along over the land, the committee of one State passing him on to the committee of another, and the hurrahs of one town dying away as those of the next caught his ear. The country seemed to place all its resources at his disposal; all commodities sought his acceptance. Passing through Newark once, he thoughtlessly ordered a carriage of a certain pattern: the same evening the carriage was at the door of his hotel in New York, the gift of a few Newark friends. It was so everywhere and with everything. His house became at last a museum of curious gifts. There was the counterpane made for him by a lady ninety-three years of age, and Washington's camp-goblet given him by a lady of eighty; there were pistols, rifles, and fowling-pieces enough to defend a citadel; and, among a bundle of walking-sticks, was one cut for him from a tree that shaded Cicero's grave. There were gorgeous prayer-books, and Bibles of exceeding magnitude and splendor, and silver-ware in great profusion. On one occasion there arrived at Ashland the substantial present of twenty-three barrels of salt. In his old age, when his fine estate, through the misfortunes of his sons, was burdened with mortgages to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, and other large debts weighed heavily upon his soul, and he feared to be compelled to sell the home of fifty years and seek a strange abode, a few old friends secretly raised the needful sum, secretly paid the mortgages and discharged the debts, and then caused the aged orator to be informed of what had been done, but not of the names of the donors. "Could my life insure the success of Henry Clay, I would freely lay it down this day," exclaimed an old Rhode Island sea-captain on the morning of the Presidential election of 1844. Who has forgotten the passion of disappointment, the amazement and despair, at the result of that day's fatal work? Fatal we thought it then, little dreaming that, while it precipitated evil, it brought nearer the day of deliverance.

Our readers do not need to be reminded that popularity the most intense is not a proof of merit. The two most mischievous men this country has ever produced were extremely

popular, — one in a State, the other in every State, — and both for long periods of time. There are certain men and women and children who are natural heart-winners, and their gift of winning hearts seems something apart from their general character. We have known this sweet power over the affections of others to be possessed by very worthy and by very barren natures. There are good men who repel, and bad men who attract. We cannot, therefore, assent to the opinion held by many, that popularity is an evidence of shallowness or ill-desert. As there are pictures expressly designed to be looked at from a distance by great numbers of people at once, — the scenery of a theatre, for example, — so there are men who appear formed by Nature to stand forth before multitudes, captivating every eye, and gathering in great harvests of love with little effort. If, upon looking closely at these pictures and these men, we find them less admirable than they seemed at a distance, it is but fair to remember that they were not meant to be looked at closely, and that “scenery” has as much right to exist as a Dutch painting which bears the test of the microscope.

It must be confessed, however, that Henry Clay, who was for twenty-eight years a candidate for the Presidency, cultivated his popularity. Without ever being a hypocrite, he was habitually an actor; but the part which he enacted was Henry Clay exaggerated. He was naturally a most courteous man; but the consciousness of his position made him more elaborately and universally courteous than any man ever was from mere good-nature. A man on the stage must overdo his part, in order not to seem to underdo it. There was a time when almost every visitor to the city of Washington desired, above all things, to be presented to three men there, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, whom to have seen was a distinction. When the country member brought forward his agitated constituent on the floor of the Senate-chamber, and introduced him to Daniel Webster, the Expounder was likely enough to thrust a hand at him without so much as turning his head or discontinuing his occupation, and the stranger shrunk away painfully conscious of his insignificance. Calhoun, on the contrary, besides receiving him with civility, would converse with him, if opportunity favored, and treat him to a disquisition on the nature of gov-

ernment and the "beauty" of nullification, striving to make a lasting impression on his intellect. Clay would rise, extend his hand with that winning grace of his, and instantly captivate him by his all-conquering courtesy. He would call him by name, inquire respecting his health, the town whence he came, how long he had been in Washington, and send him away pleased with himself and enchanted with Henry Clay. And what was his delight to receive a few weeks after, in his distant village, a copy of the Kentuckian's last speech, bearing on the cover the frank of "H. Clay"! It was almost enough to make a man think of "running for Congress"! And, what was still more intoxicating, Mr. Clay, who had a surprising memory, would be likely, on meeting this individual two years after the introduction, to address him by name.

There was a gamy flavor, in those days, about Southern men, which was very captivating to the people of the North. Reason teaches us that the barn-yard fowl is a more meritorious bird than the game-cock; but the imagination does not assent to the proposition. Clay was at once game-cock and domestic fowl. His gestures called to mind the magnificently branching trees of his Kentucky forests, and his handwriting had the neatness and delicacy of a female copyist. There was a careless, graceful ease in his movements and attitudes, like those of an Indian chief; but he was an exact man of business, who docketed his letters, and could send from Washington to Ashland for a document, telling in what pigeon-hole it could be found. Naturally impetuous, he acquired early in life an habitual moderation of statement, an habitual consideration for other men's self-love, which made him the pacificator of his time. The great compromiser was himself a compromise. The ideal of education is to tame men without lessening their vivacity, their gayety, their heartiness, — to unite in them the freedom, the dignity, the prowess of a Tecumseh, with the serviceable qualities of the civilized man. This happy union is said to be sometimes produced in the pupils of the great public schools of England, who are savages on the play-ground and gentlemen in the school-room. In no man of our knowledge has there been combined so much of the best of the forest chief with so much of the good of the trained man of business

as in Henry Clay. This was the secret of his power over classes of men so diverse as the hunters of Kentucky and the manufacturers of New England.

It used to be accounted a merit in a man to rise to high station from humble beginnings; but we now perceive that humble beginnings are favorable to the development of that force of character which wins the world's great prizes. Henry Clay found an Eton and an Oxford in Old Virginia that were better for *him* than those of Old England. Few men have been more truly fortunate in their education than he. It was said of a certain lady, that to know her was a liberal education; and there really have been, and are, women of whom that could be truly averred. But perhaps the greatest good fortune that can befall an intelligent and noble-minded youth is to come into intimate, confidential relations with a wise, learned, and good old man, one who has been greatly trusted and found worthy of trust, who knows the world by having long taken a leading part in its affairs, and has outlived illusions only to get a firmer footing in realities. This, indeed, is a liberal education; and this was the happiness of Henry Clay. Nothing in biography is so strange as the certainty with which a superior youth, in the most improbable circumstances, finds the mental nourishment he needs. Here, in the swampy region of Hanover County, Virginia, was a barefooted, ungainly urchin, a poor widow's son, without one influential relative on earth; and there, in Richmond, sat on the chancellor's bench George Wythe, venerable with years and honors, one of the grand old men of Old Virginia, the preceptor of Jefferson, signer of the Declaration of Independence, the most learned man in his profession, and one of the best men of any profession. Who could have foreseen that this friendless orphan, a Baptist preacher's son, in a State where to be a "dissenter" was social inferiority, should have found in this eminent judge a friend, a mentor, a patron, a father?

Yet it came about in the most natural way. We catch our first glimpse of the boy when he sat in a little log school-house, without windows or floor, one of a humming score of shoeless boys, where a good-natured, irritable, drinking English school-master taught him to read, write, and cipher as far as Practice.

This was the only school he ever attended, and that was all he learned at it. His widowed mother, with her seven young children, her little farm, and two or three slaves, could do no more for him. Next, we see him a tall, awkward, slender stripling of thirteen, still barefoot, clad in homespun butternut of his mother's making, tilling her fields, and going to mill with his bag of corn strapped upon the family pony. At fourteen, in the year 1791, a place was found for him in a Richmond drug-store, where he served as errand-boy and youngest clerk for one year.

Then occurred the event which decided his career. His mother having married again, her husband had influence enough to procure for the lad the place of copying clerk in the office of the Court of Chancery. The young gentlemen then employed in the office of that court long remembered the entrance among them of their new comrade. He was fifteen at the time, but very tall for his age, very slender, very awkward, and far from handsome. His good mother had arrayed him in a full suit of pepper-and-salt "figginy," an old Virginia fabric of silk and cotton. His shirt and shirt-collar were stiffly starched, and his coat-tail stood out boldly behind him. The dandy law clerks of metropolitan Richmond exchanged glances as this gawky figure entered, and took his place at a desk to begin his work. There was something in his manner which prevented their indulgence in the jests that usually greet the arrival of a country youth among city blades; and they afterwards congratulated one another that they had waited a little before beginning to tease him, for they soon found that he had brought with him from the country an exceedingly sharp tongue. Of his first service little is known, except the immense fact that he was a most diligent reader. It rests on better authority than "*Campaign Lives*," that, while his fellow-clerks went abroad in the evening in search of pleasure, this lad stayed at home with his books. It is a pleasure also to know that he had not a taste for the low vices. He came of sound English stock,—of a family who would not have regarded drunkenness and debauchery as "*sowing wild oats*," but recoiled from the thought of them with horror. Clay was far from being a saint; but it is our privilege to believe of him that he was a clean, temperate, and studious young man.

Richmond, the town of the young Republic that had most in it of the metropolitan, proved to this aspiring youth as true a University as the printing-office in old Boston was to Benjamin Franklin; for he found in it the culture best suited to him and his circumstances. Chancellor Wythe, then sixty-seven years of age, overflowing with knowledge and good nature, was the president of that university. Its professors were the cluster of able men who had gone along with Washington and Jefferson in the measures which resulted in the independence of the country. Patrick Henry was there to teach him the arts of oratory. There was a flourishing and famous debating society, the pride of the young men of Richmond, in which to try his half-fledged powers. The impulse given to thought by the American Revolution was quickened and prolonged by the thrilling news which every vessel brought from France of the revolution there. There was an atmosphere in Virginia favorable to the growth of a sympathetic mind. Young Clay's excellent handwriting brought him gradually into the most affectionate relations with Chancellor Wythe, whose aged hand trembled to such a degree that he was glad to borrow a copyist from the clerk's office. For nearly four years it was the young man's principal duty to copy the decisions of the venerable Chancellor, which were curiously learned and elaborate; for it was the bent of the Chancellor's mind to trace the law to its sources in the ancient world, and fortify his positions by citations from Greek and Latin authors. The Greek passages were a plague to the copyist, who knew not the alphabet of that language, but copied it, so to speak, by rote.

Here we have another proof that, no matter what a man's opportunities are, he only learns what is congenial with his nature and circumstances. Living under the influence of this learned judge, Henry Clay might have become a man of learning. George Wythe was a "scholar" in the ancient acceptance of the word. The whole education of his youth consisted in his acquiring the Latin language, which his mother taught him. Early inheriting a considerable fortune, he squandered it in dissipation, and sat down at thirty, a reformed man, to the study of the law. To his youthful Latin he now added Greek, which he studied assiduously for many years, becoming,

probably, the best Greek scholar in Virginia. His mind would have wholly lived in the ancient world, and been exclusively nourished from the ancient literatures, but for the necessities of his profession and the stirring political events of his later life. The Stamp Act and the Revolution varied and completed his education. His young copyist was not attracted by him to the study of Greek and Latin, nor did he catch from him the habit of probing a subject to the bottom, and ascending from the questions of the moment to universal principles. Henry Clay probed nothing to the bottom, except, perhaps, the game of whist; and though his instincts and tendencies were high and noble, he had no grasp of general truths. Under Wythe, he became a stanch Republican of the Jeffersonian school. Under Wythe, who emancipated his slaves before his death, and set apart a portion of his estate for their maintenance, he acquired a repugnance to slavery which he never lost. The Chancellor's learning and philosophy were not for him, and so he passed them by.

The tranquil wisdom of the judge was counteracted, in some degree, by the excitements of the debating society. As he grew older, the raw and awkward stripling became a young man whose every movement had a winning or a commanding grace. Handsome he never was; but his ruddy face and abundant light hair, the grandeur of his forehead and the speaking intelligence of his countenance, more than atoned for the irregularity of his features. His face, too, was a compromise. With all its vivacity of expression, there was always something that spoke of the Baptist preacher's son, — just as Andrew Jackson's face had the set expression of a Presbyterian elder. But of all the bodily gifts bestowed by Nature upon this favored child, the most unique and admirable was his voice. Who ever heard one more melodious? There was a depth of tone in it, a volume, a compass, a rich and tender harmony, which invested all he said with majesty. We heard it last when he was an old man past seventy; and all he said was a few words of acknowledgment to a group of ladies in the largest hall in Philadelphia. He spoke only in the ordinary tone of conversation; but his voice filled the room as the organ fills a great cathedral, and the ladies stood spellbound as the swelling cadences rolled about the vast apartment. We have heard

much of Whitefield's piercing voice and Patrick Henry's silvery tones, but we cannot believe that either of those natural orators possessed an organ superior to Clay's majestic bass. No one who ever heard him speak will find it difficult to believe what tradition reports, that he was the peerless star of the Richmond Debating Society in 1795.

Oratory was then in the highest vogue. Young Virginians did not need to look beyond the sea in order to learn that the orator was the man most in request in the dawn of freedom. Chatham, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt were inconceivably imposing names at that day; but was not Patrick Henry the foremost man in Virginia, only because he could think and entertain an audience? And what made John Adams President but his fiery utterances in favor of the Declaration of Independence? There were other speakers then in Virginia who would have had to this day a world-wide fame if they had spoken where the world could hear them. The tendency now is to undervalue oratory, and we regret it. We believe that, in a free country, every citizen should be able to stand undaunted before his fellow-citizens, and give an account of the faith that is in him. It is no argument against oratory to point to the Disraelis of both countries, and say that a gift possessed by such men cannot be a valuable one. It is the unmanly timidity and shamefacedness of the rest of us that give to such men their preposterous importance. It were a calamity to America if, in the present rage for ball-playing and boat-rowing, which we heartily rejoice in, the debating society should be forgotten. Let us rather end the sway of oratory by all becoming orators. Most men who can talk well seated in a chair can *learn* to talk well standing on their legs; and a man who can move or instruct five persons in a small room can learn to move or instruct two thousand in a large one.

That Henry Clay cultivated his oratorical talent in Richmond, we have his own explicit testimony. He told a class of law students once that he owed his success in life to a habit early formed, and for some years continued, of reading daily in a book of history or science, and declaiming the substance of what he had read in some solitary place, — a corn-field, the forest, a barn, with only oxen and horses for auditors. "It is,"

said he, "to this early practice of the art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated my progress, and have shaped and moulded my entire destiny." We should be glad to know more of this self-training; but Mr. Clay's "campaign" biographers have stuffed their volumes too full of eulogy to leave room for such instructive details. We do not even know the books from which he declaimed. Plutarch's *Lives* were favorite reading with him, we accidentally learn; and his speeches contain evidence that he was powerfully influenced by the writings of Dr. Franklin. We believe it was from Franklin that he learned very much of the art of managing men. Franklin, we think, aided this impetuous and exaggerating spirit to acquire his habitual moderation of statement, and that sleepless courtesy which, in his keenest encounters, generally kept him within parliamentary bounds, and enabled him to live pleasantly with men from whom he differed in opinion. Obsolete as many of his speeches are, from the transient nature of the topics of which they treat, they may still be studied with profit by young orators and old politicians as examples of parliamentary politeness. It was the good-natured and wise Franklin that helped him to this. It is certain, too, that at some part of his earlier life he read translations of Demosthenes; for of all modern orators Henry Clay was the most Demosthenian. Calhoun purposely and consciously imitated the Athenian orator; but Clay was a kindred spirit with Demosthenes. We could select passages from both these orators, and no man could tell which was American and which was Greek, unless he chanced to remember the passage. Tell us, gentle reader, were the sentences following spoken by Henry Clay after the war of 1812 at the Federalists who had opposed that war, or by Demosthenes against the degenerate Greeks who favored the designs of Philip?

"From first to last I have uniformly pursued the just and virtuous course,—asserter of the honors, of the prerogatives, of the glory of my country. Studious to support them, zealous to advance them, my whole being is devoted to this glorious cause. I was never known to walk through the city with a face of joy and exultation at the success of a foreign power, embracing and announcing the joyous tidings to those who I supposed

would transmit it to the proper place. I was never known to receive the successes of my own country with trembling, with sighs, with my eyes bent to the earth, like those impious men who are the defamers of their country, as if by such conduct they were not defamers of themselves."

Is it Clay, or is it Demosthenes? Or have we made a mistake, and copied a passage from the speech of a Unionist of 1865?

After serving four years as clerk and amanuensis, barely earning a subsistence, Clay was advised by his venerable friend, the Chancellor, to study law; and a place was procured for him in the office of the Attorney-General of the State. In less than a year after formally beginning his studies he was admitted to the bar. This seems a short preparation; but the whole period of his connection with Chancellor Wythe was a study of the law. The Chancellor was what a certain other Chancellor styles "a full man," and Henry Clay was a receptive youth.

When he had obtained his license to practise he was twenty years of age. Debating-society fame and drawing-room popularity do not, in an old commonwealth like Virginia, bring practice to a lawyer of twenty. But, as a distinguished French author has recently remarked of Julius Cæsar, "In him was united the elegance of manner which wins, to the energy of character which commands." He sought, therefore, a new sphere of exertion far from the refinements of Richmond. Kentucky, which Boone explored in 1770, was a part of Virginia when Clay was a child, and only became a State in 1792, when first he began to copy Chancellor Wythe's decisions. The first white family settled in it in 1775; but when our young barrister obtained his license, twenty-two years after, it contained a white population of nearly two hundred thousand. His mother, with five of her children and a second husband, had gone thither five years before. In 1797 Henry Clay removed to Lexington, the new State's oldest town and capital, though then containing, it is said, but fifty houses. He was a stranger there, and almost penniless. He took board, not knowing where the money was to come from to pay for it. There were already several lawyers of repute in the place. "I remember," said Mr. Clay, forty-five years after, "how com-

fortable I thought I should be if I could make one hundred pounds a year, Virginia money; and with what delight I received my first fifteen-shilling fee. My hopes were more than realized. I immediately rushed into a successful and lucrative practice." In a year and a half he was in a position to marry the daughter of one of the first men of the State, Colonel Thomas Hart, a man exceedingly beloved in Lexington.

It is surprising how addicted to litigation were the early settlers of the Western States. The imperfect surveys of land, the universal habit of getting goods on credit at the store, and "difficulties" between individuals ending in bloodshed, filled the court calendars with land disputes, suits for debt, and exciting murder cases, which gave to lawyers more importance and better chances of advancement than they possessed in the older States. Mr. Clay had two strings to his bow. Besides being a man of red tape and pigeon-holes, exact, methodical, and strictly attentive to business, he had a power over a Kentucky jury such as no other man has ever wielded. To this day nothing pleases aged Kentuckians better than to tell stories which they heard their fathers tell, of Clay's happy repartees to opposing counsel, his ingenious cross-questioning of witnesses, his sweeping torrents of invective, his captivating courtesy, his melting pathos. Single gestures, attitudes, tones, have come down to us through two or three memories, and still please the curious guest at Kentucky firesides. But when we turn to the cold records of this part of his life, we find little to justify his traditional celebrity. It appears that the principal use to which his talents were applied during the first year of his practice at the bar was in defending murderers. He seems to have shared the feeling which then prevailed in the Western country, that to defend a prisoner at the bar is a nobler thing than to assist in defending the public against his further depredations; and he threw all his force into the defence of some men who would have been "none the worse for a hanging." One day, in the streets of Lexington, a drunken fellow whom he had rescued from the murderer's doom cried out, "Here comes Mr. Clay, who saved my life." "Ah! my poor fellow," replied the advocate, "I fear I have saved too many like you, who ought to be hanged." The anecdotes printed of his ex-

plots in cheating the gallows of its due are of a quality which shows that the power of this man over a jury lay much in his manner. His delivery, which "bears absolute sway in oratory," was bewitching and irresistible, and gave to quite commonplace wit and very questionable sentiment an amazing power to please and subdue.

We are far from thinking that he was not a very able lawyer. Judge Story, we remember, before whom he argued a cause later in life, was of opinion that he would have won a high position at the bar of the Supreme Court, if he had not been early drawn away to public life. In Kentucky he was a brilliant, successful practitioner, such as Kentucky wanted and could appreciate. In a very few years he was the possessor of a fine estate near Lexington, and to the single slave who came to him as his share of his father's property were added several others. His wife being a skilful and vigorous manager, he was in independent circumstances, and ready to serve the public, if the public wished him, when he had been but ten years in his Western home. Thus he had a basis for a public career, without which few men can long serve the public with honor and success. And this was a principal reason of the former supremacy of Southern men in Washington; nearly all of them being men who owned land, which slaves tilled for them, whether they were present or absent.

The young lawyer took to politics very naturally. Posterity, which will judge the public men of that period chiefly by their course with regard to slavery, will note with pleasure that Clay's first public act was an attempt to deliver the infant State of Kentucky from that curse. The State Constitution was to be remodelled in 1799. Fresh from the society of Chancellor Wythe, an abolitionist who had set free his own slaves,—fresh from Richmond, where every man of note, from Jefferson and Patrick Henry downwards, was an abolitionist,—Henry Clay began in 1798, being then twenty-one years of age, to write a series of articles for a newspaper, advocating the gradual abolition of slavery in Kentucky. He afterwards spoke on that side at public meetings. Young as he was, he took the lead of the public-spirited young men who strove to purge the State from this iniquity; but in the Convention the proposi-

tion was voted down by a majority so decisive as to banish the subject from politics for fifty years. Still more honorable was it in Mr. Clay, that, in 1829, when Calhoun was maturing nullification, he could publicly say that among the acts of his life which he reflected upon with most satisfaction was his youthful effort to secure emancipation in Kentucky.

The chapter of our history most abounding in all the elements of interest will be that one which will relate the rise and first national triumph of the Democratic party. Young Clay came to the Kentucky stump just when the country was at the crisis of the struggle between the Old and the New. But in Kentucky it was not a struggle; for the people there, mostly of Virginian birth, had been personally benefited by Jefferson's equalizing measures, and were in the fullest sympathy with his political doctrines. When, therefore, this brilliant and commanding youth, with that magnificent voice of his, and large gesticulation, mounted the wagon that usually served as platform in the open-air meetings of Kentucky, and gave forth, in fervid oratory, the republican principles he had imbibed in Richmond, he won that immediate and intense popularity which an orator always wins who gives powerful expression to the sentiments of his hearers. We cannot wonder that, at the close of an impassioned address upon the Alien and Sedition Laws, the multitude should have pressed about him, and borne him aloft in triumph upon their shoulders; nor that Kentucky should have hastened to employ him in her public business as soon as he was of the requisite age. At thirty he was, to use the language of the stump, "Kentucky's favorite son," and incomparably the finest orator in the Western country. Kentucky had tried him, and found him perfectly to her mind. He was an easy, comfortable man to associate with, wholly in the Jeffersonian taste. His wit was not of the highest quality, but he had plenty of it; and if he said a good thing, he had such a way of saying it as gave it ten times its natural force. He chewed tobacco and took snuff,—practices which lowered the tone of his health all his life. In familiar conversation he used language of the most Western description; and he had a singularly careless, graceful way with him, that was in strong contrast with the vigor and dignity of his public efforts. He was an honest

and brave young man, altogether above lying, hypocrisy, and meanness, — full of the idea of Republican America and her great destiny. The splendor of his talents concealed his defects and glorified his foibles ; and Kentucky rejoiced in him, loved him, trusted him, and sent him forth to represent her in the national council.

During the first thirteen years of Henry Clay's active life as a politician, — from his twenty-first to his thirty-fourth year, — he appears in politics only as the eloquent champion of the policy of Mr. Jefferson, whom he esteemed the first and best of living men. After defending him on the stump and aiding him in the Kentucky Legislature, he was sent in 1826, when he was scarcely thirty, to fill for one term a seat in the Senate of the United States, made vacant by the resignation of one of the Kentucky Senators. Mr. Jefferson received his affectionate young disciple with cordiality, and admitted him to his confidence. Clay had been recently defending Burr before a Kentucky court, entirely believing that his designs were lawful and sanctioned. Mr. Jefferson showed him the cipher letters of that mysterious and ill-starred adventurer, which convinced Mr. Clay that Burr was certainly a liar, if he was not a traitor. Mr. Jefferson's perplexity in 1806 was similar to that of Jackson in 1833, — too much money in the treasury. The revenue then was fifteen millions ; and, after paying all the expenses of the government and the stipulated portion of the national debt, there was an obstinate and most embarrassing surplus. What to do with this irrepressible surplus was the question then discussed in Mr. Jefferson's Cabinet. The President, being a free-trader, would naturally have said, Reduce the duties. But the younger men of the party, who had no pet theories, and particularly our young Senator, who had just come in from a six weeks' horseback flounder over bridgeless roads, urged another solution of the difficulty, — Internal Improvements. But the President was a strict-constructionist, denied the authority of Congress to vote money for public works, and was fully committed to that opinion.

Mr. Jefferson yielded. The most beautiful theories will not always endure the wear and tear of practice. The President, it is true, still maintained that an amendment to the Constitu-

tion ought to precede appropriations for public works ; but he said this very briefly and without emphasis, while he stated at some length, and with force, the desirableness of expending the surplus revenue in improving the country. As time wore on, less and less was said about the amendment, more and more about the importance of internal improvements ; until, at last, the Republican party, under Clay, Adams, Calhoun, and Rush, went as far in this business of road-making and canal-digging as Hamilton himself could have desired. Thus it was that Jefferson rendered true his own saying, " We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans." Jefferson yielded, also, on the question of free-trade. There is a passage of a few lines in Mr. Jefferson's Message of 1806, the year of Henry Clay's first appearance in Washington, which may be regarded as the text of half the Kentuckian's speeches, and the inspiration of his public life. The President is discussing the question, What shall we do with the surplus ?

" Shall we suppress the impost, and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures ? On a few articles of more general and necessary use, the suppression, in due season, will doubtless be right ; but the great mass of the articles upon which impost is paid are foreign luxuries, purchased by those only who are rich enough to afford themselves the use of them. Their patriotism would certainly prefer its continuance, and application to the great purposes of the public education, roads, rivers, canals, and such other objects of public improvement as it may be thought proper to add to the constitutional enumeration of Federal powers. By these operations, new channels of communication will be opened between the States, the lines of separation will disappear, their interests will be identified, and their union cemented by new and indissoluble bonds."

Upon these hints, the young Senator delayed not to speak and act ; nor did he wait for an amendment to the Constitution. His first speech in the Senate was in favor of building a bridge over the Potomac ; one of his first acts, to propose an appropriation of lands for a canal round the Falls of the Ohio at Louisville ; and soon he brought forward a resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to report a system of

roads and canals for the consideration of Congress. The seed of the President's Message had fallen into good ground.

Returning home at the end of the session, and re-entering the Kentucky Legislature, we still find him a strict follower of Mr. Jefferson. In support of the President's non-intercourse policy (which was Franklin's policy of 1775 applied to the circumstances of 1808), Mr. Clay proposed that the members of the Legislature should bind themselves to wear nothing that was not of American manufacture. A Federalist, ignorant of the illustrious origin of this idea, ignorant that the homespun system had caused the repeal of the Stamp Act, and *would* have postponed the Revolution but for the accident of Lexington, denounced Mr. Clay's proposition as the act of a shameless demagogue. Clay challenged this ill-informed gentleman, and a duel resulted, in which two shots were exchanged, and both antagonists were slightly wounded. Elected again to the Senate for an unexpired term, he reappeared in that body in 1809, and sat during two sessions. Homespun was again the theme of his speeches. His ideas on the subject of protecting and encouraging American manufactures were not derived from books, nor expressed in the language of political economy. At his own Kentucky home, Mrs. Clay, assisted by her servants, was spinning and weaving, knitting and sewing, most of the garments required in her little kingdom of six hundred acres, while her husband was away over the mountains serving his country. "Let the nation do what we Kentucky farmers are doing," said Mr. Clay to the Senate. "Let us manufacture enough to be independent of foreign nations in things essential,—no more." He discoursed on this subject in a very pleasant, humorous manner, without referring to the abstract principle involved, or employing any of the technical language of economists.

His service in the Senate during these two sessions enhanced his reputation greatly, and the galleries were filled when he was expected to speak, little known as he was to the nation at large. We have a glimpse of him in one of Washington Irving's letters of February, 1811: "Clay, from Kentucky, spoke against the Bank. He is one of the finest fellows I have seen here, and one of the finest orators in the Senate, though I believe

the youngest man in it. The galleries, however, were so much crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and such expectations had been expressed concerning his speech, that he was completely frightened, and acquitted himself very little to his own satisfaction. He is a man I have great personal regard for." This was the anti-bank speech which General Jackson used to say had convinced him of the impolicy of a national bank, and which, with ingenious malice, he covertly quoted in making up his Bank Veto Message of 1832.

Mr. Clay's public life proper began in November, 1811, when he appeared in Washington as a member of the House of Representatives, and was immediately elected Speaker by the war party, by the decisive majority of thirty-one. He was then thirty-four years of age. His election to the Speakership on his first appearance in the House gave him, at once, national standing. His master in political doctrine and his partisan chief, Thomas Jefferson, was gone from the scene; and Clay could now be a planet instead of a satellite. Restive as he had been under the arrogant aggressions of England, he had schooled himself to patient waiting, aided by Jefferson's benign sentiments and great example. But his voice was now for war; and such was the temper of the public in those months, that the eloquence of Henry Clay, seconded by the power of the Speaker, rendered the war unavoidable.

It is agreed that to Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives, more than to any other individual, we owe the war of 1812. When the House hesitated, it was he who, descending from the chair, spoke so as to reassure it. When President Madison faltered, it was the stimulus of Clay's restless presence that put heart into him again. If the people seemed reluctant, it was Clay's trumpet harangues that fired their minds. And when the war was declared, it was he, more than President or Cabinet or War Committee, that carried it along upon his shoulders. All our wars begin in disaster; it was Clay who restored the country to confidence when it was disheartened by the loss of Detroit and its betrayed garrison. It was Clay alone who could encounter without flinching the acrid sarcasm of John Randolph, and exhibit the nothingness of his telling arguments. It was he alone who could ade-

quately deal with Quincy of Massachusetts, who alluded to the Speaker and his friends as "young politicians, with their pinfeathers yet unshed, the shell still sticking upon them, — perfectly unfledged, though they fluttered and cackled on the floor." Clay it was whose clarion notes rang out over departing regiments, and kindled within them the martial fire; and it was Clay's speeches which the soldiers loved to read by the camp-fire. Fiery Jackson read them, and found them perfectly to his taste. Gentle Harrison read them to his Tippecanoe heroes. When the war was going all wrong in the first year, President Madison wished to appoint Clay Commander-in-Chief of the land forces; but, said Gallatin, "What shall we do without him in the House of Representatives?"

Henry Clay was not a man of blood. On the contrary, he was eminently pacific, both in his disposition and in his politics. Yet he believed in the war of 1812, and his whole heart was in it. The question occurs, then, Was it right and best for the United States to declare war against Great Britain in 1812? The proper answer to this question depends upon another. What ought we to think of Napoleon Bonaparte? If Napoleon *was*, what English Tories and American Federalists said he was, the enemy of mankind, — and if England, in warring upon him, *was* fighting the battle of mankind, — then the injuries received by neutral nations might have been borne without dishonor. When those giant belligerents were hurling continents at one another, the damage done to by-standers from the flying off of fragments was a thing to be expected, and submitted to as their share of the general ruin, — to be compensated by the final suppression of the common foe. To have endured this, and even to have submitted, for a time, to the searching of ships, so that not one Englishman should be allowed to skulk from such a fight, had not been pusillanimity, but magnanimity. But if, as English Whigs and American Democrats contended, Napoleon Bonaparte was the armed soldier of democracy, the rightful heir of the Revolution, the sole alternative to anarchy, the *legitimate* ruler of France; if the responsibility of those enormous desolating wars does not lie at his door, but belongs to George III. and the Tory party of England; if it is a fact that Napoleon always stood ready to

make a just peace, which George III. and William Pitt refused, *not* in the interest of mankind and civilization, but in that of the Tory party and the allied dynasties,—then America was right in resenting the searching and seizure of her ships, and right, after exhausting every peaceful expedient, in declaring war.

That this was really the point in dispute between our two parties is shown in the debates, newspapers, and pamphlets of the time. The Federalists, as Mr. Clay observed in one of his speeches, compared Napoleon to “every monster and beast, from that mentioned in the Revelation down to the most insignificant quadruped.” The Republicans, on the contrary, spoke of him always with moderation and decency, sometimes with commendation, and occasionally he was toasted at their public dinners with enthusiasm. Mr. Clay himself, while lamenting his enormous power and the suspension of ancient nationalities, always had a lurking sympathy with him. “Bonaparte,” said he in his great war speech of 1813, “has been called the scourge of mankind, the destroyer of Europe, the great robber, the infidel, the modern Attila, and Heaven knows by what other names. Really, gentlemen remind me of an obscure lady, in a city not very far off, who also took it into her head, in conversation with an accomplished French gentleman, to talk of the affairs of Europe. She, too, spoke of the destruction of the balance of power; stormed and raged about the insatiable ambition of the Emperor; called him the curse of mankind, the destroyer of Europe. The Frenchman listened to her with perfect patience, and when she had ceased said to her, with ineffable politeness, ‘Madam, it would give my master, the Emperor, infinite pain if he knew how hardly you thought of him.’” This brief passage suffices to show the prevailing tone of the two parties when Napoleon was the theme of discourse.

It is, of course, impossible for us to enter into this question of Napoleon’s moral position. Intelligent opinion, ever since the means of forming an opinion were accessible, has been constantly judging Napoleon more leniently, and the Tory party more severely. We can only say, that, in our opinion, the war of 1812 was just and necessary; and that Henry Clay, both in

supporting Mr. Jefferson's policy of non-intercourse and in supporting President Madison's policy of war, deserved well of his country. Postponed that war might have been. But, human nature being what it is, and the English government being what it was, we do not believe that the United States could ever have been distinctly recognized as one of the powers of the earth without another fight for it.

The war being ended and the Federal party extinct, upon the young Republicans, who had carried on the war, devolved the task of "reconstruction." Before they had made much progress in it, they came within an ace of being consigned to private life, — Clay himself having as narrow an escape as any of them.

And here we may note one point of superiority of the American government over others. In other countries it can sometimes be the interest of politicians to foment and declare war. A war strengthens a tottering dynasty, an imperial *parvenu*, an odious tyrant, a feeble ministry; and the glory won in battle on land and sea redounds to the credit of government, without raising up competitors for its high places. But let American politicians take note. It is never *their* interest to bring on a war; because a war is certain to generate a host of popular heroes to outshine them and push them from their places. It may sometimes be their duty to advocate war, but it is never their interest. At this moment we see both parties striving which shall present to the people the most attractive list of military candidates; and when a busy ward politician seeks his reward in custom-house or department, he finds a dozen lame soldiers competing for the place; one of whom gets it, — as he ought. What city has presented Mr. Stanton with a house, or Mr. Welles with fifty thousand dollars' worth of government bonds? Calhoun precipitated the country into a war with Mexico; but what did he gain by it but new bitterness of disappointment, while the winner of three little battles was elected President? Henry Clay was the animating soul of the war of 1812, and we honor him for it; but while Jackson, Brown, Scott, Perry, and Decatur came out of that war the idols of the nation, Clay was promptly notified that *his* footing in the public councils, *his* hold of the popular favor, was by no means stable.

His offence was that he voted for the compensation bill of 1816, which merely changed the pay of members of Congress from the pittance of six dollars a day to the pittance of fifteen hundred dollars a year. He who before was lord paramount in Kentucky saved his seat only by prodigious efforts on the stump, and by exerting all the magic of his presence in the canvass.

No one ever bore cutting disappointment with an airier grace than this high-spirited thorough-bred ; but he evidently felt this apparent injustice. Some years later, when it was proposed in Congress to pension Commodore Perry's mother, Mr. Clay, in a speech of five minutes, totally extinguished the proposition. Pointing to the vast rewards bestowed upon such successful soldiers as Marlborough, Napoleon, and Wellington, he said, with thrilling effect: "How different is the fate of the statesman ! In his quiet and less brilliant career, after having advanced, by the wisdom of his measures, the national prosperity to the highest point of elevation, and after having sacrificed his fortune, his time, and perhaps his health, in the public service, what, too often, are the rewards that await him ? Who thinks of *his* family, impoverished by the devotion of his attention to his country, instead of their advancement ? Who proposes to pension him, — much less his *mother* ?" He spoke the more feelingly, because he, who could have earned more than the President's income by the practice of his profession, was often pinched for money, and was once obliged to leave Congress for the sole purpose of taking care of his shattered fortune. He felt the importance of this subject in a national point of view. He wrote in 1817 to a friend : "Short as has been my service in the public councils, I have seen some of the most valuable members quitting the body from their inability to sustain the weight of these sacrifices. And in process of time, I apprehend, this mischief will be more and more felt. Even now there are few, if any, instances of members dedicating their lives to the duties of legislation. Members stay a year or two ; curiosity is satisfied ; the novelty wears off ; expensive habits are brought or acquired ; their affairs at home are neglected ; their fortunes are wasting away ; and they are compelled to retire."

The eight years of Mr. Monroe's administration — from 1817 to 1825 — were the most brilliant period of Henry Clay's career. His position as Speaker of the House of Representatives would naturally have excluded him from leadership; but the House was as fond of hearing him speak as he could be of speaking, and opportunities were continually furnished him by going into Committee of the Whole. In a certain sense he was in opposition to the administration. When one party has so frequently and decidedly beaten the party opposed to it, that the defeated party goes out of existence, the conquering party soon divides. The triumphant Republicans of 1816 obeyed this law of their position; — one wing of the party, under Mr. Monroe, being reluctant to depart from the old Jeffersonian policy; the other wing, under Henry Clay, being inclined to go very far in internal improvements and a protective tariff. Mr. Clay now appears as the great champion of what he proudly styled the American System. He departed farther and farther from the simple doctrines of the earlier Democrats. Before the war he had opposed a national bank; now he advocated the establishment of one, and handsomely acknowledged the change of opinion. Before the war, he proposed only such a tariff as would render America independent of foreign nations in articles of the first necessity; now he contemplated the establishment of a great manufacturing system, which should attract from Europe skilful workmen, and supply the people with everything they consumed, even to jewelry and silver-ware. Such success had he with his American System, that, before many years rolled away, we see the rival wings of the Republican party striving which could concede most to the manufacturers in the way of an increased tariff. Every four years, when a President was to be elected, there was an inevitable revision of the tariff, each faction outbidding the other in conciliating the manufacturing interest; until at length the near discharge of the national debt suddenly threw into politics a prospective surplus, — one of twelve millions a year, — which came near crushing the American System, and gave Mr. Calhoun his pretext for nullification.

At present, with such a debt as we have, the tariff is no longer a question with us. The government must have its million

a day ; and as no tax is less offensive to the people than a duty on imported commodities, we seem compelled to a practically protective system for many years to come. But, of all men, a citizen of the United States should be the very last to accept the protective system as final ; for when he looks abroad over the great assemblage of sovereignties which he calls the United States, and asks himself the reason of their rapid and uniform prosperity for the last eighty years, what answer can he give but this ? — *There is free trade among them.* And if he extends his survey over the whole earth, he can scarcely avoid the conclusion that free trade among all nations would be as advantageous to all nations as it is to the thirty-seven States of the American Union. But nations are not governed by theories and theorists, but by circumstances and politicians. The most perfect theory must sometimes give way to exceptional fact. We find, accordingly, Mr. Mill, the great English champion of free trade, fully sustaining Henry Clay's moderate tariff of 1816, but sustaining it only as a temporary measure. The paragraph of Mr. Mill's Political Economy which touches this subject seems to us to express so exactly the true policy of the United States with regard to the tariff, that we will take the liberty of quoting it.

“The only case in which, on mere principles of political economy, protecting duties can be defensible, is when they are imposed temporarily, (especially in a young and rising nation,) in hopes of naturalizing a foreign industry, in itself perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the country. The superiority of one country over another in a branch of production often arises only from having begun it sooner. There may be no inherent advantage on one part, or disadvantage on the other, but only a present superiority of acquired skill and experience. A country which has this skill and experience yet to acquire may, in other respects, be better adapted to the production than those which were earlier in the field ; and besides, it is a just remark of Mr. Rae, that nothing has a greater tendency to promote improvement in any branch of production, than its trial under a new set of conditions. But it cannot be expected that individuals should, at their own risk, or rather to their certain loss, introduce a new manufacture, and bear the burden of carrying it on, until the producers have been educated up to the level of those with whom the processes are traditional. A protecting duty, continued for a reasonable time, will sometimes be the least incon-

venient mode in which the nation can tax itself for the support of such an experiment. But the protection should be confined to cases in which there is good ground of assurance that the industry which it fosters will after a time be able to dispense with it; nor should the domestic producers ever be allowed to expect that it will be continued to them beyond the time necessary for a fair trial of what they are capable of accomplishing." *

In the quiet of his library at Ashland, Mr. Clay, we believe, would, at any period of his public life, have assented to the doctrines of this passage. But at Washington he was a party leader and an orator. Having set the ball in motion, he could not stop it; nor does he appear to have felt the necessity of stopping it, until, in 1831, he was suddenly confronted by three Gorgons at once, — a coming Surplus, a President that vetoed internal improvements, and an ambitious Calhoun, resolved on using the surplus either as a stepping-stone to the Presidency or a wedge with which to split the Union. The time to have put down the brakes was in 1828, when the national debt was within seven years of being paid off; but precisely *then* it was that both divisions of the Democratic party — one under Mr. Van Buren, the other under Mr. Clay — were running a kind of tariff race, neck and neck, in which Van Buren won. Mr. Clay, it is true, was not in Congress then, — he was Secretary of State; but he was the soul of his party, and his voice was the voice of a master. In all his letters and speeches there is not a word to show that he then anticipated the surplus, or the embarrassments to which it gave rise; though he could not have forgotten that a very trifling surplus was one of the chief anxieties of Mr. Jefferson's administration. Mr. Clay's error, we think, arose from his not perceiving clearly that a protective tariff, though justifiable sometimes, is always in itself an evil, and is never to be accepted as the permanent policy of any country; and that, being an evil, it must be reduced to the minimum that will answer the temporary purpose.

In estimating Henry Clay, we are always to remember that he was an orator. He had a genius for oratory. There is, we believe, no example of a man endowed with a genius for oratory who also possessed an understanding of the first order.

* Mill's Principles of Political Economy, Book V. Ch. X. § 1.

Mr. Clay's oratory was vivified by a good heart and a genuine love of country; and on occasions which required only a good heart, patriotic feeling, and an eloquent tongue, he served his country well. But as a party leader he had sometimes to deal with matters which demanded a radical and far-seeing intellect; and then, perhaps, he failed to guide his followers aright. At Washington, during the thirteen years of his Speakership, he led the gay life of a popular hero and drawing-room favorite; and his position was supposed to compel him to entertain much company. As a young lawyer in Kentucky, he was addicted to playing those games of mere chance which alone at that day were styled gambling. He played high and often, as was the custom then all over the world. It was his boast, even in those wild days, that he never played at home, and never had a pack of cards in his house; but when the lawyers and judges were assembled during court sessions, there was much high play among them at the tavern after the day's work was done. In 1806, when Mr. Clay was elected to the Senate, he resolved to gamble no more,—that is, to play at hazard and “brag” no more,—and he kept his resolution. Whist, being a game depending partly on skill, was not included in this resolution; and whist was thenceforth a very favorite game with him, and he greatly excelled in it. It was said of him, as it was of Charles James Fox, that, at any moment of a hand, he could name all the cards that remained to be played. He discountenanced high stakes; and we believe he never, after 1806, played for more than five dollars “a corner.” These, we know, were the stakes at Ghent, where he played whist for many months with the British Commissioners during the negotiations for peace in 1815. We mention his whist-playing only as part of the evidence that he was a gay, pleasant, easy man of the world,—not a student, not a thinker, not a philosopher. Often, in reading over his speeches of this period, we are ready to exclaim, “Ah! Mr. Clay, if you had played whist a little less, and studied history and statesmanship a great deal more, you would have avoided some errors!” A trifling anecdote related by Mr. Colton lets us into the Speaker's way of life. “How can you preside over that House today?” asked a friend, as he set Mr. Clay down at his own

door, *after sunrise*, from a party. "Come up, and you shall see how I will throw the reins over their necks," replied the Speaker, as he stepped from the carriage.

But when noble feeling and a gifted tongue sufficed for the occasion, how grandly sometimes he acquitted himself, in those brilliant years, when, descending from the Speaker's lofty seat, he held the House and the crowded galleries spellbound by his magnificent oratory! His speech of 1818, for example, favoring the recognition of the South American republics, was almost as wise as it was eloquent; for, although the provinces of South America are still far from being what we could wish them to be, yet it is certain that no single step of progress was possible for them until their connection with Spain was severed. Cuba, to-day, proves Mr. Clay's position. The amiable and intelligent Creoles of that beautiful island are nearly ready for the abolition of slavery and for regulated freedom; but they lie languishing under the hated incubus of Spanish rule, and dare not risk a war of independence, outnumbered as they are by untamed or half-tamed Africans. Mr. Clay's speeches in behalf of the young republics of South America were read by Bolivar at the head of his troops, and justly rendered his name dear to the struggling patriots. He had a clear conviction, like his master, Thomas Jefferson, that the interests of the United States lie chiefly *in America*, not Europe; and it was a favorite dream of his to see the Western Continent occupied by flourishing republics, independent, but closely allied, — a genuine Holy Alliance.

The supreme effort of Mr. Clay's Congressional life was in connection with the Missouri Compromise of 1821. He did not originate the plan of compromise, but it was certainly his influence and tact which caused the plan to prevail. Fortunately, he had been absent from Congress during some of the earlier attempts to admit Missouri; and thus he arrived in Washington in January, 1821, calm, uncommitted, and welcome to both parties. Fierce debate had wrought up the minds of members to that point where useful discussion ceases to be possible. Almost every man had given personal offence and taken personal offence; the two sides seemed reduced to the most hopeless incompatibility; and the affair was at a dead lock.

No matter what the subject of debate, Missouri was sure, in some way, to get involved in it; and the mere mention of the name was like a spark upon loose gunpowder. In February, for example, the House had to go through the ceremony of counting the votes for President of the United States, — a mere ceremony, since Mr. Monroe had been re-elected almost unanimously, and the votes of Missouri were of no importance. The tellers, to avoid giving cause of contention, announced that Mr. Monroe had received two hundred and thirty-one votes, including those of Missouri, and two hundred and twenty-eight if they were excluded. At this announcement members sprang to their feet, and such a scene of confusion arose that no man could make himself heard. After a long struggle with the riot, the Speaker declared the House adjourned.

For six weeks Mr. Clay exerted his eloquence, his arts of pacification, and all the might of his personality, to bring members to their senses. He even had a long conference with his ancient foe, John Randolph. He threw himself into this work with such ardor, and labored at it so continuously, day and night, that, when the final triumph was won, he declared that, if Missouri had been kept out of the Union two weeks longer, he should have been a dead man. Thirty-four years after these events Mr. S. G. Goodrich wrote: "I was in the House of Representatives but a single hour. While I was present there was no direct discussion of the agitating subject which already filled everybody's mind, but still the excitement flared out occasionally in incidental allusions to it, like puffs of smoke and jets of flame which issue from a house that is on fire within. I recollect that Clay made a brief speech, thrilling the House by a single passage, in which he spoke of '*poor, unheard Missouri*,' she being then without a representative in Congress. His tall, tossing form, his long, sweeping gestures, and, above all, his musical yet thrilling tones, made an impression upon me which I can never forget."

Mr. Clay, at length, had completed his preparations. He moved for a committee of the House to confer with a committee of the Senate. He himself wrote out the list of members whom he desired should be elected, and they were elected. At the last conference of the joint committees, which was held on a

Sunday, Mr. Clay insisted that their report, to have the requisite effect upon Congress and the country, must be unanimous; and unanimous it was. Both Houses, with a surprising approach to unanimity, adopted the compromise proposed; and thus was again postponed the bloody arbitrament to which the irrepressible controversy has since been submitted.

Clay's masterly conduct on this occasion added his name to the long list of gentlemen who were mentioned for the succession to Mr. Monroe in 1825. If the city of Washington had been the United States, if the House of Representatives had possessed the right to elect a President, Henry Clay might have been its choice. During the thirteen years of his Speakership not one of his decisions had been reversed; and he had presided over the turbulent and restive House with that perfect blending of courtesy and firmness which at once restrains and charms. The debates just before the war, during the war, and after the war, had been violent and acrimonious; but he had kept his own temper, and compelled the House to observe an approach to decorum. On one occasion he came into such sharp collision with the excitable Randolph, that the dispute was transferred to the newspapers, and narrowly escaped degenerating from a war of "cards" to a conflict with pistols. But the Speaker triumphed; the House and the country sustained him. On occasions of ceremony the Speaker enchanted every beholder by the superb dignity of his bearing, the fitness of his words, and the tranquil depth of his tones. What could be more eloquent, more appropriate, than the Speaker's address of welcome to Lafayette, when the guest of the nation was conducted to the floor of the House of Representatives? The House and the galleries were proud of the Speaker that day. No one who never heard this captivator of hearts can form the slightest conception of the penetrating effect of the closing sentences, though they were spoken only in the tone of conversation.

"The vain wish has been sometimes indulged, that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place; to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains levelled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of

learning, and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Everywhere you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect you behold us unaltered, and this is in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty, and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the father of his country, and to you, and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted with unabated vigor down the tide of time, through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this continent, to the latest posterity."

The appropriateness of these sentiments to the occasion and to the man is evident to every one who remembers that Lafayette's love of George Washington was a Frenchman's romantic passion. Nor, indeed, did he need to have a sensitive French heart to be moved to tears by such words and such a welcome.

From 1822 to 1848, a period of twenty-six years, Henry Clay lived the strange life of a candidate for the Presidency. It was enough to ruin any man, body and soul. To live always in the gaze of millions; to be the object of eulogy the most extravagant and incessant from one half of the newspapers, and of vituperation still more preposterous from the other half; to be surrounded by flatterers interested and disinterested, and to be confronted by another body intent on misrepresenting every act and word; to have to stop and consider the effect of every utterance, public and private, upon the next "campaign"; not to be able to stir abroad without having to harangue a deputation of political friends, and stand to be kissed by ladies and pump-handled by men, and hide the enormous bore of it beneath a fixed smile till the very muscles of the face are rigid; to receive by every mail letters enough for a large town; to have your life written several times a year; to be obliged continually to refute calumnies and "define your position"; to live under a horrid necessity to be pointedly civil to all the world; to find your most casual remarks and most private con-

versations getting distorted in print,—this, and more than this, it was to be a candidate for the Presidency. The most wonderful thing that we have to say of Henry Clay is, that, such were his native sincerity and healthfulness of mind, he came out of this fiery trial still a patriot and a man of honor. We believe it was a weakness in him, as it is in any man, to set his heart upon living four years in the White House; but we can most confidently say, that, having entered the game, he played it fairly, and bore his repeated disappointments with genuine, high-bred composure. The closest scrutiny into the life of this man still permits us to believe that, when he said, “I would rather be right than be President,” he spoke the real sentiments of his heart; and that, when he said to one of his political opponents, “Tell General Jackson that, if he will sign my Land Bill, I will pledge myself to retire from public life and never to re-enter it,” he meant what he said, and would have stood to it. It is our privilege to believe this of Henry Clay; nor do we think that there was ever anything morbidly excessive in his desire for the Presidency. He was the head and choice of a great political party; in the principles of that party he fully believed; and we think he did truly desire an election to the Presidency more from conviction than ambition. This may not have been the case in 1824, but we believe it was in 1832 and in 1844.

The history of Henry Clay’s Presidential aspirations and defeats is little more than the history of a personal feud. In the year 1819, it was his fortune to incur the hatred of the best hater then living,—Andrew Jackson. They met for the first time in November, 1815, when the hero of New Orleans came to Washington to consult with the administration respecting the Indian and military affairs of his department. Each of these eminent men truly admired the other. Jackson saw in Clay the civil hero of the war, whose fiery eloquence had powerfully seconded its military heroes. Clay beheld in Jackson the man whose gallantry and skill had done most to justify the war in the sight of the people. They became immediately and cordially intimate. Jackson engaged to visit Ashland in the course of the next summer, and spend a week there. On every occasion when Mr. Clay spoke of the heroes of the war, he bestowed on Jackson the warmest praise.

In 1818 General Jackson invaded Florida, put to death two Indian chiefs in cold blood, and executed two British subjects, Arbuthnot and Armbrister.* During the twenty-seven days' debate upon these proceedings, in 1819, the Speaker sided with those who disapproved them, and he delivered a set speech against Jackson. This speech, though it did full justice to General Jackson's motives, and contained a fine eulogium upon his previous services, gave the General deadly offence. Such was Jackson's self-love that he could not believe in the honesty of any opposition to him, but invariably attributed such opposition to low personal motives. Now it was a fact well known to Jackson, that Henry Clay had expected the appointment of Secretary of State under Mr. Monroe; and it was part of the gossip of the time that Mr. Monroe's preference of Mr. Adams was the reason of Clay's occasional opposition to measures favored by the administration. We do not believe this, because the measures which Mr. Clay opposed were such as he *must* have disapproved, and which well-informed posterity will forever disapprove. After much debate in the Cabinet, Mr. Monroe, who was peculiarly bound to Jackson, and who had reasons of his own for not offending him, determined to sustain him *in toto*, both at home and in the courts of Spain and England. Hence, in condemning General Jackson, Mr. Clay was again in opposition to the administration; and the General of course concluded, that the Speaker designed, in ruining him, merely to further his own political schemes. How he boiled with fury against Mr. Clay, his published letters amusingly attest. "The hypocrisy and baseness of Clay," wrote the General, "in pretending friendship to me, and endeavoring to crush the Executive through me, makes me despise the villain."

Jackson, as we all know, was triumphantly sustained by the House. In fact, Mr. Clay's speech was totally unworthy of the occasion. Instead of argument and fact, he gave the House and the galleries beautiful declamation. The evidence was before him; he had it in his hands; but, instead of getting up his case with patient assiduity, and exhibiting the damning proofs of Jackson's misconduct, he merely glanced over the mass of

* This is the correct spelling of the name, as we learn from a living relative of the unfortunate man. It has been hitherto spelled Ambrister.

papers, fell into some enormous blunders, passed over some most material points, and then endeavored to supply all deficiencies by an imposing eloquence. He even acknowledges that he had not examined the testimony. "It is *possible*," said he, "that a critical examination of the evidence *would* show" that Arbuthnot was an innocent trader. We have had occasion to examine that evidence since, and we can testify that this conjecture was correct. But why was it a *conjecture*? Why did Mr. Clay neglect to convert the conjecture into certainty? It fell to him, as representing the civilization and humanity of the United States, to vindicate the memory of an honorable old man, who had done all that was possible to prevent the war, and who had been ruthlessly murdered by men wearing the uniform of American soldiers. It fell to him to bar the further advancement of a man most unfit for civil rule. To this duty he was imperatively called, but he only half did it, and thus exasperated the tiger without disabling him.

Four years passed. In December, 1823, General Jackson reappeared in Washington to take his seat in the Senate, to which he had been elected by his wire-pullers for the purpose of promoting his interests as a candidate for the Presidency. Before he left home two or three of his friends had besought him to assume a mild and conciliatory demeanor at the capital. It would never do, they told him, for a candidate for the Presidency to threaten to cut off the ears of gentlemen who disapproved his public conduct; he must restrain himself and make friends. This advice he followed. He was reconciled with General Winfield Scott, whom, in 1817, he had styled an "assassin," a "hectoring bully," and an "intermeddling pimp and spy of the War Office." He made friends with Colonel Thomas H. Benton, with whom he had fought in the streets of Nashville, while he still carried in his body a bullet received in that bloody affray. With Henry Clay, too, he resumed friendly intercourse, met him twice at dinner-parties, rode and exchanged visits with him, and attended one of the Speaker's Congressional dinners.

When next these party chieftains met, in the spring of 1825, it was about to devolve upon the House of Representatives to decide which of three men should be the next President,—

Jackson, Adams, or Crawford. They exchanged visits as before; Mr. Clay being desirous, as he said, to show General Jackson that, in the vote which he had determined to give, he was influenced only by public considerations. No reader needs to be informed that Mr. Clay and his friends were able to decide the election, and that they decided it in favor of Mr. Adams. We believe that Mr. Clay was wrong in so doing. As a Democrat he ought, we think, to have been willing to gratify the plurality of his fellow-citizens, who had voted for General Jackson. His motives we fully believe to have been disinterested. Indeed, it was plainly intimated to him that, if he gave the Presidency to General Jackson, General Jackson would make him his heir apparent, or, in other words, his Secretary of State.

The anger of General Jackson at his disappointment was not the blind and wild fury of his earlier days; it was a deeper, a deadlier wrath, which he governed and concealed in order to wreak a feller vengeance. On the evening of the day on which the election in the House occurred there was a levee at the Presidential mansion, which General Jackson attended. Who, that saw him dart forward and grasp Mr. Adams cordially by the hand, could have supposed that he then entirely believed that Mr. Adams had stolen the Presidency from him by a corrupt bargain with Mr. Clay? Who could have supposed that he and his friends had been, for fourteen days, hatching a plot to blast the good name of Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, by spreading abroad the base insinuation that Clay had been bought over to the support of Adams by the promise of the first place in the Cabinet? Who could have supposed that, on his way home to Tennessee, while the newspapers were paragraphing his magnanimity in defeat, as shown by his behavior at the levee, he would denounce Adams and Clay, in bar-rooms and public places, as guilty of a foul compact to frustrate the wishes of the people?

It was calumny's masterpiece. It was a rare stroke of art to get an old dotard of a member of Congress to publish, twelve days *before* the election, that Mr. Clay had agreed to vote for Mr. Adams, and that Mr. Adams had agreed to reward him by the office of Secretary of State. When the vote had been given and the office conferred, how plausible, how convincing, the charge of bargain!

It is common to censure Mr. Clay for accepting office under Mr. Adams. We honor him for his courage in doing so. Having made Mr. Adams President, it had been unlike the gallant Kentuckian to shrink from the possible odium of the act by refusing his proper place in the administration. The calumny which anticipated his acceptance of office was a defiance: *Take office if you dare!* It was simply worthy of Henry Clay to accept the challenge, and brave all the consequences of what he had deliberately and conscientiously done.

In the office of Secretary of State Mr. Clay exhibited an admirable talent for the despatch of business. He negotiated an unusual number of useful treaties. He exerted himself to secure a recognition of the principles, that, in time of war, private property should enjoy on the ocean the same protection as on land, and that paper blockades are not to be regarded. He seconded Mr. Adams in his determination not to remove from office any man on account of his previous or present opposition to the administration; and he carried this policy so far, that, in selecting the newspapers for the publication of the laws, he refused to consider their political character. This was in strict accordance with the practice of all previous administrations; but it is so pleasant to recur to the times when that honorable policy prevailed, that we cannot help alluding to it. In his intercourse with foreign ministers, Mr. Clay had an opportunity to display all the charms of an unequalled courtesy: they remained his friends long after he had retired. His Wednesday dinners and his pleasant evening receptions were remembered for many years. How far he sympathized with Mr. Adams's extravagant dreams of a system of national works that should rival the magnificent structures of ancient Rome, or with the extreme opinions of his colleague, Mr. Rush, as to the power and importance of government, we do not know. He worked twelve hours a day in his office, he tells us, and was content therewith. He was the last high officer of the government to fight a duel. That bloodless contest between the Secretary of State and John Randolph was as romantic and absurd as a duel could well be. Colonel Benton's narrative of it is at once the most amusing and the most affecting piece of gossip which our political annals contain. Randolph, as the

most unmanageable of members of Congress, had been for fifteen years a thorn in Mr. Clay's side, and Clay's later politics had been most exasperating to Mr. Randolph; but the two men loved one another in their hearts, after all. Nothing has ever exceeded the thorough-bred courtesy and tender consideration with which they set about the work of putting one another to death; and their joy was unbounded when, after the second fire, each discovered that the other was unharmed. If all duels could have such a result, duelling would be the prettiest thing in the world.

The election of 1828 swept the administration from power. No man has ever bowed more gracefully to the decision of the people than Henry Clay. His remarks at the public dinner given him in Washington, on his leaving for home, were entirely admirable. Andrew Jackson, he said, had wronged him, but he was now the Chief Magistrate of his country, and, as such, he should be treated with decorum, and his public acts judged with candor. His journey to Ashland was more like the progress of a victor than the return homeward of a rejected statesman.

He now entered largely into his favorite branch of rural business, the raising of superior animals. Fifty merino sheep were driven over the mountains from Pennsylvania to his farm, and he imported from England some Durham and Hertford cattle. He had an Arabian horse in his stable. For the improvement of the breed of mules, he imported an ass from Malta, and another from Spain. Pigs, goats, and dogs he also raised, and endeavored to improve. His slaves being about fifty in number, he was able to carry on the raising of hemp and corn, as well as the breeding of stock, and both on a considerable scale. Mrs. Clay sent every morning to the principal hotel of Lexington thirty gallons of milk, and her husband had large consignments to make to his factor in New Orleans. His letters of this period show how he delighted in his animals and his growing crops, and how thoughtfully he considered the most trifling details of management. His health improved. He told his old friend, Washington Irving, that he found it was as good for men as for beasts to be turned out to grass occasionally. Though not without domestic afflictions, he was very happy in

his home. One of his sons graduated second at West Point, and two of his daughters were happily married. He was, perhaps, a too indulgent father ; but his children loved him most tenderly, and were guided by his opinion. It is pleasing to read in the letters of his sons to him such passages as this : “ You tell me that you wish me to receive your opinions, not as commands, but as advice. Yet I must consider them as commands, doubly binding ; for they proceed from one so vastly my superior in all respects, and to whom I am under such great obligations, that the mere intimation of an opinion will be sufficient to govern my conduct.”

The President, meanwhile, was paying such homage to the farmer of Ashland as no President of the United States had ever paid to a private individual. General Jackson’s principal object — the object nearest his heart — appears to have been to wound and injure Henry Clay. His appointments, his measures, and his vetoes seem to have been chiefly inspired by resentment against him. Ingham of Pennsylvania, who had taken the lead in that State in giving currency to the “ bargain ” calumny, was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. Eaton, who had aided in the original concoction of that foul slander, was appointed Secretary of War. Branch, who received the appointment of Secretary of the Navy, was one of the few Senators who had voted and spoken against the confirmation of Henry Clay to the office of Secretary of State in 1825 ; and Berrien, Attorney-General, was another. Barry, appointed Postmaster-General, was the Kentuckian who had done most to inflict upon Mr. Clay the mortification of seeing his own Kentucky siding against him. John Randolph, Clay’s recent antagonist in a duel, and the most unfit man in the world for a diplomatic mission, was sent Minister to Russia. Pope, an old Kentucky Federalist, Clay’s opponent and competitor for half a lifetime, received the appointment of Governor of the Territory of Arkansas. General Harrison, who had generously defended Clay against the charge of bargain and corruption, was recalled from a foreign mission on the fourth day after General Jackson’s accession to power, though he had scarcely reached the country to which he was accredited. In the place of General Harrison was sent a Kentuckian peculiarly obnoxious to Mr. Clay. In

Kentucky itself there was a clean sweep from office of Mr. Clay's friends; not one man of them was left. His brother-in-law, James Brown, was instantly recalled from a diplomatic post in Europe. Kendall, the chief of the Kitchen Cabinet, had once been tutor to Mr. Clay's children, and had won the favor of Jackson by lending a dexterous hand in carrying Kentucky against his benefactor. Francis Blair, editor of the *Globe*, had also been the particular friend and correspondent of Mr. Clay, but had turned against him. From the Departments in Washington, all of Mr. Clay's known friends were immediately removed, except a few who had made themselves indispensable, and a few others whom Mr. Van Buren contrived to have spared. In nearly every instance, the men who succeeded to the best places had made themselves conspicuous by their vituperation of Mr. Clay. He was strictly correct when he said, "Every movement of the President is dictated by personal hostility toward me"; but he was deceived when he added that it all conduced to his benefit. Every mind that was both just and well-informed warmed toward the object of such pitiless and demoniac wrath; but in what land are minds just and well-informed a majority?

It was not only the appointments and removals that were aimed at Mr. Clay. The sudden expulsion of gray hairs from the offices they had honored, the precipitation of many into poverty, — this did not satisfy the President's vengeance. He assailed Henry Clay in his first Message. In recommending a change in the mode of electing the President, he said that, when the election devolves upon the House of Representatives, circumstances may give the power of deciding the election to one man. "May he not be tempted," added the President, "to name his reward?" He vetoed appropriations for the Cumberland Road, because the name and the honor of Henry Clay were peculiarly identified with that work. He destroyed the Bank of the United States, because he believed its power and influence were to be used in favor of Mr. Clay's elevation to the Presidency. He took care, in his Message vetoing the recharter of the Bank, to employ some of the arguments which Clay had used in opposing the recharter of the United States Bank in 1811. Miserably sick and infirm as

he was, he consented to stand for re-election, because there was no other candidate strong enough to defeat Henry Clay; and he employed all his art, and the whole power of the administration, during his second term, to smooth Mr. Van Buren's path to the Presidency, to the exclusion of Henry Clay. Plans were formed, too, and engagements made, the grand object of which was to keep Clay from the Presidency, even after Mr. Van Buren should have served his anticipated eight years. General Jackson left Washington in 1837, expecting that Martin Van Buren would be President until 1845, and that he would then be succeeded by Thomas H. Benton. Nothing prevented the fulfilment of this programme but the financial collapse of 1837, the effects of which continued during the whole of Mr. Van Buren's term, and caused his defeat in 1840.

Mr. Clay accepted the defiance implied in General Jackson's conduct. He reappeared in Washington in 1831, in the character of Senator and candidate for the Presidency. His journey to Washington was again a triumphal progress, and again the galleries were crowded to hear him speak. A great and brilliant party gathered round him, strong in talents, character, property, and supposed to be strong in numbers. He at once proved himself to be a most unskilful party leader. Every movement of his in *that* character was a mistake. He was precipitate when he ought to have been cautious, and cautious when nothing but audacity could have availed. The first subject upon which he was called upon to act was the tariff. The national debt being within two or three years of liquidation, Calhoun threatening nullification, and Jackson vetoing all internal improvement bills, it was necessary to provide against an enormous surplus. Clay maintained that the *protective* duties should remain intact, and that only those duties should be reduced which protected no American interest. This was done; the revenue was reduced three millions; and the surplus was as threatening as before. It was *impossible* to save the protective duties entire without raising too much revenue. Mr. Clay, as it seems to us, should have plainly said this to the manufacturers, and compelled his party in Congress to warn and save them by making a judicious cut at the protective duties in 1832. This would have deprived Calhoun of his pretext, and

prepared the way for a safe and gradual reduction of duties in the years following. Such was the prosperity of the country in 1832, that the three millions lost to the revenue by Mr. Clay's bill were likely to be made up to it in three years by the mere increase in the imports and land sales.

Mr. Clay's next misstep was one of precipitation. General Jackson, after a three years' war upon the Bank, was alarmed at the outcry of its friends, and sincerely desired to make peace with it. We know, from the avowals of the men who stood nearest his person at the time, that he not only wished to keep the Bank question out of the Presidential campaign of 1832, but that he was willing to consent, on very easy conditions, to a recharter. It was Mr. Clay's commanding influence that induced the directors of the Bank to press for a recharter in 1832, and force the President to retraction or a veto. So ignorant was this able and high-minded man of human nature and of the American people, that he supposed a popular enthusiasm could be kindled in behalf of a *bank*! Such was the infatuation of some of his friends, that they went to the expense of circulating copies of the veto message gratis, for the purpose of lessening the vote for its author! Mr. Clay was ludicrously deceived as to his strength with the masses of the people,—the *dumb* masses,—those who have no eloquent orators, no leading newspapers, no brilliant pamphleteers, to speak for them, but who assert themselves with decisive effect on election day.

It was another capital error in Mr. Clay, as the leader of a party, to run at all against General Jackson. He should have hoarded his prestige for 1836, when the magical name of Jackson would no longer captivate the ignorant voter. Mr. Clay's defeat in 1832, so unexpected, so overwhelming, lamed him for life as a candidate for the Presidency. He lost faith in his star. In 1836, when there *was* a chance of success,—just a chance,—he would not suffer his name to appear in the canvass. The vote of the opposition was divided among three candidates,—General Harrison, Hugh L. White, and Daniel Webster; and Mr. Van Buren, of course, had an easy victory. Fortunately for his own happiness, Mr. Clay's desire for the Presidency diminished as his chances of reaching it diminished. That desire had never been morbid, it now became exceedingly moder-

ate ; nor do we believe that, after his crushing defeat of 1832, he ever had much expectation of winning the prize. He knew too well the arts by which success is assured, to believe that an honorable man could be elected to the Presidency by honorable means only.

Three other attempts were made to raise him to the highest office, and it was always Andrew Jackson who struck him down. In 1840, he was set aside by his party, and General Harrison nominated in his stead. This was Jackson's doing ; for it was the great defeat of 1832 which had robbed Clay of prestige, and it was General Jackson's uniform success that suggested the selection of a military candidate. Again, in 1844, when the Texas issue was presented to the people, it was by the adroit use of General Jackson's name that the question of annexation was precipitated upon the country. In 1848, a military man was again nominated, to the exclusion of Henry Clay.

Mr. Clay used to boast of his consistency, averring that he had never changed his opinion upon a public question but once. We think he was much too consistent. A notable example of an excessive consistency was his adhering to the project of a United States Bank, when there was scarcely a possibility of establishing one, and his too steadfast opposition to the harmless expedient of the Sub-treasury. The Sub-treasury system has now been in operation for a quarter of a century. Call it a bungling and antiquated system, if you will ; it has nevertheless answered its purpose. The public money is taken out of politics. If the few millions lying idle in the " Strong Box " do no good, they at least do no harm ; and we have no overshadowing national bank to compete with private capital, and to furnish, every few years, a theme for demagogues. Mr. Clay saw in the Sub-treasury the ruin of the Republic. In his great speech of 1838, in opposition to it, he uttered, in his most solemn and impressive manner, the following words :—

" Mr. President, a great, novel, and untried measure is perseveringly urged upon the acceptance of Congress. That it is pregnant with tremendous consequences, for good or evil, is undeniable, and admitted by all. We firmly believe that it will be fatal to the best interests of this country, and ultimately subversive of its liberties."

No one acquainted with Mr. Clay, and no man, himself sincere, who reads this eloquent and most labored speech, can doubt Mr. Clay's sincerity. Observe the awful solemnity of his first sentences : —

“I have seen some public service, passed through many troubled times, and often addressed public assemblies, in this Capitol and elsewhere ; but never before have I risen in a deliberative body under more oppressed feelings, or with a deeper sense of awful responsibility. Never before have I risen to express my opinions upon any public measure fraught with such tremendous consequences to the welfare and prosperity of the country, and so perilous to the liberties of the people, as I solemnly believe the bill under consideration will be. If you knew, sir, what sleepless hours reflection upon it has cost me, if you knew with what fervor and sincerity I have implored Divine assistance to strengthen and sustain me in my opposition to it, I should have credit with you, at least, for the sincerity of my convictions, if I shall be so unfortunate as not to have your concurrence as to the dangerous character of the measure. And I have thanked my God that he has prolonged my life until the present time, to enable me to exert myself, in the service of my country, against a project far transcending in pernicious tendency any that I have ever had occasion to consider. I thank him for the health I am permitted to enjoy ; I thank him for the soft and sweet repose which I experienced last night ; I thank him for the bright and glorious sun which shines upon us this day.”

And what *was* the question at issue ? It was whether Nicholas Biddle should have the custody of the public money at Philadelphia, and use the average balance in discounting notes ; or whether Mr. Cisco should keep it at New York in an exceedingly strong vault, and not use any of it in discounting notes.

As the leader of a national party Mr. Clay failed utterly ; for he was neither bad enough to succeed by foul means, nor skilful enough to succeed by fair means. But in his character of patriot, orator, or statesman, he had some brilliant successes in his later years. When Jackson was ready to concede *all* to the Nullifiers, and that suddenly, to the total ruin of the protected manufacturers, it was Clay's tact, parliamentary experience, and personal power, that interposed the compromise tariff, which reduced duties gradually instead of suddenly. The Compromise of 1850, also, which postponed the Rebellion ten years, was chiefly his work. That Compromise was the best

then attainable ; and we think that the country owes gratitude to the man who deferred the Rebellion to a time when the United States was strong enough to subdue it.

Posterity, however, will read the speeches of Mr. Clay upon the various slavery questions agitated from 1835 to 1850 with mingled feelings of admiration and regret. A man compelled to live in the midst of slavery must hate it and actively oppose it, or else be, in some degree, corrupted by it. As Thomas Jefferson came at length to acquiesce in slavery, and live contentedly with it, so did Henry Clay lose some of his early horror of the system, and accept it as a necessity. True, he never lapsed into the imbecility of pretending to think slavery right or best, but he saw no way of escaping from it ; and when asked his opinion as to the final solution of the problem, he could only throw it upon Providence. Providence, he said, would remove the evil in its own good time, and nothing remained for men but to cease the agitation of the subject. His first efforts, as his last, were directed to the silencing of both parties, but most especially the Abolitionists, whose character and aims he misconceived. With John C. Calhoun sitting near him in the Senate-chamber, and with fire-eaters swarming at the other end of the Capitol, he could, as late as 1843, cast the whole blame of the slavery excitement upon the few individuals at the North who were beginning to discern the ulterior designs of the Nullifiers. Among his letters of 1843 there is one addressed to a friend who was about to write a pamphlet against the Abolitionists. Mr. Clay gave him an outline of what he thought the pamphlet ought to be.

“The great aim and object of your tract should be to arouse the laboring classes in the Free States against abolition. Depict the consequences to them of immediate abolition. The slaves, being free, would be dispersed throughout the Union ; they would enter into competition with the free laborer, with the American, the Irish, the German ; reduce his wages ; be confounded with him, and affect his moral and social standing. And as the ultras go for both abolition and amalgamation, show that their object is to unite in marriage the laboring white man and the laboring black man, and to reduce the white laboring man to the despised and degraded condition of the black man.

“I would show their opposition to colonization. Show its humane,

religious, and patriotic aims ; that they are to separate those whom God has separated. Why do the Abolitionists oppose colonization ? To keep and amalgamate together the two races, in violation of God's will, and to keep the blacks here, that they may interfere with, degrade, and debase the laboring whites. Show that the British nation is co-operating with the Abolitionists, for the purpose of dissolving the Union, etc."

This is so very absurd, that, if we did not know it to express Mr. Clay's habitual feeling at that time, we should be compelled to see in it, not Henry Clay, but the candidate for the Presidency. He really thought so in 1843. He was perfectly convinced that the white race and the black could not exist together on equal terms. One of his last acts was to propose emancipation in Kentucky ; but it was an essential feature of his plan to transport the emancipated blacks to Africa. When we look over Mr. Clay's letters and speeches of those years, we meet with so much that is short-sighted and grossly erroneous, that we are obliged to confess that this man, gifted as he was, and dear as his memory is to us, shared the judicial blindness of his order. Its baseness and arrogance he did not share. His head was often wrong, but his heart was generally right. It atones for all his mere errors of abstract opinion, that he was never admitted to the confidence of the Nullifiers, and that he uniformly voted against the measures inspired by them. He was against the untimely annexation of Texas ; he opposed the rejection of the anti-slavery petitions ; and he declared that no earthly power should ever induce him to consent to the addition of one acre of slave territory to the possessions of the United States.

It is proof positive of a man's essential soundness, that he improves as he grows old. Henry Clay's last years were his best ; he ripened to the very end. His friends remarked the moderation of his later opinions, and his charity for those who had injured him most. During the last ten years of his life no one ever heard him utter a harsh judgment of an opponent. Domestic afflictions, frequent and severe, had chastened his heart ; his six affectionate and happy daughters were dead ; one son was a hopeless lunatic in an asylum ; another was not what such a father had a right to expect ; and, at length, his favorite and most promising son, Henry, in the year 1847, fell

at the battle of Buena Vista. It was just after this last crushing loss, and probably in consequence of it, that he was baptized and confirmed a member of the Episcopal Church.

When, in 1849, he reappeared in the Senate, to assist, if possible, in removing the slavery question from politics, he was an infirm and serious, but not sad, old man of seventy-two. He never lost his cheerfulness or his faith, but he felt deeply for his distracted country. During that memorable session of Congress he spoke seventy times. Often extremely sick and feeble, scarcely able, with the assistance of a friend's arm, to climb the steps of the Capitol, he was never absent on the days when the Compromise was to be debated. It appears to be well attested, that his last great speech on the Compromise was the immediate cause of his death. On the morning on which he began his speech, he was accompanied by a clerical friend, to whom he said, on reaching the long flight of steps leading to the Capitol, "Will you lend me your arm, my friend? for I find myself quite weak and exhausted this morning." Every few steps he was obliged to stop and take breath. "Had you not better defer your speech?" asked the clergyman. "My dear friend," said the dying orator, "I consider our country in danger; and if I can be the means, in any measure, of averting that danger, my health or life is of little consequence." When he rose to speak, it was but too evident that he was unfit for the task he had undertaken. But, as he kindled with his subject, his cough left him, and his bent form resumed all its wonted erectness and majesty. He may, in the prime of his strength, have spoken with more energy, but never with so much pathos and grandeur. His speech lasted two days, and, though he lived two years longer, he never recovered from the effects of the effort. Toward the close of the second day, his friends repeatedly proposed an adjournment; but he would not desist until he had given complete utterance to his feelings. He said afterwards that he was not sure, if he gave way to an adjournment, that he should ever be able to resume.

In the course of this long debate, Mr. Clay said some things to which the late war has given a new interest. He knew, at last, what the fire-eaters meant. He perceived now that it was not the few abhorred Abolitionists of the Northern States from

whom danger to the Union was to be apprehended. On one occasion allusion was made to a South Carolina hot-head, who had publicly proposed to raise the flag of disunion. Thunders of applause broke from the galleries when Mr. Clay retorted by saying, that, if Mr. Rhett had really made that proposition, and should follow it up by corresponding acts, he would be a TRAITOR; "and," added Mr. Clay, "I hope he will meet a traitor's fate." When the chairman had succeeded in restoring silence, Mr. Clay made that celebrated declaration which was so frequently quoted in 1861: "If Kentucky to-morrow should unfurl the banner of resistance unjustly, I will never fight under that banner. I owe a paramount allegiance to the whole Union, — a subordinate one to my own State." He said also: "If any one State, or a portion of the people of any State, choose to place themselves in military array against the government of the Union, I am for trying the strength of the government. I am for ascertaining whether we have a government or not." Again: "The Senator speaks of Virginia being my country. This UNION, Sir, is my country; the thirty States are my country; Kentucky is my country, and Virginia no more than any State in the Union." And yet again: "There are those who think that the Union must be preserved by an exclusive reliance upon love and reason. That is not my opinion. I have some confidence in this instrumentality; but, depend upon it that no human government can exist without the power of applying force, and the actual application of it in extreme cases."

Who can estimate the influence of these clear and emphatic utterances ten years after? The crowded galleries, the numberless newspaper reports, the quickly succeeding death of the great orator, — all aided to give them currency and effect. We shall never know how many wavering minds they aided to decide in 1861. Not that Mr. Clay really believed the conflict would occur: he was mercifully permitted to die in the conviction that the Compromise of 1850 had removed all immediate danger, and greatly lessened that of the future. Far indeed was he from foreseeing that the ambition of a man born in New England, calling himself a disciple of Andrew Jackson, would, within five years, destroy all compromises, and render

all future compromise impossible, by procuring the repeal of the first, — the Missouri Compromise of 1821.

Henry Clay was formed by nature to please, to move, and to impress his countrymen. Never was there a more captivating presence. We remember hearing Horace Greeley say that, if a man only saw Henry Clay's back, he would know that it was the back of a distinguished man. How his presence filled a drawing-room! With what an easy sway he held captive ten acres of mass-meeting! And, in the Senate, how skilfully he showed himself respectfully conscious of the galleries, without appearing to address them! Take him for all in all, we must regard him as the first of American orators; but posterity will not assign him that rank, because posterity will not hear that matchless voice, will not see those large gestures, those striking attitudes, that grand manner, which gave to second-rate composition first-rate effect. He could not have been a great statesman if he had been ever so greatly endowed. While slavery existed no statesmanship was possible, except that which was temporary and temporizing. The thorn, we repeat, was in the flesh; and the doctors were all pledged to try and cure the patient without extracting it. They could do nothing but dress the wound, put on this salve and that, give the sufferer a little respite from anguish, and, after a brief interval, repeat the operation. Of all these physicians Henry Clay was the most skilful and effective. He both handled the sore place with consummate dexterity, and kept up the constitution of the patient by stimulants, which enabled him, at last, to live through the appalling operation which removed the cause of his agony.

Henry Clay was a man of honor and a gentleman. He kept his word. He was true to his friends, his party, and his convictions. He paid his debts and his son's debts. The instinct of solvency was very strong in him. He had a religion, of which the main component parts were self-respect and love of country. These were supremely authoritative with him; he would not do anything which he felt to be beneath Henry Clay, or which he thought would be injurious to the United States. Five times a candidate for the Presidency, no man can say that he ever purchased support by the promise of an office, or by

any other engagement savoring of dishonor. Great talents and a great understanding are seldom bestowed on the same individual. Mr. Clay's usefulness as a statesman was limited by his talent as an orator. He relied too much on his oratory; he was never such a student as a man intrusted with public business ought to be. Hence he originated nothing and established nothing. His speeches will long be interesting as the relics of a magnificent and dazzling personality, and for the light they cast upon the history of parties; but they add scarcely anything to the intellectual property of the nation. Of American orators he was the first whose speeches were ever collected in a volume. Millions read them with admiration in his lifetime; but already they have sunk to the level of the works "without which no gentleman's library is complete," — works which every one possesses and no one reads.

Henry Clay, regarded as a subject for biography, is still untouched. Campaign Lives of him can be collected by the score; and the Rev. Calvin Colton wrote three volumes purporting to be the Life of Henry Clay. Mr. Colton was a very honest gentleman, and not wanting in ability; but writing, as he did, in Mr. Clay's own house, he became, as it were, enchanted by his subject. He was enamored of Mr. Clay to such a degree that his pen ran into eulogy by an impulse which was irresistible, and which he never attempted to resist. In point of arrangement, too, his work is chaos come again. A proper biography of Mr. Clay would be one of the most entertaining and instructive of works. It would embrace the ever-memorable rise and first triumphs of the Democratic party; the wild and picturesque life of the early settlers of Kentucky; the war of 1812; Congress from 1806 to 1852; the fury and corruption of Jackson's reign; and the three great compromises which postponed the Rebellion. All the leading men and all the striking events of our history would contribute something to the interest and value of the work. Why go to antiquity or to the Old World for subjects, when such a subject as this remains unwritten?

ART. VII. — HOURS OF LABOR.

WHAT portion of a day laborers should work, is a question to which public attention is now very properly directed. The solution of this question will probably make it apparent that the interests of the employers and the employed are not materially diverse.

There is no doubt that a man working a certain time with elastic vigor and determined purpose may accomplish as much or more than by a listless, sluggish, irksome application to work during a much longer period. The hours of labor may be so long as greatly to impair the bodily strength, and thus directly diminish the effective power. But, on the other hand, it is certain that the limit of greatest efficiency is less than that within which the physical organism can exert itself without detriment to its energy.

It was always true, that intelligence added much to the efficiency of the laborer ; but it is more emphatically so now that so large a portion of the work requiring mere force is performed by the action of steam and water power upon machinery demanding intelligence to design and construct it, and then to superintend its movements. The intellectual improvement of the laborer is then of great importance, even in the merely economic aspect of the subject which we are considering. This improvement requires not only time, but mental effort, to which physical exhaustion by labor too long continued is very unfavorable, while a very considerable amount of bodily exercise gives tone and vigor to the mind's action. It is, then, good economy to combine the two, and unwise to task all the powers of a man in mere muscular drudgery, to the exclusion of the mental effort which his intellectual health and progress demand. It is urged that laborers waste, or more than waste, the time which short working hours leave at their disposal. No class of men employ all their leisure most wisely ; but there is, perhaps, good reason to believe that none more nearly do so than laborers, when libraries, lyceums, and other means of improvement are accessible to them, and especially when they are properly encouraged and directed, or even not misled, by those

whose superior advantages should make them the exemplars of society. Though much of the laborer's leisure time may be wasted, yet that which is well employed will probably be in proportion to the whole quantity at his disposal; and if more is given, more will be devoted to intellectual pursuits or moral cultivation.

The conditions of slavery require that the laborers should be kept ignorant; and this is one reason why accumulation in the Slave States has been so much less than in the Free. The slaves not only had no inducement, and hence no disposition, to earn, but through ignorance were comparatively powerless to do so.

The cardinal points in our inquiry regard, in the first place, the quantity of product; in the second, the division of that product. Security in its possession and economy in its application are important considerations, more remotely connected with our subject.

The quantity of product depends upon the efficient labor devoted to its creation, and the degree in which this labor is aided by natural agents or by artificial contrivances. Capital is one of the things needed to give efficiency to labor. As the laborers while at work on the growing crop must be fed, supported, paid from the accumulation of the past, this accumulation, this capital, constitutes a fund for this purpose. It is also needed to make the exchanges of property, — to construct roads, railways, and labor-saving machinery of various kinds. Having a value for these purposes, and the supply of it not being unlimited, it commands a price. This price is variable. In new countries, where there is little or no accumulation, and the opportunities for profitable use are numerous, its price is generally high, causing it to flow to them from older settled sections. In all countries, however, where there is trade, the products are divided between labor and capital; and the proportion which each obtains is a very important point in this discussion. Labor and capital getting the whole, the more there is allotted to one, the less will be left for the other.

The capitalist often also labors, and, in that case, will get the shares respectively due to the amount of labor and of capital he supplies. When he furnishes the whole of both, the whole

product is his ; but it rarely if ever happens that a producer does not, in some way, avail himself of roads, railways, or machinery which have been provided by other capital than his own.

Looking only to the enjoyment of material comforts, the common interest of mankind obviously demands that labor should be so employed as to realize the greatest production. The more of such comforts produced, the more easily can each individual procure a portion of them.

It also appears, that for the greatest production the hours of labor must be less than the maximum which the mere muscles and sinews will bear. There must be time allotted to that intellectual development which gives efficiency and proper direction to muscular action. But the individual employer may overlook the tendency of excessive toil, or may not deem it his interest to foster the permanent efficiency of labor by accepting shorter days' work at present, and for immediate gain may sordidly become accessory to the deterioration of his fellow-men. He may do this with the consent of those most directly injured. By high wages he may bribe the laborer to work himself, or, what is much worse, to cause his children to work, more hours than is compatible with his own or the public interest, or with humanity.

Where the efficiency of the laborers has already been promoted by increased intelligence, such employers are in the position of a tenant hiring a farm which has been made productive by former good husbandry, but which he so crops as to render it comparatively barren, and then perhaps hires another to treat in the same manner. In neither case, however, does it often happen that so low a point of deterioration is actually arrived at, that a still lower may not be reached by a repetition of the same process. In the conditions of slavery, the minimum efficiency of labor was probably most nearly attained ; and here, too, the practice of wearing out one tract of land and removing to another was most common. This system can probably only be sustained under the most favorable conditions of soil and climate, or by drawing more from the land than with slave culture it would continue to yield. These results, to some extent, illustrate the influence of ignorant and degraded labor.

It is obvious that the whole community, on purely economic grounds, has a deep interest in the great questions affecting labor, and the thought of individuals and the organized power of society may well be invoked to devise means to prevent its deterioration or promote its efficiency.

It would not comport with our notions of liberty, nor should we deem it wise, or even expedient, for any government to interfere with the sphere of individual effort or duty, and deprive men of the needful discipline of self-control or self-direction, by prescribing the terms or conditions upon which they may dispose of their own labor; but justice to the community, as well as the common sentiment of humanity, demands that minors should be protected from the excessive toil which stints their intellectual growth, and that opportunities for the development of the greatest energy should be provided for all.

It is obvious, however, that even for these objects the time of labor may be too short as well as too long, — so short that the product would not be sufficient to sustain the highest bodily or mental conditions, nor the accumulations suffice for erecting forges, mills, and constructing the various machinery by which human labor is so abundantly aided. There would then be fewer products for use; there would be a diminution of the comforts of life; and if the consequent privation be divided between capitalists and laborers, all will have fewer of those comforts which labor provides.

The idea prevails among laborers, and is shared by many others, that a general reduction of the hours of labor would so diminish the supply, that they could obtain as much wages for the shorter as they before did for the longer time. As this belief is the foundation of the combinations to reduce the hours of work, and of interference with those disposed to work the longer time, it is important to ascertain how far it is well founded. If it were universally true, labor might command for its remuneration more than all it produced.

We will suppose that ten hours per day will give the greatest product, and that laborers will work through each of the ten hours as efficiently as for a shorter time, and, further, that prices are inversely as the supply. Though neither of these propositions may be strictly true, they will serve the purposes of illustration.

If any one individual proposes to work only half time, he knows at once that he can get only half pay. Neither the supply of labor nor the quantity of product being sensibly affected, prices will remain the same, and in the division between labor and capital he gets the same share of what he actually produces, i. e. one half the quantity for half-time work that he would for whole time. He readily perceives that he can get no more per hour than all others demand. At any higher price there will be no sale for his labor, because all the customers for it can buy for less. He very naturally seeks to remove this obstacle to his obtaining the same wages per day for half time, by prevailing upon his colaborers to work half time also. Suppose he succeeds to an extent which will sensibly lessen the supply of labor. If the wages per hour are thus raised only in a very small section, the effect will be, either that the laborers from the adjoining sections will come in and do the work at a less rate, or the work will go to other sections to be done. Suppose, however, that this reduction of time is effected upon a larger scale ; for instance, that throughout Section A, embracing one whole country and one quarter of the whole labor of the commercial world, all reduce the time of work from ten to five hours. This would diminish the supply of labor to the world only one eighth (as 8 to 7) ; and the price per hour, being equalized by competition, would advance in the ratio of 7 to 8, or one seventh, say from 10 to $11\frac{3}{7}$ cents per hour, and the five-hour laborers will get $57\frac{1}{7}$ cents per day in place of the 100 cents they before received for ten hours. But this universal advance of $\frac{1}{7}$ in the price of wages will advance the price of products $\frac{1}{7}$, so that the $57\frac{1}{7}$ cents will buy no more of them than 50 cents before did ; that is, for five hours' work the laborer still gets just half as much product as he did for ten hours' work.

This result, however, is founded upon the presumption that, as between capital and labor, the product will be divided in the same proportion as before its diminution. Labor and product being both advanced in price as much as they are reduced in quantity, the amount of free or floating capital required to pay labor and exchange its products will remain the same. It is precisely for the reason that the capital applicable to these pur-

poses all competitively seeks use, that prices rise in proportion to the diminution in quantity. The practical operation would be this. Labor and product in Section A being diminished one half, and prices advanced only one seventh, there is a portion of capital thrown out of use which will be sent abroad for employment. And it will there be wanted; for the quantity of labor and product being the same as before in the rest of the world, and prices advanced one seventh, this addition to capital will be required. To illustrate this, suppose that, before the reduction, the quantity of product, as also of labor, in Section A is represented by the number 700, the product and also the labor of the other three fourths of the world will then be represented by 2100, and these figures will also represent the proportion of capital required in each for paying labor and exchanging its products. Now when the labor is reduced one half in Section A, its product will stand at 350, and, being advanced one seventh in price, its value will be 400, which will also represent the amount of capital required for the reduced business, leaving a surplus of 300, which is just what will be needed by the advance of one seventh in the price of the 2100 labor and product in the rest of the world. Hence, as the supply of this portion of capital and the demand and use for it remain the same, its price will not be changed; and, the same rate of interest being paid, its owners receive the same aggregate amount as before the diminution in labor and product. But they, too, have to pay the increased cost of products, and hence, with their incomes, can procure only seven eighths the amount of products as before.

It appears, then, that while the laborer in Section A can obtain only one half the former amount of product for his labor, the capitalist can obtain seven eighths. Now people do not often lessen their expenditures in a greater ratio than their means are diminished; and in Section A, while the laborers can, at the supposed advance in price, buy only one half, the capitalists can buy seven eighths the former amount of product. But the whole product in this Section has been reduced one half; and hence the capitalist will either trench upon the laborer's share by overbidding him in price, or a portion of the supply before produced at home must be brought

from abroad at increased cost. By this last process the price of the whole home product will be advanced to the cost of importing articles of the same kind, so that in either of the cases above mentioned prices are increased, and the products which the laborer in Section A can buy with his wages for half time will be reduced to *less than half quantity*. The ability of the capitalist in Section A to buy is reduced in the same proportion below seven eighths as that of the laborer is below one half. As the product in the other three fourths of the world remains the same, while the ability of the capitalists to buy is there also reduced one eighth, there will be a surplus just sufficient to supply the three eighths which the capitalists in Section A are able to buy over their proportion of the home product, but nothing to make up the deficiency of one half to the laborers, even if they had the means of buying. But in this moving of products there is increased labor, adding to cost and diminishing supply.

But besides the free capital used to pay labor and exchange products, there is in Section A other capital in the form of utensils, machinery, forges, mills, railroads, &c., which, though now used only half time, will still all be required. As, by the export of the surplus movable capital, the price of capital remains the same, these fixed investments will command the same rent per annum as before, and the owners of them, receiving the same income, will add to the class who can afford to buy seven eighths the quantity of product. Take, for example, the case of the owner of a cotton or woollen mill and its machinery. If he could run it only five hours per day instead of ten, and paid the same price per hour for the same quantity of labor per hour, he would lose the use of his capital — his mill — half the time. Under these circumstances, there would be no new mills or machinery built till the profits to the owner from running five hours per day became equal to the profits of running for ten hours abroad, or to that obtained when running ten hours here. To effect this, the labor for five hours must be enough less per hour to make up the interest on the capital for the unemployed time, i. e. the five-hour laborers must work at half the price per day of the ten-hour laborers, with a further deduction from their aggregate wages of one half the interest on the fixed

capital required for the business. By lessening the time of work, the laborers are placed in the position of one who pays full interest for money which he uses only half the time.

Further to illustrate this, suppose 1,000 laborers, working ten hours in a mill, produce or add to the value of the material used per day \$ 1,200

Which, being divided, the laborers get . . . \$ 1,000

The capitalist 200

————— \$ 1,200

This gives to each laborer 100 cents per day, or 10 cents per hour. Then, if the laborers reduce the time and product one half by working only five hours, the added value will be only \$ 600 per day, of which the capital will still take \$ 200, leaving only \$ 400 for the laborers, which will give to each of them only 40 cents per day, or 8 cents per hour for the five hours, in place of 10 cents per hour for ten hours; or if prices are affected by the diminution of labor, the laborer will still get only four tenths the quantity of product for half-time work, and this again reduced by the competition for those products with a portion of the community whose means of purchasing are not diminished in the same ratio. In the case of the *free* capital, the community in Section A, after the reduction of one half in labor and product, pay the same rate per cent on four sevenths the amount, while they continue to pay an undiminished rate on the *whole* amount of *fixed* capital.

It appears, then, that the laborers in Section A not only cannot get more products per hour for their diminished time of work, but that, inasmuch as they have to contribute more in proportion to the capital employed, they can actually get less per hour, or less than half wages for half time. It may still be surmised that, if Section A embraced an area to which no products of foreign competing labor could come, and from which the capital released by diminishing labor and product could not be removed, the laborers might then reduce their time of work without lessening their material comforts. The collective commercial world is such an area. Let us then suppose that the hours of labor are reduced one half the world over. It is obvious that, the whole product being reduced one half, some or all must consume less, and it becomes important

to ascertain how this privation will be divided. In this case the capital applicable to the payment of labor remaining the same, and all competitively seeking use, the aggregate amount paid for labor would be the same, and laborers would get the same price per day for the half time worked, or double the price per hour. This so far confirms the popular belief to which we have alluded, that diminished time will command the same amount of wages; but then the same reason that we have just given for the rise of wages applies to products; and with this universal double price of labor, double cost and double prices of all articles will be a necessary concomitant, so that the same amount of wages will buy only half the quantity of products, and the laborer still really gets only half pay for half-time work.

The amount of capital required for these changed conditions will be the same; and the ratio of supply and demand being unchanged, the capitalist will receive the same amount for its use; but with the same money income he also can buy only one half the quantity of products. In the transition state there may be some irregularity in rates and prices of capital, labor, and products, and especially if the change is sudden; but the results must finally be as above stated.

So far, then, the laborer seems to have gained by this extension of short time to the whole instead of a portion of the world, inasmuch as he has not now to compete in buying with a portion of the community whose means are reduced in a less proportion than his own.

Labor, however, still gets, at best, only one half for half-time work, and the effect of the universal diminution of supply may for a long time operate quite as much against him as when that diminution was only local. Those having the means will not at once conform their consumption to the new conditions of supply, and capitalists will use more than their share, trenching upon their accumulation of money for the purpose of raising prices, so that the laborer has to take less than one half of his previous quantity. It may be said that this rise in the prices of products will cause wages to advance in the same proportion. Such would perhaps be its tendency; but then, as at least partially counteracting this ten-

dency, we must observe that the money capital is used both to pay labor and to exchange its products, and that with this rise in prices more is required for the latter object, leaving a less fund applicable to the former.

There seems to be no reason to suppose that the effect upon the laborers' share which would arise from diminishing the products one half by withdrawing half the labor, would be different from what it is when this diminution is caused by drought or other natural cause; and it is by the laborer, and not by the capitalist, that such calamity is most severely felt. Thus we see how important it is to the relief sought by the workingmen, that the rich should be frugal in consuming, and not use their wealth as a power to appropriate to their own selfish purposes more than their share of labor and its products.

Another effect of this change would be, that many who before lived upon the income from capital, receiving now only half the product, would have to increase their means of support by labor, thus adding to the quantity of products, and so far counteracting the effect of diminished time of work generally. This would distribute labor more equally, and in this respect be just and beneficial.

It is the laborers, then, and not the capitalists, who are mainly interested in keeping the hours of labor at the point of greatest production, because it is they who suffer most from the diminished supply of the comforts of life which arises from diminished labor.

We have purposely considered the subject only in its economic aspect, and left out of view the influence of increased or diminished time of labor upon the happiness of a people. The question may well arise, whether, with the great increase of labor-saving appliances, less time might not now suffice for the supply of our bodily wants, leaving more to be devoted to other objects. Thus far the effect of the introduction of machines seems to have been to task the physical powers of man more severely than before their invention, or at least to have kept him more *unremittingly* employed in providing material subsistence and enjoyments than formerly. By their aid, a man can produce, and therefore obtain, so many more comforts in return for his labor, that the inducement overcomes the desire

of ease, and leads him to work steadily for the greater remuneration which rewards his toil.

Within a very few years machinery has been very extensively applied to agriculture; and with such success that, in many of the most important processes, one man will now perform the work which formerly required twenty, and with less muscular effort than each had formerly to exert. There is much encouragement in this direct and successful application of machinery to the production of food, that should of itself give great relief; and it seems quite time that the aid which, in various ways, we are deriving from it, should abridge the hours of labor, and leave to all classes more time for intellectual pursuits; and whenever the laborers, with full knowledge of the alternative involved, are ready to forego a portion of the former, that they may devote more time to the latter, it will be an event at which every right-minded and true-hearted philanthropist will rejoice. Nor would it be less cause of congratulation if the rich should voluntarily, not only abstain from a prodigal use of the products of labor, but should forego a portion of their accustomed comforts; that, less work being needed for the support of the world, more leisure might be allowed to the laborer.

That, as we have already shown, the sacrifice which would be involved in fixing the hours of labor below the point of greatest production would fall mainly on the laborers, should give at least additional influence to any well-considered conclusion to which they may come upon the subject. It is evident that, in a country in which the national expenses are small, the laborers might reduce the hours of labor much below what the same state of living would require from those whose productive industry is heavily taxed to support extravagant civil and ecclesiastical establishments, to prosecute expensive wars, or maintain standing armies.

While this shows the importance of economy in our public expenditures, it also suggests that now, when we have our large national debt to provide for, it would be particularly unfortunate to reduce our productive ability too rapidly. We may regret this obstacle to the allotment of the maximum time for intellectual culture; but must bear in mind that nothing is more important to the national prosperity of a people, or to

their progress in all that gives superiority to civilization, than good and stable government ; and that, to insure this, nothing is more essential than national credit, without which any government in this age is liable to be subverted. Withdraw the protection which organized society gives to the possession of capital, and there would be no accumulation, no fund from which to pay labor or to build labor-saving machinery. Without such security, no one would erect a furnace or forge, and the pointed stick would take the place of the plough. One step farther, and no one would plant what he would have no assurance he might not be permitted to harvest. The savage state, in which men live by hunting and gathering wild berries and roots, would then be reached.

The subversion of governments is not always effected by the conquering armies of rival powers, or by civil commotion. To this end corruption is in itself more potent than either, and often prepares the way for them. There is more danger from fraud than from violence, though from their tendency mutually to produce each other they are generally combined in the work of destruction. It is said that, in some of our States, the bribery which commenced in the buying of votes has gone on to its legitimate consequences in our judicial tribunals ; and as it is through these that the rights of individuals and of society are, or should be, guarded, the very foundation of government is here directly threatened. Its power for beneficial action is here most insidiously and effectually undermined. The extension of the suffrage, intended to protect and to elevate the poor, or, rather, to enable them to protect and elevate themselves, has been made the instrument for plundering and debasing them. The increase of purchasable votes has, in such cases, given the whole political power into the hands of the rich, and of the most unscrupulous portion of the rich. For a paltry sum the laborer gives to such men the power to rob him of an indefinite portion of his earnings. This is most frequently effected by peculating upon the public revenues ; but when this corruption reaches the courts, it can be more directly accomplished by the judicial transfer of the property of those who will not furnish money to elect or sustain the judges to those who will and do. Those who pay this money will not be likely to make the mis-

take of electing men who will be scrupulously impartial, and show their influential supporters no favor in their decisions. It is evident that, wherever this condition of things exists, there is little hope that laborers can benefit their pecuniary condition, even by successful efforts to procure larger compensation for their services. Where bribery prevails, they have no more security against judicial robbery for their earnings, than the serfs formerly had against the rapacious violence of their steel-clad masters. Security for the product of their labor should be their first object; and to elevate themselves above the point at which they can be made the tools for their own destruction by those who have more money than principle, they may properly use all the power of combination and all the incentives of individual interest which they can make conducive to that end. Elevate the national morality so as to insure at all times an honest administration of the legislative, executive, and judicial functions in all our governments, and, instead of being oppressed by the burden of our accumulated debt, we shall press forward on the high road of prosperity with an elastic energy of which even here we have yet had no example. In the item of the cost of government we have heretofore had an advantage over the English; but with them production and accumulation have been greatly encouraged by the perfect protection which their government gives to property, and by the prevailing feeling of security which an implicit confidence in the integrity of their judiciary inspires. In the complete destruction of the security of property, and the consequent absence of inducement to permanent investment, or even to accumulate the means for such investment, we see how direct and short is the process by which judicial corruption may reduce a civilized community to the savage state.

In connection with the quantity, the division, and the security of the products of labor, the provident or wasteful use of it deserves consideration. There is a prevailing belief that the prodigality of the rich helps the poor. In this prodigality, however, the rich man only uses the power which the possession of wealth gives him to appropriate more than his share of the labor of the world to his own personal gratification. It is said that, in doing this, he employs and pays laborers. Sup-

pose it suited his fancy to employ and pay them for raising corn, and then to burn all the corn. It is evident that, in such case, the gratification of his caprice might cause some people to suffer from hunger. But the effect is obviously the same, if he employs and pays the laborers to minister to his own exclusive personal gratification in any other way. Any man who consumes more than he produces converts to his own use what the labor of others has provided, and thus inflicts an injury, while those who produce more than they consume confer a benefit, by contributing to the supply of the wants of others.

In the immediate application of products to use, there is great room for improvement. In the preparation of food, we are in this country thought to be far behind most European nations. In the manufacture of cloth, some of the processes attended with considerable labor lessen its durability; and in tanning leather with too much haste, or by improper processes, its beneficial properties are much diminished. It may be said that a portion of labor may properly be expended to minister to taste, refinement, and the sentiment of beauty; but this cannot be urged in favor of the waste in the application of products last mentioned, nor to a large class of articles which, in common phrase, are said to be "not honestly made."

As the results of our inquiries, we find, then, —

1st. That the laborer can at best get only a certain proportion of what he produces; and that, with any considerable reduction of production, this proportion is more likely to be diminished than increased.

2d. That any one laborer reducing his time of work will obtain more actual remuneration if all others continue full work, than if a large body of them unite in short time; and that, even if the combination extended to the whole world, the result would still be unfavorable to him; and hence, so far as regards his own compensation, it is not expedient for him to persuade others to do less work; while any attempt by violence, intimidation, or social coercion to interfere with the liberty of others to work as they please, is such an outrage upon their rights, such a flagrant wrong, that only evil consequences can be expected from it.

3d. That accumulation or increase of capital is beneficial to

the laborer, making a larger fund for the payment of wages and for providing labor-saving machinery. From this larger fund larger wages will be paid, but this will be neutralized by the prices of products being increased in the same ratio. With the increase of capital, it will generally happen that more people will be able to live without work. This will lessen the supply of labor, and thus tend to enhance wages; but this again will be neutralized by the higher price of the diminished products, so that the great benefit derived from increase of capital is the ability to provide aids to labor by which products are increased and all can more easily obtain them. That the large amount of machinery now used has not yet given more leisure, is because people have striven to raise the standard of living rather than to diminish their toil; but it is from a change in this respect that we mainly look for the accomplishment of the latter object. In what we have said of accumulation, we do not intend to imply that it should be concentrated in the hands of large capitalists, but, on the contrary, we believe it better that it should be much diffused.

4th. That a prodigal use of labor and its products, though paid for at full prices, is injurious to the whole community, while a universal economy would lessen the toil of providing for the general support, and thus facilitate a diminution in hours of labor.

5th. That to encourage accumulation, but more especially to get the benefits of its various applications in aid of labor, security in possession is essential; and hence, in view of this, as also of the benefits of national economy, before alluded to, comes the importance to the laborer of preserving the integrity and purity of our governments, State and National, and especially of the judiciary, in which the protecting power chiefly resides.

6th. That an improved, that is, a more intelligent, economy in the application of the products of industry to the immediate uses of life, and an honest purpose on the part of artisans and manufacturers to work up materials in a manner most beneficial to the world, would also tend to relieve the laborers of a portion of the toil now required to support the world, and leave them more time for self-culture.

- ART. VIII. — 1. *Our Convicts*. By MARY CARPENTER. London: Longman, Brown, Longmans, Roberts, and Green. 1864. Boston: W. V. Spencer. 1865. 2 vols. 8vo.
2. VAN DER BRUGGHEN. *Études sur le Système Pénitentiaire Irlandais. Revu après la Mort de l'Auteur, et accompagné d'une Préface et d'un Appendice*. Par FR. DE HOLTZENDORFF, Professeur à l'Université de Berlin. Berlin: Librairie Luederitz. A. Charisius. 1865.
3. *Kritische Untersuchungen über die Grundsätze und Ergebnisse des irischen Strafvollzuges*. Von DR. FRANZ VON HOLTZENDORFF, Professor an der Königl. Universität zu Berlin. Berlin: C. G. Lüderitz'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. A. Charisius. 1865.

THE North American Review from 1833 to 1848 cannot be charged with neglecting the question of Prison Discipline. Within that period the works of Tocqueville, Lieber, Lucas, Livingston, Howe, Gray, and others, were reviewed in these pages, and full justice was done to the controversy between the Philadelphia and the Auburn systems. But of late years the subject has not been discussed in this Review, and has not received, indeed, throughout the country, the attention which it deserves. There is, however, one good result arising from the long neglect in which the prison question has lain in America; it is possible, without renewing the old battles, to treat the reformation of convicts on new grounds, according to the light which European experience has thrown upon it since our countrymen ceased to concern themselves much about the matter. The strife is no longer between Separate and Congregate systems; Auburn and Philadelphia are insignificant now in comparison with Norfolk Island, Valencia, and Dublin; it is the Irish system which now excites to controversy the practical Anglo-Saxon, the phlegmatic Dutchman, and the philosophic German. Livingston and Tocqueville have given place to Macnochie and Crofton, Crawford to Miss Carpenter, Julius to Holtzendorff, and Lucas to Bonneville de Marsangy.

It is not without mortification that an American learns this altered state of things, and perceives how little share his own

country has had in a movement so important. There was a time when the American penitentiaries were visited from all quarters of the civilized world, and the authority of our writers decided questions of prison discipline in Europe. But who now cites our example or quotes our authors? And it must be confessed that we deserve the neglect into which we have fallen, if we did not quite deserve the consideration in which we were once held. It is time for us to acknowledge, that in matters of social science we are far behind our European contemporaries; that they understand better than we the subjects of crime and pauperism, of finance and sanitary reform; and that they are fast gaining upon us in respect of popular education, in which we are still in advance. And having made this acknowledgment, it is for us to see to it that this reproach — so far as it is one — does not continue. The American Social Science Association has not been organized a day too soon.

While the conflict was hottest here between Auburn and Philadelphia, say from 1845 to 1849, a gray-haired enthusiast in England was publishing, in cheap tracts, a new theory of prison discipline, which has already greatly modified, and seems destined ultimately to supersede, both the *Separate System* of Philadelphia and Pentonville, and the *Congregate System* of Auburn and Charlestown. The career of Captain Maconochie was so remarkable, and is so little known in this country, that we shall be excused for dwelling upon it at some length. Lord Meadowbank and Sir Alexander Cochrane were men of note in Scotland half a century ago; the latter, indeed, made himself conspicuous at Washington about that time, and was famous in every sea where the British navy appeared, to insult or to protect. But it is doubtful if they are now so celebrated, and certain that they will not be in the next generation, as their young kinsman, Alexander Maconochie. He, too, was a canny Scot, born near Edinburgh in 1787, and at first, under Lord Meadowbank's inspiration, destined for the profession of law. But the advice of the naval kinsman, together with the glory of his exploits, prevailed on the lad to follow Captain Cochrane to sea. He served under him in the West Indies, where, for the first and last time, the young midshipman saw

Nelson, who was soon to die at Trafalgar. He served also in European waters, and in 1810, when returning home from a cruise in the Baltic Sea, was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland. From Holland he went as a prisoner to Verdun in France, where he lay in confinement for nearly three years, until the fall of Napoleon set him free. It was this experience of prison life, no doubt, which made him so thoroughly acquainted with the habits and dangers of prisoners, as he afterwards showed himself to be at Norfolk Island and Birmingham.

In 1814 Captain Maconochie was present with his kinsman, Admiral Cochrane, at the capture of Washington, and afterwards shared in the defeat at New Orleans, where he commanded a brigade of gunboats. In 1815, while lying in the harbor of Quebec, he had occasion to try an experiment in discipline among his men, which he afterwards carried out on a larger scale at Norfolk Island, — the plan of making each member of a watch or gang of sailors responsible for the whole number. It succeeded, as it always will succeed, in the hands of a good commander.

At the close of the Waterloo campaign Captain Maconochie returned to Scotland, where he married a lady of some fortune, and lived for a while as a farmer near Edinburgh. Some time about 1830 he removed to London, where he found some of his old friends of the naval service, — among them, Sir John Barrow and Sir John Franklin, — with whom he became associated in the Royal Geographical Society, of which he was for a time the Secretary. A few years later Sir John Franklin was appointed Governor of Van Diemen's Land, and invited Maconochie to accompany him as his secretary. The invitation was accepted, and in 1836 the great explorer and the great reformer of prisons sailed for their new home. Previous to his departure, however, Captain Maconochie had been requested by the Prison Discipline Society to correspond with them on the subject of the Colonial Convict System; and also directed by Sir George Grey, then Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, to furnish information on the same subject to the government, which was then investigating it.

It was this circumstance which turned Maconochie's clear

and sagacious mind to the consideration of Prison Discipline, of which before he had scarcely thought. The revelations which he made, through Sir George Grey, to Parliament, and by certain publications in Australia, exhibited the whole atrocity of transportation and the colonial penal system, and led to salutary reforms; but their immediate consequence was to make him odious to the colonial residents, and to deprive him of his office. From September, 1838, to January, 1840, he was without public employment; at the latter period he was appointed Governor of Norfolk Island, a notorious penal station in the South Sea, about nine hundred miles east of New Zealand. His able reports to the government, while they had offended some members, had convinced others that he was worthy to be trusted with power to make an experiment according to his own theories, and hence his appointment. Among those who approved — let it be said to his honor — was the present Earl Russell.

The conclusion to which Captain Maconochie had come while exploring the iniquities of Van Diemen's Land, in 1837, was similar to that which the good sense of Archbishop Whately had reached a few years earlier. In a letter to Earl Grey, Whately said: —

“The best plan, as it appears to me, would be, instead of sentencing men to imprisonment for a certain time, to sentence them to render a certain amount of labor. A fixed daily task may be imposed on them, but with power to exceed this at their own discretion, thereby shortening their period of detention. The effect would be, not only that criminals would thus acquire habits of labor, but of attaching an agreeable idea to labor. By each additional step they took on the treadmill, they would be walking out of prison; by each additional cut of the spade, they would be cutting a way to return to society.”*

This idea (although Whately's expression of it was unknown to Maconochie) was the germ of the Work System, which, in connection with the moral appliances used, produced such remarkable results at Norfolk Island from 1840 to 1844; and which, in Ireland, under the administration of Sir Walter Crofton, has made the prisons of that country renowned for

* See two letters to Earl Grey, published in 1832 and 1834. The same idea had been expressed by Whately in the *London Review* in 1829.

their success in reforming criminals. Let us, then, consider it a little more in detail.

We cite from a Report by a Committee of the Law Amendment Society upon Captain Maconochie's writings, drawn up in 1846, when time and four years' practical experience had matured, and in some degree modified, his views.

"1. Captain Maconochie's plan had its origin in his experience of the evil tendency of sentences for a time certain, and of fixed gratuitous gaol rations of food. These he practically found opposed to the reformation of the criminal. A man under a time-sentence looks exclusively to the means of beguiling that time. He is thereby led to evade labor, and to seek opportunities of personal gratification, obtained, in extreme cases, even in ways most horrible. His powers of deception are sharpened for the purpose; and even when unable to offend in act, he seeks in fancy a gratification by gloating over impure images. At the best his life stagnates, no proper object of pursuit being presented to his thoughts; and the allotment of fixed gratuitous rations, irrespective of conduct or exertion, further aggravates the evil, by removing even the minor stimulus to action furnished by the necessity of procuring food, and by thus directly fostering those habits of improvidence, which, perhaps even more than determined vice, lead to crime.

"2. In lieu of sentences to imprisonment or transportation measured thus by months, or years, Captain Maconochie recommends sentences to an amount of labor, measured by a given number of marks, to be placed to the debit of the convict in books to be kept for the purpose; this debit to be from time to time further augmented by charges, made in the same currency, for all supplies of food and clothing, and by any fines which may be imposed for misconduct. The duration of his sentence will thus be made to depend on three circumstances:—First, the gravity of the original offence, or the estimate made by the judge of the amount of discipline which the criminal ought to undergo before he is restored to liberty: this regulates the amount of original debit. Second, the zeal, industry, and effectiveness of his labor in the works allotted to him, which furnishes him with the means of payment, or of adding from time to time to the credit side of his account. And third, his conduct in confinement. If well conducted he will avoid fines; and if economical in food, and such other gratification as he is permitted to purchase with his marks, he will keep down the amount of his debits.

"3. By these means Captain Maconochie contends that a term of imprisonment may be brought to bear a close resemblance to adversity in ordinary life, which, being deeply felt, is carefully shunned; but

which, nevertheless, when encountered in a manful spirit, improves and elevates the character. All the objects of punishment will be thus attained. There will be continued destitution unless relief is sought by exertion, and hence there will be labor and suffering; but with exertion there will not only be the hope, but the certainty, of recovery, whence there will be improvement in good habits and right thinking. And the motives put into operation to produce effort and economy, being also of the same character as those existing in ordinary life, will advantageously prepare the prisoner for their wholesome action on him after his discharge.

"4. . . . After the prisoner has passed through a term of probation, to be measured, not by lapse of time, but by his conduct as indicated by the state of his account, he shall be advanced from a separate confinement into a social state. For this purpose he shall become a member of a small class of six or eight (associated by mutual consent); these classes being capable of being separated from each other just as individuals are separated from individuals in the earlier stage. The members of each class to have a common interest; the marks earned or lost by each to count to the gain or loss of his party, not of himself exclusively. By this means Captain Maconochie thinks prisoners will be rescued from the simply gregarious state of existence, which is, in truth, a selfish one, now incident to imprisonment in those jails to which the Separate System is not applied, and will be raised into a social existence.

"Captain Maconochie is convinced, by observation, that much good feeling will be elicited among them in consequence of this change. Indolence and vice, which either prevent the prisoner from earning, or compel him to forfeit his marks, will become unpopular in the community, and industry and good conduct, as enabling him to acquire and preserve them, will, on the contrary, obtain for him its approbation. On much experience he asserts that no portion of his *modus operandi* is more effective than this, by which, even in the depraved community of Norfolk Island, he succeeded, in a wonderfully short time, in giving an upward direction to the public opinion of the class of prisoners themselves."

To this detailed statement, much of which is in Maconochie's own words, we will add the briefer synopsis and the comments made by the Parliamentary Commission of 1863, about three years after the death of the aged reformer.

"The experience both of this and of other countries has demonstrated that it is impossible to compel convicts to work hard by mere

coercion; the attempt to do so having invariably failed, while it has produced a brutalizing effect on their minds, and increased their previous aversion to labor. On this ground, the late Captain Maconochie, many years ago, recommended that the punishment to be inflicted upon criminals should be measured, not by time, but by the amount of labor they should be compelled to perform before regaining their freedom; and he devised an ingenious mode of recording their daily industry by marks, for the purpose of determining when they should have a right to their discharge. This proposal met with so much approval from the government of the day, that Captain Maconochie was sent to Norfolk Island for the purpose of trying the system he had recommended in the management of the convicts detained there. The experiment did not succeed, for reasons which were sufficiently obvious, but into which we need not now enter. *The failure, however, did not afford any reason for condemning the principle upon which the scheme was founded; and in fact, that principle has been adopted, to a greater or less extent, in all the various schemes of penal discipline which have been tried in the last twenty-five years.* The result has been to establish the conclusion, that the hope of earning some remission of their punishment is the most powerful incentive to good conduct and industry which can be brought to act upon the minds of prisoners."

Such was the system which, in part, was carried out at Norfolk Island, where Captain Maconochie, accompanied by his devoted wife, arrived on the 6th of March, 1840. The state of things which he found there has often been described, yet it will be new to many of our readers. On an almost inaccessible island, fifteen miles in circumference, were collected about fourteen hundred prisoners, the offscouring of Botany Bay and Van Diemen's Land. By one or another of this wretched multitude every conceivable crime had been committed, and the punishment here inflicted was almost inconceivably horrid. It was the old brutal system of prison management, reduced to its lowest terms. By day the men were driven to labor by officers who treated them with every species of insult, and who never dared to approach them unarmed. By night they were huddled together in vile barracks, where every abomination was practised without restraint. For punishment, they were heavily ironed, and flogged in a manner only to be paralleled on a cotton plantation in the days of "the Union as it was." Mrs. Maconochie relates, that two men, Burns and Docherty, had

each, in the space of eighteen months, received twenty-two hundred lashes, and had been imprisoned for twelve months, part of the time in irons in a damp cell. The food of all, nauseous in quality, was thrown to them as to dogs, and they were compelled to eat it without knives or forks, and to drink out of water-buckets. Only a part of them could get shelter during their meals; the rest stood exposed to sun and rain, in an open yard. Every vestige of self-respect was gradually obliterated from their minds. "Let a man be what he will when he comes here," said one of them, "he will soon be as bad as the rest; *a man's heart is taken from him, and there is given him the heart of a beast.*" When, after a terrible mutiny, a large number had been convicted, and were expecting sentence of death, Dr. Ullathorne, a compassionate clergyman, went among them, carrying the reprieve of all but a few. It was a strange and horrible scene; for, as he pronounced the names of those who were to die, each man, in turn, fell on his knees and thanked God that he was to be delivered from this hell upon earth.

To men thus circumstanced, Captain Maconochie, at the age of fifty-three, was sent to try the effect of his new theories. The men certainly were not selected with a view to the success of the trial, nor was he a young *doctrinaire*, full of visionary hopes and endeavors. His first address to them has been described by an eyewitness of the effect which it produced. The ferocious countenances of the men scarcely softened as they looked upon the benevolent aspect of the old seaman. But his voice and manner drew their attention; for they heard, for the first time in many years, the tones of sympathy and human interest from one above them. Before he ended, many were in tears, and he had secured their good-will for his first efforts. This was strengthened when they noticed that he went among them unarmed, without fear, and dismounted the small cannon that had guarded the Governor's house. Courage and self-devotion make their impression even upon the most depraved. To these, and to the good sense which marked his plans for their improvement, must be ascribed his great success in governing and reforming. To quote his own words, which do not too strongly present the remarkable fact, —

“I found the island a turbulent, brutal hell, and I left it a peaceful, well-ordered community. Almost the first words of Sir George Gipps’s Report on it (in spite of some strong previous impressions in his mind against my plans) are: ‘Notwithstanding that my arrival was altogether unexpected, I found good order everywhere to prevail, and the demeanor of the prisoners to be respectful and quiet.’ Besides this, the most complete security, alike of person and property, prevailed. Officers, women, and children traversed the island everywhere without fear; and huts, gardens, stock-yards, and growing crops — many of them, as of fruit, most tempting — were scattered in every corner without molestation. I confess that I have since looked back even with wonder at the scene, familiar as it then was to me. There were flaws in the picture, doubtless, but they were fewer and more minute than, without tracing the causes, may easily be believed.”

In consequence of official misrepresentation, and the strong opposition of the colonial magistrates, Captain Maconochie was recalled in 1844, and for five years exerted himself in a private capacity, in England, to bring into notice his system of Prison Discipline. It was during this period that he published many of his pamphlets. He also appeared before committees of Parliament, appealed to ministers and magistrates, and in all ways urged the reform that was so dear to him. In 1849 he was appointed (chiefly through the influence of his fast friend, Mr. M. D. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham) to the post of Governor of the Birmingham Gaol, from which he was displaced in 1851 by the visiting magistrates, who did not believe in his system. In both instances his successors became a public scandal for the atrocity of their government; and the mild and reasonable sway of Maconochie stood approved by its results, as compared with those of the old method. But it was not till 1855 that a fair trial was actually made of the most important of his theories, and then by men who worked without his supervision, and in another country; and he died (October 25, 1860) before the results of that trial were fully declared to the world. The Irish Convict System, though established by Sir Walter Crofton, was really founded by Captain Maconochie, whose theories and experiments were prior to those of any other advocates of the new method. But of this more hereafter.

On the continent of Europe, in the mean time, the progress of the Separate System had been steady, if not rapid, and it had found warm defenders and official support in France, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and several of the smaller German States. The great names of Tocqueville, Ducpétiaux, and Mittermaier were registered among its champions; and although Obermaier in Munich, and Montesinos in Valencia, were giving successful illustrations of the Congregate System, these had little weight. But in 1847 a voice was heard in France proclaiming a portion of that truth of which Maconochie, in Australasia, had proclaimed the supplementary portion. Bonneville de Marsangy, for many years a magistrate, and an author as early as 1837, in the year 1847 published in Paris a thick volume on "*Institutions Complementary of the Prison System*,"* in which he devoted one of his seven chapters to what he called the "*Preparatory Discharge of Reformed Convicts*," and another to the "*Patronage of Discharged Prisoners*." These, the two final stages of the Irish System, may have been earlier advocated by some other writer, and they are implied in the theories of Maconochie; but, so far as we know, they were first developed as parts of a system by Marsangy. His work is scarcely known among us; but a later book of his, "*The Amelioration of the Criminal Law*,"† of which the second volume has appeared within the last year, has made him conspicuous among the writers on penal law. He has been consulted by the compilers of the new penal codes of Portugal, of Spain, and of Italy, and the impress of his opinions will be felt in those countries, as well as in his own, where some of the reforms which he has advocated seem now on the point of being carried. These opinions, so far as they relate to convicts, are thus stated in a recent letter of M. de Marsangy to the Board of Charities of Massachusetts:—

"During the forty-two years that I have been performing the duties

* *Traité des Diverses Institutions Complémentaires du Régime Pénitentiaire.* Paris, 1847.

† *De l'Amélioration de la Loi Criminelle en Vue d'une Justice plus prompte, plus efficace, plus généreuse, et plus moralisante.* Par Bonneville de Marsangy, Conseiller à la Cour Impériale de Paris, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur. Première Partie, Paris, 1855. Deuxième Partie, Paris, 1864.

of public office, or those of judge of assize courts, I have become persuaded, like my eminent friends, Messrs. Hill and Von Holtzendorff, that we cannot really reform malefactors and prevent relapses, except by a system at once reasonable and humane, of which the substance is as follows. It consists of, — 1st. Separate imprisonment for a limited time, employed as a means of expiation and of moral improvement; afterwards, according to circumstances, to enforce discipline; 2d. Associated labor in penitentiary establishments, either mechanical or rural, under a severe discipline, with the use of the mark system, but without exacting the cold and inhuman observance of silence; 3d. Intermediate prisons, such as exist in Ireland; 4th. Preparatory discharge of reformed convicts, with friendly supervision, protection, registered residence, and certainty of reimprisonment for bad conduct; 5th and lastly. The method of criminal registers, which I have commenced in France, for the exact and speedy identification of second offenders, — a method which permits the just application of the rigor of the law to every convict who, after a first imprisonment, ventures a new violation of social order.”

We will not say that all this is to be found in Marsangy's writings so early as 1847, but the germ of it all is there; nor does he seem to have had any special acquaintance with the experiments of Maconochie. In spite, however, of the completeness of this theory, there still lacked a practical test, on a large scale and for a period of years, of the views of Maconochie and Marsangy. It was the good fortune of an Englishman residing in Ireland to apply this test, with results of the most convincing nature.

Captain Walter Crofton — formerly a county magistrate in England — was in 1853 appointed on a commission to investigate the condition of the Irish prisons, which he found extremely bad. They were crowded with convicts of all ages, without classification or instruction, and under the charge of incompetent and drunken officers. The mortality among these prisoners was in some years eight per cent, and the expense of their maintenance was a heavy burden upon the treasury. To remedy these evils, the Irish Prisons Act was passed in 1854 (17 & 18 Victoria, chap. 76), repealing the former act (Geo. IV., chap. 74), and conferring extraordinary powers on a “Board of Directors of Convict Prisons for Ireland.” This was to consist of three members, appointed by the Lord Lieu-

tenant, with full power to make rules for all the prisons, and to contract for all necessary food and supplies. They had also the right of punishing breaches of discipline, and of acting with the power of justice of the peace inside the convict prisons. Prison officers were to be appointed and removed by the Lord Lieutenant.

Of this powerful Board, Captain Crofton was appointed chairman, and continued to hold the place for eight years. Within that time, under the administration of the Earl of Carlisle as Lord Lieutenant, and with his Lordship's hearty co-operation, Captain Crofton established what is now known all over the world as the *Irish Convict System*. We shall not attempt to give this system in detail, but shall content ourselves with a brief synopsis of its main features; referring the reader to the extended work of Miss Carpenter, and the briefer but more methodical treatises of Von Holtzendorff and Van der Brugghen, and to the lucid chapters which Marsangy has devoted to the subject.*

The general principles which govern the Irish Convict System are thus very briefly stated by Sir W. Crofton:—

“1. That convicts are better and more reliably trained in small numbers, and by their being made to feel, throughout their detention, that their advancement depends upon themselves, through the active exercise of qualities opposed to those which have led to their imprisonment.

“2. That the exhibition of the labor and training of the convicts in a more natural form, before their liberation, than is practicable in ordinary prisons, is a course obviously calculated to induce the public to assist in their absorption, and thereby to materially diminish the difficulties of the convict question.

“3. That the institution of appliances to render the criminal calling more hazardous will assuredly tend to the diminution of crime; and, therefore, that ‘police supervision,’ photography, and systematic communication with the governors of county gaols, with a view to bring, in all possible cases, former convictions against offenders, and entail lengthened sentences upon them, are matters of the gravest importance, and deserving of most minute attention.”

* See the last-cited work of Marsangy, Chap. V. The whole of this chapter treats of the Irish System, and is a good essay on the subject. Ducpétiaux's notice of the same system in 1861 is valuable as the testimony of an opponent. See *La Colonisation Pénale*, (3d Part,) page 37.

It would be scarcely possible to infer from this wherein the Irish System differs from others; nevertheless there is a very wide difference between it and that adopted about the same time in England, and recently modified by act of Parliament in 1864. Precisely what the machinery of the Irish prison is, will be seen by the following sketch of a convict's mode of life there. We copy from Miss Carpenter.

“FIRST STAGE.

“Separate imprisonment in a cellular prison at Mountjoy, Dublin, for the first eight or nine months of the sentence. Whether the period is eight or nine months, or even longer, depends upon the conduct of the convict. If his conduct is quite unexceptionable, he would be entitled to be removed to an associated prison (the second stage) in eight months.

“In Ireland it is the practice to make this stage very penal, both by a very reduced dietary during the first half of the period, — viz. four months, — and by the absence of interesting employment during the first three months. By the time the convict is required for hard work, in the second stage, the improved dietary in the latter portion of the period in separation will have rendered him physically equal to perform it; and by the end of three months of the first stage the idler will generally have learned to associate industry with pleasure.

“The convict learns something very material to his future well-being in the first stage, — he has the advantage of much time devoted to his religious and secular instruction.

“He learns the whole bearing of the Irish Convict System by means of a scholastic instruction, — that he can only reach the intermediate prisons (a special feature and a third stage in the system) through his own exertions, measured by marks in the second stage of the system. As the liberation of the convict within the period of his sentence depends upon the date of his admission to the intermediate or third stage of the system, it is manifestly to his own interest, as it is the interest of those placed over him, that he should be well informed upon this point. There is a strong mental impression made, consequent on this information.

“As the convict attains knowledge of the system, he feels that, within certain limits, he is made the arbiter of his own fate. Antagonism to the authority placed over him gradually disappears, and in its stead arises a conviction that there is a co-operation where he had formerly anticipated oppression.

"The first stage will have done good work, if it has succeeded in planting in the mind of the convict that there is an active co-operation existing between himself and those placed over him.

"At the end of eight or nine months, as the case may be, the convict is moved, if a laborer, to Spike Island Prison, to be employed on the fortifications; and if a tradesman, to Phillipstown,* to be employed at his trade.

"THE SECOND STAGE.

"The peculiar feature of the Irish Convict System in the second stage is the institution of marks to govern the classification. The mark system is a minute and intelligible monthly record of the power of the convict to govern himself; and very clearly realizes to his mind that his progress to liberty, within the period of his sentence, can only be furthered by the cultivation and application of qualities opposed to those which led to his conviction.

"There are different classes to be attained in the second stage, and a certain number of marks are required to be obtained by the convict before he can be promoted from one class to another.

"The maximum number of marks each convict can attain monthly is nine, which are distributed under three different headings; viz. three for discipline, i. e. general regularity and orderly demeanor; three for school, i. e. the attention and desire evinced for improvement or industry in school; and three for industry, i. e. industry at work, and not skill which may have been previously acquired.

"There are four classes in the second stage; viz. the third (in which the convict is placed on his arrival from the first stage), the second, first, and advanced, or A class.

"It will be possible for a convict to raise himself from the third to the second class in two months, by the acquisition of eighteen marks; from the second to the first in six months, if he has attained fifty-four marks in the second class; and from the first to the A, or advanced class, in twelve months, provided he has acquired one hundred and eight marks in the first class. When the convict has reached the A class, his progress is noted monthly, as A 1, A 2, &c. Misconduct causes reduction, suspension, or the loss of marks.

"When the convict attains the A class, he is employed (although still in the second stage of his detention) on special works, and kept apart from the other convicts. His school instruction and lectures take place in the evening.†

* Now closed.

† Mr. James P. Organ is the Prison Lecturer, — a man of unusual gifts for such a position.

“THE THIRD, OR INTERMEDIATE STAGE.

“In this stage there are no marks. The result of the self-discipline effected by their attainment is here to be tested before the liberation of the convict.

“‘Individualization’ is the ruling principle in these establishments; the number of inmates should, therefore, be small, and not exceed one hundred.

“The training is special, and the position of the convict made as natural as is possible; no more restraint is exercised over him than would be necessary to maintain order in any well-regulated establishment. At Lusk Common, within fifteen miles of Dublin, there has been, for the last five years and a half, an Intermediate Establishment for employing convicts in the reclamation of the land, and for carrying out principles which have proved so beneficial to themselves and to the public.

“The officers in the Intermediate Establishments work with the convicts.

“At Lusk there are only six, and they are unarmed. Physical restraint is therefore impossible; and, if possible, it would be out of place, and inconsistent with the principles which the establishments were instituted to enunciate.

“1st. You have to show the convict that you really trust him, and give him credit for the amendment he has illustrated by his marks.

“2d. You have to show to the public that the convict, who will soon be restored to liberty for weal or for woe, may upon reasonable grounds be considered as capable of being safely employed.”

As this stage of the system is peculiar to Ireland, not having been introduced in England by the act of 1864, and as it is the most important of the five stages, we shall pause here a moment to describe its active operation more fully. A careful writer in Thackeray’s *Cornhill Magazine* for 1861 thus introduces his account of the Irish System:—

“A few weeks since, I found myself, with two friends, traversing a newly reclaimed common, in an agricultural district some fifteen miles from Dublin. The spot has not quite lost its desolate aspect; although there is a public road through it, and a few buildings are in sight, there is still a broad expanse so devoid of any marked features, that guide-posts are necessary to point the way of the wandering laborer who desires to return home. The work is advancing under the vigorous industry of some fifty men who are employed on the estate, and who

may be seen on any working day of the week at their labors. They are convicts under sentence of penal servitude. Yes, that band of fifty men, clothed in the ordinary garb of rustic laborers, peacefully obeying the orders of two foremen, clothed not very unlike themselves, and working with them, are men whose crimes have subjected them to prison and to the discipline of a transient slavery. There are indeed no chains; there are no military guards, not even gaolers, to restrain them; no fences which they are not in the hourly habit of passing break the broad expanse of the common, with its widely separated guide-posts pointing the way to the huts which are the prisons of these men. This is the result of a system, which, with the erring man in the iron grip of the law, has subjected him to something stronger than manacles or lash."

Not long after the visit of this writer, four of the Visiting Justices of the Wakefield Prison in England saw and described the state of affairs at Lusk. They say:—

"Lusk is a village about twelve miles from Dublin. Powers were obtained by act of Parliament to enclose an open common there, previously occupied only by 'squatters.' Two huts of corrugated iron, each capable of holding fifty men, were erected at a cost of £320 apiece. A portion of each hut is partitioned off for a warder to sleep in, and the rest serves both as day-room and dormitory for the convicts. A cook-house and offices of the simplest possible character stand, with the huts, in an enclosure, bounded by a mud wall a yard high. A few cottages for warders, scattered about the common, complete the whole material of the 'prison.' All the usual features of a prison may be said — with something of the idiom of the country, though not without high English authority for the phrase — to be 'conspicuous by their absence.'

"As to the *personnel*, we found at the time of our visit about sixty convicts in charge of five warders.

"The obvious question to ask first is, Do not the prisoners often escape? Of more than a thousand men, we are told, who have passed through the prison, only two have attempted it.

"There is a military guard? No. There are police? The answer is instructive. When the establishment at Lusk was first proposed, the residents in the neighborhood were, not unnaturally, somewhat alarmed at the idea of having a number of thieves and burglars encamped in open quarters near them. To calm these apprehensions, it was proposed that the constabulary should have a station on the common. An iron hut, which had been erected elsewhere, was brought and set up for

the purpose. But no police ever came, for there has never been found the slightest need for them. We were assured by Mr. Cobbe, a magistrate having large property, and himself resident within a few miles, that so unexceptionable has been the conduct of the prisoners, that he has never heard any complaint whatever of misconduct on the part of the prisoners, either within the establishment or outside.

“Is, then, the non-escape of the prisoners owing to the place being made so comfortable for them that they have no wish to leave it? We certainly failed to find any evidence of such comfort. The men sleep in hammocks in the hut; and all that one can say is, that while they are inside it they have shelter, but the moment they leave it they are exposed to every wind of heaven, and to all the rain of that humid climate. In point of mere physical comfort, the advantage is altogether on the side of an ordinary prison, to say nothing of a well-warmed cell at Wakefield or Pentonville. We found most of the men, at the time of our visit, working up to the middle in drains, than which few employments conduce less to comfort. The diet is stated to be not more than the medical officers consider to be necessary for the maintenance of health, and fitness for the hard labor and exposure to which the men are subjected.”

The Mr. Cobbe here mentioned is the brother of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, and lives on the paternal estate at Newbridge, where that lady was born. We have been informed by Miss Cobbe that the statement here made is in every respect true. That no change has taken place of late will appear from the following account of a visit to Lusk, made by Mr. M. D. Hill (well known as the Recorder of Birmingham, but living at Bristol), early in August last. We quote from his published Journal.

“*August 6th.*—Mr. Cobbe, of Newbridge House, a gentleman of high standing in the county of Dublin, whose estate and mansion are within three miles of Lusk, drove us this afternoon to the Intermediate Prison there. Being Sunday and wet, we found all the men (nearly fifty) in the largest of the two dwellings, reading, writing, etc.

“The chief officer, Mr. Gallagher, and the schoolmaster were absent, and their deputies seemed to be the only persons in charge of the prisoners. That the latter should be peaceably occupied, with neither warders, locks, nor walls to restrain them, was in itself a striking proof of the efficacy of the treatment they have undergone. Like the Smithfield men, they have almost invariably good countenances; indeed, it struck us that they were decidedly more intelligent and frank than

those of the average of men of the working class out of prison. Their reputation in the neighborhood corroborated these favorable impressions, none of the inhabitants having suffered the slightest loss or injury through the eight years of their sojourn. Mr. Cobbe assured us that all distrust of the Intermediate Prison, which was regarded at first with fear and dislike by the surrounding parishes, has long since passed away.

"In closing the interview, we told them that we were greatly pleased to hear of their good conduct, and to see how much they had improved the land round their station, which when we first came there, eight years ago, was but little advanced in its change from unreclaimed waste. Lusk Common is now almost all brought under cultivation, so that it will shortly be necessary to remove the men to some new spot. We reminded them how important their good behavior was to the improvement of prison discipline elsewhere, and what injury must be done by desertions. Escapes, indeed, have been very rare, — only six out of the fourteen hundred who have been brought to Lusk. We urged upon them, that not only should each remain and fulfil his duties, but that they should strive to prevent their fellows from deserting. This we found they do, for in cases of attempted escape the men have themselves pursued the delinquent.

"Mr. Cobbe, as well as ourselves, talked with the men, and in the cordial, friendly manner in which the Irish of very different social positions are happily accustomed to converse with each other; and we believe that on all sides our call was regarded as a very agreeable occurrence in the dull, rainy afternoon." — pp. 24–26.

THE FOURTH STAGE. TICKETS OF LEAVE.

Having passed through the sieve of the preparatory and of the intermediate prisons, the convicts come next to their conditional discharge, or "ticket of leave." This stage of probation is in use in England as well as in Ireland; but, for want of the prudent regulations of the Irish authorities, it has, in England, proved to be only partially successful. Miss Carpenter says:—

"This is the most critical period, and that which is the final and absolute test of the effects of the treatment they have received in the convict prisons on these persons who had been living a predatory and lawless life. We have seen that in England all real supervision of the convict ceases after he has left his place of confinement; while, theoretically, his release is conditional, practically he is nearly in the same position as if he had completed his sentence of punishment. In some

respects he is even more at liberty to commit crime, since, in the metropolis, the police have special orders not to exercise the same supervision over him as over suspicious characters in general. We know what the consequences of this procedure have been in England. In Ireland the same act of Parliament is in operation as in England.

“Every convict liberated receives a license indorsed with the same conditions which have been already stated (Vol. I. p. 187). These are in Ireland very stringently enforced,—a course which has proved to be most beneficial, both to the public and to the convicts. Attached to the license are appended in Ireland the following instructions to the convicts :—

“1. Each convict will report himself to the Constabulary Station of his locality on his arrival in the district, and subsequently on the first of each month.

“2. A convict must not change his locality without notifying to his Constabulary Station, in order that his registration may be changed to the locality to which he is about to proceed.

“3. An infringement of these rules by the convict will cause it to be assumed that he is leading an idle and irregular life, and thereby entail a revocation of his license.

*Chairman of Board of Directors, Government Prisons,
Office Dublin Castle.*

Constabulary Station at which to report himself.

“The system of photography, and the careful registration of every offence, makes it almost impossible for any convict at large to commit an offence without his being at once detected as an old offender, and receiving a sentence proportionally longer. Since the absolute certainty of a detection and punishment is the most reliable deterrent, the knowledge that crime is thus made a hazardous calling proves a very strong stimulant to the convicts to abandon it, and to lead a very different life.

“The supervision of convicts at large on ticket of leave is carried on in the country by the police. In Dublin there is a fortnightly visitation of the convicts by Mr. Organ, and a return made of their employment, conduct, etc. There are above one hundred and fifty so visited, many of them having been liberated from prison upwards of five years.”—Vol. II. pp. 94–96.

THE FIFTH AND LAST STAGE.

It is easy to see that the “ticket of leave” differs but little from a final discharge, since in the latter case the convicts are

still under the eyes of Mr. Organ, and of the police. This unconditional discharge, however, is the final stage in the Irish System, and without it emigration is not allowed to take place; while, after the unconditional discharge, the convict is encouraged to emigrate, and many actually do so.

In regard to the present working both of the "ticket of leave" and the patronage of convicts finally discharged, Mr. Hill, in his lately published Journal, gives some interesting particulars, derived from conversation with several employers of discharged convicts in and near Dublin. We quote the following passages from the pamphlet.*

"*August 4th* [1865].—Had an interview with three employers of convict labor, whose names and trades we omit to mention, not having asked permission to make them public. Mr. Organ was present.

"MR. X. (employer of indoor skilled labor).—I have had some of the prisoners for years past in my service. I first began to employ convicts six years ago. I have had seven in all, since that time, — four I have, and I have had three others, I think. I find them very useful men. One left me for misconduct. He went out with goods, was paid for them, and never made his appearance afterwards. The others all seemed to be very honest.

"MR. HILL.—Have you ever been robbed by workmen who have not been in the prison?

"MR. X.—Yes, a young man I had from very respectable friends. He had not been here a month before he began to rob me. I have mentioned a case of embezzlement; but I have not known a single instance of theft by discharged prisoners. I tried one or two new ones lately, but they could not stand the work. They came to me at nine shillings a week. Two now have fifteen shillings a week. One I had emigrated.

"MR. ORGAN.—He left his savings in the hands of Mr. X. till he had enough, and he then got married and went.

"MR. X.—As far as I have seen, the Irish System of treating criminals appears to be a good one. If I get a fresh man I watch him closely. On occasion of temporary absence from the town where I reside, I have trusted some of these men with the care of my dwelling-house. They go every night to sleep there. I have left my house three months at a time to their care. I should not have the slightest

* Journal of a Third Visit to the Convict Gaols, Refuges, and Reformatories of Dublin and its Neighborhood. By the Recorder of Birmingham and his Daughter. London: Longman, Brown, & Co. 1865. (A pamphlet of twenty-seven pages.)

objection to attend a meeting to give expression to my opinion on the employment of ex-convicts. The men who work for me and who are not discharged convicts are clannish, and hold together in a manner to give me trouble. The convicts do not join them in anything disagreeable to me. A. B., one of the discharged convicts, has been with me six years. When he came, the other men objected to him, not because he was a convict, (which was unknown to them,) but because he was unconnected with their trade. But I persevered, and gradually got other discharged men into my employ; and now, in one branch, I have no men brought up in the trade, and consequently none possessing the clannish feeling of which I have spoken. If the other workmen knew that ex-convicts were among them, the latter would have to quit.

"MR. Y. — I have employed discharged prisoners since 1857. I have had several, — four, I think. I never had occasion to dismiss any of them for misconduct. I have none with me now, this being the dull season. I shall begin again in September. The men in my dull season are employed by other masters, in building and various other works. I have found them trustworthy. I have trusted them with goods to the amount of twenty or thirty pounds. I never lost a shilling by them, and always found them very honest. If I lost my present discharged prisoners, I should go to Mr. Organ for more. I find them very easily managed and very temperate. One man saved money with me. He was very sober, and went to America. He is working at the same business in America as I carry on. He is receiving two dollars a day. I had a letter from him lately, and he told me he was getting that.

"MR. ORGAN. — The man himself, his brother, sister, sister-in-law, and his brother-in-law, were all convicts. The brother is now employing his own men. He was convicted of burglary. His character was 'in crime from boyhood.' The brother of the man first mentioned is engaged [in an honest trade]. He too was convicted of burglary, and his character was 'in crime from boyhood.' In fact, the whole family is saved.

"MR. Y. — There is no difficulty now in obtaining employment for men discharged from the Irish convict prisons. They never ask to have their wages raised. I have increased their wages without their asking. I took the man first mentioned at twelve shillings, and increased him to eighteen shillings a week.

"MR. Z. — I have employed Mr. Organ's men for six years. I have found them behave well. I began with a few at first, to try my way with them. I began with about ten, chiefly skilled workmen.

"MR. ORGAN. — They were men that learnt what they knew of their trades in prison.

"MR. Z. — The men I then employed at twelve shillings a week are now getting twenty-four shillings. According as my business extended, I increased my number of his men. I have gone to Mr. Organ when he could not supply me with men enough.

"MR. ORGAN. — I have refused Mr. Z. twice lately.

"MR. Z. — At this very moment I am in want of men, and would take some of Mr. Organ's discharged prisoners.

"MR. ORGAN. — I have not a man to give any one.

"MR. HILL. — Mr. Z., tell me if you find any special fault in this class of men?

"MR. Z. — No; I find them more anxious to please than other men. They seem to be impressed with the importance of establishing a character. I employ some of them all the year round. I have had three of them as carters, confidential men, to attend on the horses, having command over the oats. I find them most temperate. The habits of the gaol stick by them. I find them respectful, and not disposed to be quarrelsome with the others. The men were suspected to have been in prison by the depressed manner in which they conducted themselves; but I bade them cheer up, and their quiet demeanor promptly made them favorites with their comrades. They soon disclosed their secret.

"MR. HILL to MR. Z. — Which would you prefer, a ticket-of-leave man, or a man finally discharged?

"MR. Z. — I would sooner have the ticket-of-leave man.

"MR. HILL. — Do you think a general feeling of confidence is growing up among employers towards ticket-of-leave men?

"MR. Z. — It is, indeed. I know myself fifty employers in the building trade, and railway contractors, who have some of these men in their service. I have been curious with regard to convicts. I have known them on various works at home and abroad." — pp. 17–22.

These facts speak for themselves, and are among the many which attest the remarkable success of the Irish System. Precisely to what this success is due is not agreed upon; some ascribing it entirely to the system itself, some to accidental circumstances, and some giving a part of the credit to the system and a part to its accidents. M. Ducpétiaux of Brussels, the great champion of the Separate or Cellular System, said in 1861: "The Irish Convict System — applied with rare discretion and untiring zeal by the Board of Directors, whose chairman is Captain Crofton, and which counts among its agents teachers like Mr. Organ — *has in itself a value and efficacy which I am far from denying.* But these have been exagger-

ated, as I think, by those who ascribe to them the remarkable decrease of crimes and criminals for some years past." He adds, that the experience of the Irish System is still too recent to be thought decisive.

What this "remarkable decrease" was may be seen by the following table, which we take from the last Report of the Directors, of whom Captain Whitty is now the chairman, Sir Walter Crofton having resigned in 1862:—

In custody in Government Prisons, January 1st.	Year.	Convicted.	Number Discharged.
3,933	1854	710	658
3,427	1855	518	820
3,209	1856	389	1,107
2,614	1857	426	910
2,277	1858	358	946
1,773	1859	322	595
1,631	1860	331	524
1,492	1861	368	561
1,314	1862	592	317
1,575	1863	511	326
1,768	1864	407	391
1,776	1865	- -	- -

In respect to this decrease, Captain Whitty, in a letter to the Massachusetts Board of Charities, under date of October 25, 1865, says:—

"The reduction in the number of convicts in the Irish prisons is not likely to continue, because the late act of Parliament on penal servitude abolished the sentences of three and four years, and consequently the numbers must in future accumulate in a corresponding proportion; but the number of convictions continues to decrease, as shown on page 6 of the last Annual Report of the Directors.

"It does not appear to the Directors that it would be practicable with certainty to trace this reduction to reformatory prison process, except of course in the portion of the population who may have been subjected to such process. With respect to that class, they do consider that the result may so be traced,—although an important portion of the Irish Convict System purposely tends to prevent relapsed criminals from escaping detection and reconviction with severe sentences."

This seems to us to be the true mode of viewing the reduction in the number of criminals. Of the reformatory effect of

the system in special cases, there can be no reasonable doubt. With regard to the economy of the system, as compared with the English, or the former Irish system, there is also no doubt; but most of our American prisons cost less than those of Ireland. The average cost of each convict above his earnings in Ireland, in 1864, was £ 12 17s. 11d. or about \$64.50 in our gold currency, — say \$95 in our present money. The average cost of each convict at Charlestown, in 1864, was \$72.70 above his earnings; at the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia, it was about \$99.50; at the Western Penitentiary in Pittsburg, about \$78. The cost in the English prisons is from £5 to £15 more per annum than in the Irish prisons.

Of the numerous Parliamentary Commissions which have investigated the prison question in Great Britain, the latest, and in some respects the most important, is that which reported in 1863. After a full examination of the Irish System, the majority of the Commission reported in favor of its main provisions, omitting, however, the Intermediate Prison. In 1864 an act of Parliament substantially in accord with the Report was passed, and is now in operation in England, with results thus far favorable. An approximation to the Irish System is also in use in Saxony, in the Grand-Duchy of Oldenburg, and perhaps in other Continental countries of Europe. In France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Holland it is under discussion, with a prospect of being partially adopted; in Prussia and Belgium it also finds able advocates.

On the continent of Europe, however, as we have said, the Separate or Cellular System has obtained a firm hold in many countries, and is warmly upheld by official and private persons. In France, where it was for a time the government system, it has received some severe checks; — first, from the circular of the Minister of the Interior in 1853, practically disowning the system; and, second, from the efforts of Jules Simon and his supporters, followed, in the past year, by the investigations of the Empress and the Imperial Commission into the actual condition of the cellular prisons. The juvenile prison of La Roquette came particularly under the inspection of the Empress; and the result has been its discontinuance, and the distribution of its hundreds of inmates among the moral Reform Schools

(*Colonies Agricoles*) of the Empire. The Imperial Commission is still in session, and will probably proceed farther in repudiating the Separate System.

So far as we have information, the governments of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Prussia, Belgium, and many of the smaller states and districts of Europe, are still committed to the Separate System; although in none of these countries does it exist unmixed with the Congregate System. As compared with the Auburn System, it has practically triumphed throughout a great part of Europe; although the latter does not lack zealous advocates in France and elsewhere. The most formidable rival of both is the Irish System, which, as we have seen, is now the established policy of Great Britain. In France it is advocated by Bonneville de Marsangy and his son of the same name, by Davésiès de Pontés, and by others; in Germany it has received the adhesion of Mittermaier of Heidelberg, long a champion of the Separate System, and the enthusiastic praise of Holtzendorff of Berlin. In Holland, until his death, its chief advocate was M. Van der Brugghen, formerly Minister of Justice there; it now receives the substantial support of Grevelink, the head of the Prison Bureau, and of Dr. Eyssel, a jurist of some eminence. In Belgium, M. Casier, a magistrate of Antwerp, defends the Irish System against the weighty assault of Ducpétiaux, the ablest and most impartial of all the friends of the Separate System.

The triumph of the Irish System in England, however, will greatly promote its extension on the Continent; and to this victory, next to Maconochie, Hill, and Crofton, Miss Carpenter has most contributed. Devoting herself for years to the reformation of children, she has, in connection with this noble work, given her attention to the adult prisons, particularly those for women. Her contributions to the *Social Science Transactions* have been numerous, and she has also published many tracts bearing on her chosen topics. But her great work is that which we have named at the head of this article. It is a thorough exhibition of the state of the English and Irish prisons, and, in the words of Lord Brougham at Sheffield, "contains the fullest account of the whole subject." Its value cannot be sufficiently illustrated in a brief review, but will be felt by all

who investigate the subject. It lacks methodical arrangement, and that indispensable aid, an index; but this can be supplied in a second edition. We are glad to see that Mr. Spencer has republished it.

Among us, the discussion of the new prison system has scarcely begun; but it is destined to become general, as we think. A synopsis of the Irish System was laid before the Massachusetts Legislature by Governor Andrew, in March last, included in the Special Report of the Board of Charities. We learn that the subject will be again brought forward the present winter, and an earnest effort made to secure the best features of the Irish method for the improvement of our own very defective prisons.

In New York the Prison Association is preparing an elaborate Report on the Prisons of the United States, in which, it is expected, the need of a reform will be vigorously presented. In Pennsylvania, the ancient Society for the Alleviation of the Miseries of the Public Prisons has been exploring the horrors of the county jails, and setting forth the claims of humanity in that State. In Ohio a movement of reform has begun; in St. Louis, Dr. Eliot, in a spirited pamphlet, has shown the shameful condition of the prisons there; and, everywhere, the rapidly organizing Associations for promoting Social Science are taking up, among other matters, the subject of prison discipline.

It behooves every philanthropist, therefore, to give some attention to a question which has been too long neglected. Now that our prisons are filling up at an enormous rate of increase, and drawing into their fatal contamination thousands of returned soldiers and neglected children, it is the duty of every community to take serious thought for the welfare of these persons, remembering how and by whom it was said, "*Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.*"

- ART. IX. — 1. *Oliver Optic's Army and Navy Stories*. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1865. 6 vols.
2. *Oliver Optic's Boat-Club Series*. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1865. 6 vols.
3. *The Little Prudy Stories*. By SOPHIE MAY. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1865. 6 vols.
4. *Golden-Haired Gertrude, a Story for Children*. By THEODORE TILTON. New York: Tibbals and Whiting. 1865.
5. *The Two Hungry Kittens*. By THEODORE TILTON. New York: Tibbals and Whiting. 1866.
6. *John Gay, or Work for Boys*. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1865. 4 vols.
7. *The House that Jack built, from Original Designs by H. L. STEPHENS*. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1866.
8. *Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog, from Original Designs by H. L. STEPHENS*. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1866.
9. *The Story of Red Riding-Hood, told in Verse*. By R. H. STODDARD. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1866.
10. *My Days and Nights on the Battle-Field*. By CARLETON. Third Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865.
11. *Following the Flag*. By CARLETON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865.
12. *The Seven Little Sisters, who live on the Round Ball that floats in the Air*. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865.
13. *The Flower People*. By MARY MANN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865.
14. *The Bushrangers, a Yankee's Adventures during his Second Visit to Australia*. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1865.
15. *The Cruise of the Frolic*. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1865.
16. *The Drummer Boy*. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1865.
17. *Dora Darling, the Daughter of the Regiment*. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1865.
18. *Paul Prescott's Charge, a Story for Boys*. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. Boston: Loring. 1865.
19. *Cousin Kate*. By the Author of the Heir of Redclyffe. Boston: Loring. 1865.

20. *The Little Gentleman in Green, a Fairy Tale.* By UNA SAVIN. Boston: Loring. 1865.
21. *Stories of the Woods, or Adventures of Leatherstocking.* By JAMES F. COOPER. New York: J. G. Gregory. 1865.
22. *Paul and Virginia. Rasselas. Elizabeth of Siberia. Undine. Sintram.* New York: James Miller. 1865.

MOTHER GOOSE and Miss Edgeworth are the two opposite poles between which the whole world of juvenile literature hangs suspended. A child is as much injured by being debarred his proper rations of fancy as of fact, — of fact as of fancy. Always floating in delicious equipoise, he can neither be made exclusively real nor altogether ideal. If he found a fairy every morning in his bread and milk, it would not seriously surprise him; and, on the other hand, Jonas in the barn-chamber is to him a vision almost as fascinating as Jack on the bean-stalk. He asks to know if the wildest German legend be true, but Harry and Lucy are not true enough to be prosaic; they also dwell in a dream-land of their own, laid out into laboratories instead of fairy wings, and lit with fire-balloons instead of will-o'-the-wisps. The romantic mamma, who regards with dismay the disenchanting footsteps of Rollo in Europe, is entitled to no more consideration than the grim professor who impeaches Gammer Grethel. Grown people have their prejudices and limitations, but children have none. In their scales, a pound of lead and a pound of feathers weigh always the same.

And it is as easy to reach the hearts of children as their imaginations or their perceptions. True, they will swallow unmoved the most substantial tragedies, as a dog bolts his morsel, looking up for more. Yet presently a stray word fascinates them, — the cadence of a sentence, the charm of an illusion, — and there is woven a spell of tenderness which lasts for a lifetime. Many a sturdy boy has a veritable Charles Auchester within him, ready to be drowned in the last depths of pathos by the magic of a tone. The early associations of every one are moist with the most inexplicable and preposterous tears. Probably Caroline Fry's "Listener" would now be held as rather a stern and prosaic book to be administered to the young; yet there is one passage in it, in some beggar story,

about never more beholding Margaret Somebody and her sunburnt child, that would doubtless set this present writer crying like Mrs. Nickleby, on reperusal, though the work has not been visibly beheld since the susceptible age of ten. Then there was "Roxabel," by Mrs. Sherwood, whose highly evangelical pathos still retains its wondrous charm, and has been more recently tested. The very name of some sweet sorrow beguiles these little sentimentalists, ere yet they have tasted of the thing. We have known a vigorous boy of twelve to lie awake for hours by night bathing his pillow with tears for the fate of poor Undine, and refusing to be comforted except by an ingenious imaginary conclusion, bringing back the unfortunate to earth and matrimony again, and conducting her on to a calm old age and a great many grandchildren.

With this permanence of fascination, one wonders that any new children's books should be needed. Yet while Robinson Crusoe and his peers still survive immortal, it is pathetic to reflect what argosies of fancy and of fact have gone down into the abyss of "out of print," within easy memory. Whither is departed that boyish literature so precious, that once thrived in the shelter of school-desks, and under safe coverts of benches? It was a literature in itself innocent of moral guilt, — unless, perhaps, enormous lying be held an offence, — which yet possessed in its use, by reason of surreptitiousness, much of the sweet savor of sin. Baron Trenck was there, with his imminent deadly breaches, — Rinaldo Rinaldini, the Three Spaniards, and the Scottish Chiefs, — four nations sifted to find sufficient heroes of romance for us. These books were cautiously transmitted from hand to hand, in little, thin, dingy volumes, suitable to the pockets of youth, in editions which each boy secretly supposed to have been printed, like the classics, "for the use of schools." Nobody knew whence they came, nobody had ever bought them, nobody owned them, everybody borrowed them. Among the older boys there lurked a tradition that certain boys still older had left them behind on going to college, — bequeathed them to their younger brothers, still in bonds. The same mystery, or deeper, yet hangs over them. You cannot now find these books at the bookstores; or, if perchance you discover them, they are in good editions, and not worth pur-

chasing. Sometimes one has a delicious glimpse of them, or of volumes that look like them, far in the country, in a pedler's pack, or among the outlying booths at a cattle-show. One finds election-buns at just such places, but neither bun nor book has precisely the flavor that it once possessed.

Another book, whose permanent disappearance seems now inexplicable, was "The Amusements of Westernheath." That book was our Comedy of Errors, our Artemus Ward, our "seeing Warren." That was, by some singular chance, a Sunday-school library book, and it revolved through that calm solar system with such unprecedented rapidity that it frequently flew from its orbit, and was lost; and there were long intervals of darkness, when we inquired for it and it was not there. Perhaps the teachers demurred, before replacing it, whether it might not be too delightful to be strictly religious. Yet this uncertainty of reappearance increased the thrill of every perusal, and the satiated little reader reverted to the common fare of Miss Hannah More's "Cœlebs," as one who has dreamed a dream, and is tremblingly uncertain whether the vision will ever reappear.

For more direct insight into fairy-land, there was that plump and delicious little quarto, "The Child's Own Book," — not "The Boy's Own Book," which pertained to out-door sports, nor "The Girl's Own Book," which treated of in-door games, but liberally and comprehensively "The Child's Own Book." Here were to be found Riquet with the Tuft, and Graciosa and Percinet, and the White Cat, and all the rest. These were inexhaustible; while, to furnish a bridge on which to creep back somewhere near to reality, Philip Quarll had an abiding-place, for self and goats, in the same encyclopedic volume, — that none might be without a desolate island or so, as stepping-stones in the return-trip from those enchanted worlds.

To childhood thus fortified on the romantic side came common-sense in due time, in the garb of Maria Edgeworth, followed at fit distance by Harriet Martineau. These also, to healthy omnivorous young creatures, brought their own delights, which were also permanent. The little we now know of business matters is mainly based on sound views of the currency imbibed from Berkley the Banker before the age of

twelve; and if we correctly appreciate the difference between a plane and a chisel, to Harry and Lucy be the honor paid. When the pursuit of knowledge carried bolder spirits on to the society of those alphabetical females who held "Conversations on Common Things," it was a more formidable experience. And one of Mrs. A.'s calm openings, "You are aware, my dear children," commonly preluded a new step in science as vast as Laplace's "From which it plainly appears."

Changed now is all that juvenile bibliography, and new authors have arisen who know not "Mrs. A." Yet the old favorites, though decimated by time, are not extinct; and it is pleasant to find among the latest issues of a New York publisher, the prettiest little quintette of green volumes, whose titles recall the good old times. *Rasselas*, and *Elizabeth of Siberia*, and *Paul and Virginia*, are not dead. But now, when *Hans Andersen* sways the sceptre of fancy, *Captain Mayne Reid* of adventure, and the exhaustless *Jacob Abbott* of fact, the old dynasty can hold but a partial and occasional sway, such as *Keats* attributes to his dethroned elder deities of Greece: —

"Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores."

In speaking of contemporary children's books, the first place must of course be given to narratives of adventure. Whatever else fails, these are always palatable, and secure of their market. Every child comprehends everything in *Robinson Crusoe* save one sole point, — what conceivable reason he could have had for feeling discontented? In this respect the heroes of the *Reid* and *Kingston* race have greatly the advantage; they are never unhappy for an instant. Put them in the middle of a desert with no water, or on a tree in a submerged continent with no land, they are always imperturbable. The reader feels the same rather monotonous confidence in the hero's good luck that one acquires after the first three or four volumes of "*Amadis de Gaul*." What a relief, indeed, (if the truth must be told,) would be the occasional demise of some virtuous boy, in the midst of some of these amazing exploits, — something to remind us that these heroes too are mortal. If, after escaping by ten different stratagems the first ten grizzly bears, he could

be irremediably and hopelessly eaten up by the eleventh, it would really afford almost the only new sensation of which this department of literature is now capable.

If it be possible to separate the twin stars of Mayne Reid and Kingston, it must be said that Reid is the more picturesque and extravagant, Kingston the more condensed and business-like. The former has flights of imagination, — indeed, a good many of them, — and a touch of rhetoric: he also tends to the conveying of miscellaneous information in copious draughts, with store of wondrous plants and animals, possessing hard names which are of no use to anybody but the writer. All this Kingston rigidly abjures; he has no room for it; he can starve a whole Indian tribe, or drown a whole ship's company, in the space occupied by one of his rival's descriptions. His books are therefore a sort of pemmican of adventure, bear and Indian boiled down to the utmost concentration. His men are not men, but a sort of prairie Frankenstein, — vast machines, built to kill as many savages, fall over as many precipices, dodge as many rattlesnakes, be hugged by as many bears, and left for dead in as many mountain-passes, as the dimensions of the page will admit. It is just to say, however, that Mr. W. H. Thomas, "the returned Australian," and apparently of American birth, follows hard after Mr. Kingston, and, in the way of melodramatic woodcuts, even takes the lead.

Beside these fierce romances, how innocuous appear the mild stimulants of "The Swiss Family Robinson," — still happily extant, — and its modern successor, "Jean Bélin." These are books which cheer, but not inebriate; and if one wishes to go so far as 'half-and-half,' it may be found in the small volumes of selections from Cooper's novels. These books have also the attraction of Darley's sketches, whose Indians are a little more than life, if less than Cooper.

To these tales, of chiefly foreign adventure, the war has of course added its full share of the domestic product. Of books thus suggested, Mr. Coffin's ("Carleton's") are undeniably the best. His "Days and Nights on the Battle-Field," and (still better) "Following the Flag," are not only the best brief narratives for boys, but for men, of the campaigns which they describe. It is a great merit in the author not to have strung

them on the thread of a fictitious narrative ; this abstinence did justice both to his own powers and to the intelligence of his young readers. In his hands truth becomes more interesting than fiction ; while all Edmund Kirke's piquant writings are marred by a slight uncertainty as to where the one begins and the other ends.

Mr. Trowbridge, who never writes very ill, and rarely very well, has given quite a graphic picture of camp-life in his "Drummer-Boy"; while "Dora Darling," by an anonymous author, gives a companion-sketch of a little *vivandière*, with a good many charming touches of nature, and quite enough improbability to add spice. Moreover, Mr. Adams ("Oliver Optic") has written two army and two navy books, which are all spirited and correct enough, though seeming rather hasty in point of execution. It is unfortunate for the literary merit of children's books that there exists for them no high standard of criticism, and the temptations to a slovenly style are thus very strong. Even this, however, can hardly excuse such caricatures of well-bred womanhood as Mr. Adams deals in. If Miss Partington were a specimen of the young ladies whom the "Yankee Middy" had to encounter in Newport society, we have for the first time a key to the removal of the Naval Academy from that city ; a race of tolerably lady-like Secessionists might seem, for the first year, a merciful change. Miss Ashford, in "The Soldier Boy," is a little better ; yet even here we have, "'Well, I declare'!" shouted Lillian, in a kind of silvery scream." The Southern damsels here delineated are not half so disagreeable, and we must therefore protest against such a libel upon loyalty.

Mr. Alger's "Frank's Campaign" comes naturally in at the end of the war-books, although the hero does not go to the war, because of youth, but stays at home to carry on the farm, in order that his father may enlist. It is a good story of home life ; and though the style is not vivacious, yet the author improves greatly in this respect in his later book, "Paul Prescott's Charge." This title sounds yet more martial than the other, but the charge in this case is one assumed, not given, and relates to a debt of business, not of patriotism.

By thus keeping his heroes at home, this author escapes one

formidable responsibility which waits on all these writers of war-stories, — namely, that they must bring their heroes in contact with the inevitable “contraband,” first or last, and then must report the conversation. Then ensues a Babel of dialect, a chaos of misspelling, a travesty of a travesty of good English. Is it designed as a piece of retribution on the negro race, that we should distort their talk even more than they distort ours? Can they not even be left to murder our common language in peace, but their own dialect must be remurdered in a hundred and fifty different ways, like Touchstone’s enemy, in the effort to get it into type? Must it be butchered to make a *printer’s* holiday? The peculiarity of the negro pronunciation, as with almost all *patois*, lies chiefly in intonations, which no misspelling can give; and by most of our attempts the bewilderment becomes yet more complicated, and we only darken counsel by words without orthography.

None of the books thus far named, however attractive, can be said to have the touch of genius in them. Genius comes in with “Little Prudy.” Compared with her, all other book-children are cold creations of literature only; she alone is the real thing. All the quaintness of childhood, its originality, its tenderness, and its teasing, — its infinite, unconscious drollery, the serious earnestness of its fun, the fun of its seriousness, the natural religion of its plays, and the delicious oddity of its prayers, — all these waited for dear little Prudy to embody them. Sam Weller is not more piquant; Hans Andersen’s nut-crackers and knitting-needles are not more thoroughly charged with life. There are six little green volumes in the series, and of course other *dramatis personæ* must figure; but one eagerly watches for every reappearance of Prudy, as one watches, at the play, for Owens or Warren to re-enter upon the stage. Who is our benefactress in the authorship of these books, the world knows not. “Sophie May” must doubtless be a fancy name, by reason of the spelling, and we have only to be grateful that the author did not inflict on us the customary alliteration in her pseudonym. The rare gift of delineating childhood is hers; and may the line of “Little Prudy” go out to the end of the earth.

In the way of fairy stories, it must be humbly owned that

American writers, and indeed Anglo-Saxons generally, have contributed very little. Mrs. Tappan's charming "Rainbows for Children," Mrs. Austin's "Fairy Dreams," and Mr. Scudgers's "Dream Children," are the best. Mr. Cranch's are less graceful, though his sketches redeem them. None of these, however, are among this year's books; while the youth of Hans Andersen is constantly renewed, in a multiplicity of forms. In Boston, he appears in the congenial society of the brothers Grimm. In New York, he is seen in four green volumes, keeping house in a green pasteboard box, with two rather suspicious lodgers, Gulliver and Æsop.

If we do not just now write such books in this country, it is something that we can illustrate them. If the wonderful illustrated books of Henry Stephens are to be classified under the mercantile head of "juveniles," then "juveniles" come tolerably near to High Art. Grandville has hardly surpassed these wondrous birds and beasts, so minutely studied, so profoundly conceived, and seemingly caught just at their point of transmigration into humanity. The later books, "Mother Hubbard," and "The House that Jack built," perhaps show hastier work than "Cock Robin" and "The Frog he would a-wooing go"; but they are all stamped with the same essential genius.

Mr. Stephens has also illustrated, with vivid expression, and in a little volume of brilliant emblazonment, Theodore Tilton's brief tragedy of "The Two Hungry Kittens"; and the same author and artist have united in the pretty story of "Golden-haired Gertrude." The designs for Mr. Tilton's other childish verses, "The Fly," are by a different hand; but the little poem is perhaps the most graceful thing which its author has written.

There is an abundance of illustrated books for a more juvenile constituency, comprising the usual variety of primers and "indestructibles." These are generally well fitted for their work of delight. Only one may hesitate a little over the new version of "Red Riding-Hood," where all the color seems to have been extracted from Mr. Stoddard's verses in order to intensify the very gaudy engravings. The novel introduction of the preserving archer is highly melodramatic in the picture, and as tame as everything else in the poem; yet humanity per-

haps gains in this transfer of the final doom from the innocent to the guilty.

If our writers have contributed little in the domain of pure fancy, they have at least done well upon that middle ground which lies between fancy and fact, and links them delightfully together. The best exemplar of these rare books is perhaps the German "Story without an End," now unhappily out of print. New editions have lately appeared, however, of two American books of kindred charm,—*"The Flower People"* by Mrs. Mann, and Miss Jane Andrews's *"Seven little Sisters who live on the Round Ball that floats in the Air."* The round ball is the earth, and the sisters are the tribes that dwell thereon. The little book was conceived in a happy hour; its pictures are so real and so graphic, so warm and so human, that the most literal and the most imaginative of children must find in them, not only something to charm, but also to mould pleasant associations for maturer years.

The Agassiz for childhood is not yet made manifest, at least on our shore; and one may search these glittering volumes in vain for a single attractive elementary book for any branch of natural science, save perhaps Botany. Even the *"Alphabet of Birds"* and the *"Alphabet of Animals"* vex the reader with ibex and nightingale, instead of bobolink and chipmunk. It is a shame; for every child is a born naturalist, and every European child has some local manual by which to identify whatever wonders it can find. Viewed in this light, the new work on *"Radiata,"* by the wife and son of our great naturalist, is a boon to children also, and would be an invaluable gift to any boy or girl at the sea-shore. It redeems well the promise of its smaller precursor, *"Actæa."*

In this region of destitution, mention should be specially made of a little story by Mrs. Whitney, — *"Boys at Chequasset,"* — not merely from a sort of attractiveness in its name, which seems to suggest chestnuts and chickarees and chinquapins, — out-door things which children love, — but also because it is chiefly devoted to delightful annals of bird's-nesting, with much lore about the eggs of our native species. It has also the wholesome moral for parents, that a taste for collecting natural objects, besides the innumerable out-door sympathies to

which it leads, is one of the best means for making a child systematic and thorough in all its ways.

When we turn to fictions of a more commonplace and realistic character, the Abbott books of course afford the type. Here we have the very saturnalia of common-sense. Here may the eager reader obtain, between the covers of a child's story, the clew to many a fact or process which has puzzled his maturest years. These works are invaluable to fathers; by keeping always one volume in advance of his oldest son, a man can stand before the household an encyclopædia of every practical art. Take the latest product, the "John Gay" series; or, as Emerson might say, "Man as Carpenter." Here we may casually learn what a parallelipedon may be, and attain to some modest confidence in spelling the word off-hand. Here we may explore the art and mystery of "dowelling." "Quoining," too, becomes but a simple thing; and how exquisitely are these fine arts interwoven with the development of the moral nature of youth, likewise! Does a child reach some height of virtue hitherto unattainable? His mother presents him with a brad-awl. Should he be seduced into reposing upon these altitudes of endeavor, he is allured to brighter worlds by visions of a bench-hook.

In these paths of peace, the principal guide, philosopher, and friend is Jonas, — the Jonas of the earlier books, undergoing successive changes of name, like Cooper's heroes, and reappearing this year as Ebenezer. Jonas is an admirable creation, — the typical New-England boy; such a boy as every one of us has been or has known. Steady, sensible, sagacious, — not troubled with languor or imagination, — he is always a wholesome companion, who neither intoxicates nor misleads. Domestic and agricultural virtues adorn his sedate career. His little barn-chamber is always neat; his tools are always sharp; if he makes a box, it holds together; if he digs a ditch, there the water flows. He attends lyceum lectures, and experimentalizes on his slate at evening touching the abstruse properties of the number nine. Jonas is American Democracy in its teens; it is Jonas who has conducted our town-meetings, built our commonwealth, and fought our wars.

So admirable in their way are all these multitudinous vol-

umes, that it seems a pity that Mr. Abbott's genius should ever flag. It has grown rather dry, at times, however; and perhaps reached its poorest in that thin quarto series (Harpers' Story-Books) published a few years since. He there even descended so low for materials as to describe high life in the metropolis; and constructed miniature fashionable novels, which one might sometimes find in the hands of staid little girls who were studiously forbidden the maturer article. Other numbers of the series were a mere scrap-book of old wood-cuts, put together with a little description. And yet so well does this author, at his lowest ebb, retain his trick of clear and sensible style, that, were he to write a Postmaster-General's Report, it would doubtless prove readable to all between seven and seventy. And, happily, in "John Gay" we have "Rollo" in his freshness again.

Yet even Mr. Abbott finds it needful to hang all his carpenter's tools on a fictitious story. Can no one get beyond this? Fiction is good; but can the resources of art, nature, and genius supply nothing else? One would suppose it at least half as easy to prepare for children true stories as stories "made up." How charming are the books about pet animals; for instance, Mrs. Stowe's dogs, Grace Greenwood's varied favorites, and the "Fourteen Pet Goslings." These must be all true, for no fancy could devise such a variety of tragedies. Every beloved creature inevitably dies at the end of the chapter,—"all my pretty chickens and their dam." Rivers of tears are to be shed by each small enthusiast over the pathetic termination of each narrative, to be happily dried in an instant by the opening of the next. *Le chien est mort, vive le chien.* Mrs. Stowe, indeed, has her occasional relentings; and, as becomes her character of philanthropist, does not kill off quite all her darlings, but gives away a few ere they taste of death. But Grace Greenwood is grimly in earnest; and whenever her heart goes forth to a favorite, there is a funeral next day.

Following in the tranquil footsteps of Jonas reappears the ubiquitous "Oliver Optic," whose fertility can by no means be exhausted in army and navy stories. Are there not the "Boat-Club Series," and the "Riverdale Series," and the "Woodville Series"? These all belong to the paths of peace,

ere yet the war began, or when it was beginning ; their scene is laid in fresh fields and pastures *old*. To-day, which among these are of this year's books passes the power of arithmetic ; but no matter, — they are perennial in their flow. The dozen little "Riverdale" specimens are in very large type, for very little children : here we have the stream, so to speak, at the fountain-head. The "Boat Club" books are the best ; they are fresh and lively, with a good deal of boyish slang, and a great deal of adventure. Neither of these traits is a serious objection ; but the critic-pen must demur when a well-taught school-girl is made to say, "I don't know *as* you will," and is described as being chased with murderous intent by that very harmless reptile, the black snake. It might also be objected that the boys' boats cost too much, and carry too many oars for reasonable probability ; and that the recruits in the frontispiece to "In-doors and Out" are holding their guns in a manner now happily obsolete. But these are trifles ; and this writer's books, though evidently written with a rapidity that seems to take one's breath away, are certainly effective, and must be popular.

Far superior in literary execution is the only imported story of the higher order which the year can offer. "Countess Kate" is a tale of girlish life in England, carefully and thoroughly written, full of childish character, and with an admirable moral. It aims to show the superior efficacy of love over sternness in dealing with a spirited child ; and is thoroughly wholesome and truthful, although the "Countess" part must afford some bewilderment to those small readers as yet happily unacquainted with the British peerage.

Indeed, it is singular how much more of the aroma of American nationality one can get from our children's books than from any others, although one would at first suppose that these little people must lead much the same life, wherever on the globe they dwell. In these books by Abbott and Adams, for example, one enjoys with zest those hearty New England associations which cultivated wits and accomplished poets miss. Men and women meet as they meet in life, — come together with some gusto at Thanksgiving, part in earnest at the demand of war. External nature itself seems more sincere and genuine ;

these baths and boatings are cool and fresh, these winter fires glow with a solid warmth, these blackberries stain, these chestnut-burs have prickles. Even Hawthorne, with all his delicate delineation of the life of Pilgrim days, only threw the same faint haze of distance, or more of it, over the life around him. His "Blithedale Romance" was more remote and unreal than "The Scarlet Letter." There is the same incongruity that one may see in the English designs for Kavanagh, where the shabby Irishman who collects old boots in the neighborhood of Boston becomes a picturesque mediæval swain, in jerkin and gartered hose.

Passing from the Puritan shell, our American civilization is developing into a new type, far more comprehensive, but for that very reason not yet homogeneous enough to be manipulated into works of art. All its spirit is indigenous, while most of its forms are exotic. Of course, as we remove farther from childhood the discrepancy becomes more plain. Every American child, unless he has the misfortune to be transplanted across the Atlantic for schooling, is American in early associations; while every highly educated man among us has half his thoughts in Europe. It is pleasant, therefore, to revert to these children's books, which are at least in the vernacular. To those over-saturated with Transatlantic traditions, we recommend a course of "Little Prudy." An epoch may yet come when American art may paint a maturer civilization, which shall grow from the common ground, and be as fresh and healthful as this childish society.

ART. X. — THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

NEVER, perhaps, has a President's Message been more anxiously awaited than that which Mr. Johnson sent to the Houses of Congress on the 5th of December, and seldom has there been one more calculated to allay anxiety and to satisfy just expectation. The position in which Mr. Johnson was placed by his sudden and unlooked-for elevation to the Presidency was of such exceptional difficulty, and was so fitted to test alike his ability and his virtue, that the people, with the memory of the Tylers, the Fillmores, the Pierces, and the Buchanans still fresh in their minds, could hardly help awaiting with solicitude, almost with distrust, the development of the new President's policy. The power of the Executive had been so greatly increased by the necessities of the preceding four years, the opportunities for good or evil in his hands were so multiplied, and the questions instantly brought before Mr. Johnson for answer, if not for settlement, were of such unexampled importance, transcending so immeasurably the common questions of politics, that no man could seriously contemplate the chance of his failure in honesty and intelligence of purpose, or in appreciation of the peculiar nature of the responsibilities which lay upon him, without a natural reluctance to estimate the consequences of such a misfortune. It was almost beyond even American confidence to believe that Mr. Lincoln had been succeeded by a man of his own type in integrity and simplicity of character, and of his own school in political opinion.

The first acts of Mr. Johnson were not fitted to reassure those who believed that the war was not over so long as the supremacy of the principles for the maintenance of which it had been waged was still unacknowledged by the vanquished, or to satisfy those who believed that the Union could be securely restored only upon the foundation of exact and impartial justice. It was impossible, in the absence of any full knowledge of Mr. Johnson's intentions, to feel otherwise than gravely doubtful, not only of the results of the plan of reconstruction which he adopted, but also of the motives which led him to adopt it.

Congress would not meet for some months. Meanwhile there

was ample time for an ambitious and wilful President to do irreparable mischief, and to create, by the skilful exercise of patronage, a party bound to support whatever measures he might recommend, with little consideration for the true interests of the state.

That this condition of feeling was widely spread, and that the ignorance of Mr. Johnson's real principles and intentions was quite sufficient to serve as a ground for distrust, was made evident by the course of the leaders of the remains of what was once the Democratic party. Seeing that there was a chance, supposing Mr. Johnson could be induced to Tylerize, whether he were led to such a course by mere selfish considerations or by a genuine though mistaken notion of what was best for the country, — seeing, we say, that in such a case there was a chance for the party to regain power and office by becoming expressly the President's party, they at once began to gather around him, and to flatter themselves with the anticipation of his weakness and their own consequent advantage. That party, which had sunk so low during the war that it seemed impossible to sink lower, found a still meaner depth of baseness. The point in Mr. Johnson's policy, so far as it was disclosed, which excited the most apprehension in the minds of honest men, was that it afforded but imperfect protection and partial justice to the freedmen, whose rights and privileges the whole nation was in an especial manner bound to secure and maintain. But it was this very point in which the remains of the Democratic party took chief satisfaction; and during the autumn their conventions and their newspapers were never weary of repeating the feeble sophism, "This is a white man's country, and the American Constitution is a charter for white men alone." Their new watchwords, resolutions, and nominations were in vain. But the public ignorance concerning Mr. Johnson may be measured by their persistence in their clumsy arts from June to November. The game they were playing was too open, and it was too clumsily played. The people were not more disposed to trust to such professions, than they were to pronounce judgment on the President.

Meanwhile, as the results of his earlier steps became apparent, Mr. Johnson somewhat altered his course; and this altera-

tion gave indication both of the soundness of his intentions and of the readiness with which he accepted and learned the lessons of events. The temper of the South displayed itself in one State after another, and it was not of a kind which could inspire confidence. The temper of the North showed itself in the elections. The display on both sides was instructive. The South had as yet not learned the key-word of its new position, which is, that it is to be no longer the South, but is to be, and if necessary is to be made to be, an undistinguishable, compact, genuine portion of the United States. *The South* is hereafter to be simply a geographical term, not a political designation. Upon this the North was resolved. It was not ready to let the war go for nothing. It was not to be cheated out of its victory. It was not to be deluded by specious promises, or by oaths taken to be violated. It had been ready to receive back the seceded States with generous and merciful confidence; but the first indication of this willingness and of the liberality of its disposition was received by the South with such sullenness, and such manifestations of the prevalence of smothered hate and of the old spirit of rebellion, that the cordial temper of the Northern people rapidly cooled, and the elections from Maine to California showed that, although still magnanimous, they would not yet trust the fate of the Union to the hands of its recent enemies.

These elections were of great service to Mr. Johnson, as indicating to him the true objects of the popular will, and the current of public opinion. With a man of different political convictions, they would have had less weight. Mr. Johnson had not only been bred in the school of democracy, but the nature of his understanding, and his original principles, led him to regard this manifestation of public opinion as of final authority in determining the course which he ought to pursue. This became obvious almost at once in the changed character of the edicts which he addressed from time to time to the officers of his appointment, his proconsuls, so to speak, in the Southern States. Desirous as he was to promote the speedy re-establishment of civil order, and the regular processes of civil government in those States, and having originally adopted a policy of the most liberal description to secure those ends, he found him-

self obliged, by the failure of the Southern people to accept the results of defeat as accomplished facts, and by the resolution of the North not to be content with anything less than the honest acceptance of these results, to continue the exercise of military power over the Southern States. In fact, no less than in theory, the war is not at an end, although purely military operations have ceased. The volunteer troops enlisted "for the war" are not yet all discharged from service. The President still possesses his supreme authority as Commander-in-Chief over the territory of the people lately in rebellion, and he has continued to govern them up to the present time, not by virtue of his civil magistracy, as President of the United States, but in his military capacity.

It is a misfortune not to be lightly considered, that Connecticut and Wisconsin, by their recent votes denying the right of suffrage to their black denizens, should have shown that a large section of the Northern people is yet very imperfectly instructed as to the true nature of the principles upon which our institutions are founded, and is far from possessing those moral instincts and convictions which are required for the permanent existence and for the full vigor of those institutions. Plain as it has become that, to establish peace at the South, to secure the blessings of genuine freedom to the emancipated negroes, to destroy the evils of a caste system, and to prevent the continued growth of a spurious aristocracy, the full rights and privileges of citizenship must be shared by the Southern blacks on equal terms with the whites, and that whatever restrictions be imposed upon the exercise of the franchise must apply alike to black and white, and must rest on no arbitrary distinction of race, color, or other superficial difference; it can hardly be too deeply regretted that these Northern States thus disgraced themselves by voting for the perpetuation of an injustice within their borders that springs from the most irrational of prejudices, and that their course in this respect has rendered the attainment of the necessary preliminaries of peace and reconstruction more difficult and remote. And it is the more to be regretted, because, by this action, Mr. Johnson found himself confirmed in the most doubtful point of his policy, and in the unwillingness to take upon himself the responsibility of an act

of justice which became the more difficult the longer it was delayed.

Public confidence in the integrity of the President, and in his willingness to conform to the plainly expressed will of the people, had been gradually increasing during the autumn ; but it was still felt that the data for forming a satisfactory and confident opinion of his intentions and his character as Chief Magistrate were very imperfect. His Message to Congress, being the first opportunity afforded him of a free expression of his opinions, was consequently awaited, as we have already said, with eager and solicitous expectation.

The Message clears away many doubts and anxieties. Its most remarkable characteristic is its moderation, its entire freedom from passion, from dogmatism, and from autocratic temper. From beginning to end it is the Message of a true democrat, of a President who esteems himself as the servant, not the ruler, of the people. Possessed of power, which, if skilfully used, is almost unlimited, holding the vast executive authority of the government in his hands, able if he chose to exert this authority for the promotion of personal views or party aims, Mr. Johnson exhibits no trace of despotic disposition, of self-will, or of fondness for personal power. The Message bears the imprint of sincerity ; and no one after reading it will question the truth of his assertion, that it has been his "steadfast object to escape from the sway of momentary passions, and to derive a healing policy from the fundamental and unchanging principles of the Constitution." Not less striking as an expression of his simplicity, and his keen sense of the dangerous temptations of his office, is the following sentence, when, in speaking of the continuance of military government at the South, he says : "The powers of patronage and rule which would have been exercised, under the President, over a vast and populous and naturally wealthy region, are greater than, unless under extreme necessity, I should be willing to intrust to any one man ; they are such as, for myself, I could never, unless on occasions of great emergency, consent to exercise. The wilful use of such powers, if continued through a period of years, would have endangered the purity of the general administration and the liberties of the States which remained loyal."

It would be impossible to estimate aright the political bearing of the Message, without first taking into account these personal characteristics of its author. In revolutionary times the character of individual actors is one of the most essential elements in public affairs. And there is no single aspect of the affairs of the last four years more extraordinary or more encouraging, than that afforded by a consideration of the personal character of the men who have been most conspicuous in action. The average quality of character is the last and the best test of the influence of political systems and social relations.

The main importance of the Message as a political document, and its highest praise, is that it sets forth no special scheme of reconstruction, and contains no formal recommendations of any particular measures. The President contents himself with the statement of those principles which have guided his conduct, with an explanation of his views of the mutual relations of the Constitution and the States, with a description of the various steps adopted by him since his accession to office to restore the rightful relations between the general government and the States lately in rebellion. He does not treat the questions in debate as finally closed by his action, or assert that he is fixed in the resolution to follow his own judgment in the determination of them. On the contrary, he brings them before Congress in their existing conditions, and throws upon Congress, where it rightly belongs, the responsibility of approving or amending or rejecting what has been already done toward reconstruction, and of determining what further steps are to be taken.

This, then, is the policy of the President; — to have no unalterable policy, to exercise no arbitrary will; in circumstances of unprecedented difficulty, to adopt a tentative and experimental course; and to refer his executive acts for approval or disapproval to the legislative representatives of the people. In adopting this policy, Mr. Johnson shows himself not only a disciple of Mr. Lincoln, but proves that he himself possesses the instinct of statesmanship. It has already been brought as a reproach against the Message that it is non-committal; but to us this seems its highest praise; for, while Mr. Johnson has no hesitation in showing his sympathies, his ruling political principles, his general ideas and methods of government, he

practises a wise reserve as to the means by which the ends he desires may be accomplished, and shows himself as free from the spirit of the doctrinaire as of the autocrat. Had he chosen, on the one hand, after the manner of such a President as Jackson, to require certain specific measures to be carried out; and had he endeavored to compel Congress simply to register his edicts and decrees, he might, with the almost unlimited power of influence and corruption now possessed by the Executive, have wrought incalculable and irreparable injury to the country. Or had he, on the other hand, after the manner of Mr. Buchanan, allowed himself to be made the mere tool of designing politicians, and confused the truth with misstatement and sophism, the danger, though of another kind, would hardly have been less than in the former case.

There are, indeed, passages in his Message which we could wish different from what they are,—passages which show an imperfect comprehension of the true relations of things and of the required limits of action. For instance, when, after speaking of the reasons which prevented him from extending, by executive decree, the right of suffrage to the emancipated negroes of the South, he adds:—

“Moreover, a concession of the elective franchise to the freedmen, by act of the President of the United States, must have been extended to all colored men, wherever found; and so must have established a change of suffrage in the Northern, Middle, and Western States, not less than in the Southern and Southwestern,”—

we are quite unable to see by what process of reasoning he arrives at this conclusion; and we regret that he should present such a fallacy as an argument of weight. When the Northern, Middle, and Western States have been in rebellion against the Union,—when their relations to the general government have been so interrupted as to require an extra-constitutional exercise of executive power to restore them,—the President may be justified in regulating the terms of suffrage for their inhabitants, as one of the needed preliminaries of reunion.

So, too, we are inclined to think that Mr. Johnson ascribes too much value to the mere acceptance by the Southern States of the amendment to the Constitution for the abolition of slavery.

"This," he says, "is the measure which will efface the sad memory of the past; this is the measure which will most certainly call population and capital and security to those parts of the Union that need them most. Indeed, it is not too much to ask of the States which are now resuming their places in the family of the Union, to give this pledge of perpetual loyalty and peace. Until it is done, the past, however much we may desire it, will not be forgotten. The adoption of the amendment reunites beyond all power of disruption. It heals the wound that is still imperfectly closed; it removes slavery, the element which has so long perplexed and divided the country; it makes of us once more a united people, renewed and strengthened, bound more than ever to mutual affection and support."

Now, we cannot regard the mere adoption of the amendment by South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, or any other of the former Slave States, or by all of them, as in itself a pledge of loyalty, or as likely to heal the wound that is still imperfectly closed. The abolition of slavery is an accomplished fact, which the South may or may not accept as final. Under the pressure brought upon them by existing conditions, the once Slave States will probably hardly hesitate to adopt the amendment in words. But the mere verbal adoption of it is very far from being that acquiescence in the change wrought by the abolition of slavery in the relations of the two races,—that acceptance and adoption of the spirit of freedom in the place of slavery,—which are the only true pledge of loyalty and peace, the only durable cement of union. We do not doubt that Mr. Johnson himself will acknowledge that the formal adoption of the amendment, however important, as affixing a constitutional sanction to the act of emancipation, is by no means all that is requisite,—that it must be followed by works meet for repentance before it can be accepted as a sufficient test of the fitness of the South for self-government and reunion with the Free States; and we therefore regret that he has given this expression to a view of the subject at once so imperfect and misleading.

The President, while denying his power to secure the exercise of the right of suffrage for the blacks, indicates his desire that the freedmen should enjoy this right, and his belief that they will sooner or later obtain "a participation in the elective

franchise," through the action of the Southern States themselves. We, too, share in this belief, provided a proper pressure be brought upon the South, and proper means be taken by Congress to convince the Southern people of the actual nature of their present position.

In his general remarks on the position and rights of the freedmen, remarks which seem, as is indeed the case with a considerable portion of the Message, to be addressed to the Southern people rather than to Congress, Mr. Johnson declares that "good faith requires the security of the freedmen in their liberty and property, their right to labor, and their right to claim the just return of their labor." If these words be taken in their full sense, if liberty for the blacks is understood as meaning the same as liberty for the whites, if the black race are admitted to the enjoyment of equal social and political privileges, and are under the shelter of impartial justice, nothing more is required; and it now rests with Congress to see to it that our principles of government are applied without reserve to the establishment of the blacks in all the rights and privileges of American citizenship.

The work which devolves upon Congress — work which it is a great satisfaction to believe will not be embarrassed or impeded by executive interference — is second in importance to no task that ever was committed to a free legislative body. It is little to say that, since our government was established, no such opportunity for the exercise of the highest functions of statesmanship has been afforded to any Congress. The present Congress has to exercise, not merely legislative, but constituent functions. It is called upon, not merely to enact the laws for those by whom its members have been chosen, but to determine the constitutional and legal relations of the Southern States to the Union, and to exact such conditions from them as shall make the re-establishment of the Union something more than a form of words. It must take the requisite means, of whatever nature they may be, to secure liberty, order, and education at the South for all classes of men. It is plain that a great part of the Southern people have not yet learned that the result of the war, in which they have been beaten, was not merely to do away with slavery, but also with its consequences, — was to es-

tablish liberty of thought, speech, and the press in the Southern States, to secure the rights of man, black or white, to maintain justice; and that, to accomplish this result, the whole social order of the South must be regenerated. Old ideas must give way to new, and the South must be Americanized.

Happily, Congress has already shown that it is aware of the grandeur and of the difficulty of the task before it. The passage of a resolution for the appointment of a Joint Committee to inquire into the condition of the States which formed the so-called Confederate States of America, and report whether they or any of them are entitled to be represented in either House of Congress, is a measure of the highest sagacity and practical wisdom. It indicates that Congress will be satisfied with no formal professions of Unionism, no hasty oaths, on the part of those lately in rebellion, — professions and oaths to which they are bribed by every consideration of interest, and of the sincerity of which they have as yet given few indications. Indeed, it is not by any specific declarations or acts that the South can qualify itself for readmission to full standing in the Union; and we trust that Congress will not be content with demanding acquiescence in, or the adoption of, certain measures as the sole prerequisites of reconstruction. Until the South manifests a different spirit from that which has displayed itself in its recent conventions and elections, in the maltreatment of the negroes, in the new Black Codes, in the burning of school-houses occupied for the instruction of the blacks, in the frequent threats of violence to Northern men as soon as the troops are withdrawn, — until it manifests the spirit of liberty, honesty, and good-will, — any oaths, professions, or votes will, if trusted to as evidence of fitness to re-enter the Union, prove mere delusions and deceptions. We are as anxious as President Johnson can be that military authority should give way to civil authority, that the South should return with full rights of self-government, with her State governments in complete and normal action, in order that the dangers, the cost, and the difficulties of a continued military government may come to an end. But the North does not believe that the rebellious States are as yet fit to be companions of the loyal States in governing the Union, or that they are yet ready for just and prosperous self-government.

The North will bear all costs, meet all difficulties, rather than have the Union remain as it was, — rather than have the South continue in its present barbarism and social degradation.

Our legislators can well afford to wait and deliberate. The hours on the clock of fate are slow. The state of feeling generated by slavery, and exasperated by the sting of defeat, will not soon die away, cannot even be speedily ameliorated. The danger is in expecting too rapid change and settlement. Let not Congress yield to the natural eagerness of the whole country for quiet and restoration of settled order. It was the attempt to keep bad things from being disturbed, to preserve quiet when there was no quiet, that brought on the war. Let it not be cajoled by any false cry of magnanimity to an enemy. The true magnanimity of the occasion is to insist on what is requisite for future peace, for permanent union, — for the happiness of the South no less than of the North, — for the establishment of liberty and justice throughout the land.

ART. XI.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Gulistan, or Rose Garden.* By MUSLE-HUDDEEN SHEIK SAADI, of Shiraz. Translated from the Original by FRANCIS GLADWIN. With an Essay on Saadi's Life and Genius, by JAMES ROSS, and a Preface, by R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. 16mo. pp. 379.

MR. EMERSON has said so well, in his Preface to this volume, almost all that need be said of Saadi, that he has left little for the critic to say concerning the character and merits of the Persian poet. It needs no great acquaintance with the East to enable one to enter into the Rose Garden. If one has read in childhood the Arabian Nights, — if one likes to read them now, — he will find the tone and manner of the Gulistan neither unfamiliar nor unpleasant. Saadi will afford to him a comment on the Arabian Nights; and they, in their turn, will give freshness and vivacity to the apologues of Saadi. "It is the privilege of genius," says Mr. Emerson, "to play its game indifferently with few as with many pieces, as Nature draws all her opulence out of a few elements." It is no less its privilege to be everywhere at home, welcome to all,

and of equal service to all. "Through his Persian dialect, Saadi speaks to all nations; and, like Homer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Montaigne, is perpetually modern." Let the distance from East to West be as great as you please, yet the wisdom of the one is as the wisdom of the other. We cap the stories of Saadi with others we have heard before.

"A Vizier," says Saadi, "went to Zoolnoon of Egypt, and, asking his blessing, said, 'I am day and night employed in the service of the king, hoping for some good from him, and dreading his wrath.' Zoolnoon wept, and said, 'If I had feared God as you have feared the king, I should have been reckoned in the number of the just.'" Wolsey but repeats these words. The speech which Shakespeare puts into his mouth was reported by Cavendish: "'Well, well, Master Kingston,' quoth he; 'if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs.'"

The same Zoolnoon said to the Caliph, "One to whom you have given power is an oppressor, and commits daily wrongs and violences." The Caliph replied, "There will come a day when I will severely punish him." "Yes," returned the other, "you will wait until he has taken all the goods of the subjects; then you will bestir yourself, and snatch them from him, and will fill your treasury. But what good will that do to your poor and miserable people?" "The king was ashamed, and ordered the instant punishment of the offender." This is but the Eastern version of the legend concerning Trajan, which was sculptured on the capital of the Pillar of Justice in the arcade of the Doge's Palace at Venice, and was seen by Dante in the *visibile parlare* on the marble wall of Purgatory.

Such resemblances as these are numerous. But there remains much that is the sole possession of Saadi, — much that is both original and excellent, not merely in expression, in fancy, and in taste, but also in observation and reflection. The style of the Eastern and of the Western poet is not to be compared; the literary taste of Persia is as different from that of Europe as the date-palm is from the apple-tree; but it is curious, and helps us to understand the Crusades, and the longing of Europe for the East during the Middle Ages, to remember that Saadi was a man fifty years old at the time when St. Louis adventured to Egypt and the Holy Land; and that he was just past seventy when Dante was born. He tells us himself that he was, in his youth, made prisoner by the Franks, and was forced to labor in the ditches at Tripoli. Did any of his captors listen to the stories told by the prisoner, and carry from his lips to Europe some of the wisdom of the East? If Saadi's experience of the Franks was thus hard, it was more than made up for by the honor and regard in which he was held by his

own countrymen. His name was famous wherever the language of Persia was spoken ; and from that day to this he has remained one of the most popular of authors.

The contrast between the civilization with which he came in contact at Tripoli, and that of his own people, is curiously illustrated in his books. They take the reader into a world of ideas, habits, morals, strangely different from those of Europe. It is hard to recognize their author as a contemporary of St. Francis and St. Dominic. Saadi's world has all the sunshine of the East, while Europe was in its dark ages. The main difference is, no doubt, in the character of the religious spirit of the East and of the West. Mohammedanism reconciled the faithful with life. The Christianity of those days made the true believer disquieted, and filled him with gloomy solitudes. The East, as compared with the West, was courteous, refined, well-mannered, affable. The manners of the knights and nobles of the Crusades, as we learn them from Joinville and the other Chroniclers, were rude and brutal beside the elegance and grace of the good manners that Saadi inculcates and depicts. The politics of the East were troubled, violent, and shifting ; but society was unshaken by the fate of kingdoms. Immobility of the social order, fixedness of the social code, is the secret of the advance and of the stagnation of Oriental civilization. Europe must have seemed a region of barbarians to Saadi, and to those who took delight in his couplets or his stories. His *Rose Garden* is a compendium of good manners and of practical wisdom, with here and there a fine moral lesson, and here and there a revelation of poetic, and even mystic piety. "By a man's manners you may know his wisdom," says Saadi ; and he tells the saying of Lokman, who, when asked where he learned his good manners, replied, "From the unmannerly." Saadi himself was well instructed by his father. He tells us that, in his youth, when he was much given to the formal practice of religion, he sat up one night in presence of his father, never once closing his eyes, and holding the precious Koran open on his lap, while the company around them were fast asleep. "I said to my father, 'Not one of these will raise his head to perform his genuflections ; but they all are so fast asleep that you might fancy them dead.' He replied, 'O emanation of thy father ! it were better that thou also hadst slept, than that thou shouldst be thus censorious of the failings of mankind.'"

The benefit of good society is beautifully depicted in the following well-known apologue. "One day, as I was in the bath, a friend of mine put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it, and said to it, 'Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume ?' It answered, 'I was a worthless piece of clay ; but I was some time in

the company of the rose, till the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me." Is this the original of

"Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu près d'elle" ?

The prevailing tone of good manners, rising sometimes to high breeding, makes Saadi more modern than his European contemporaries. His genius is helped by it to familiarity with us, as well as by the cheerfulness, ease, pleasantry, and good sense of his temper and discourse. He has seen life under so many aspects, that he has an abundant store of illustrations and observations with which to point his moral and enliven his reflections. He knows all ranks, from the king to the beggar, and he has learned wisdom from them all. His style is simple and clear. If he has not the flights of Hafiz, nor the splendor of his diction, neither has he his extravagances nor his conceits. His reputation in Persia, as Sir John Malcolm tells us, "is rather as a wise man and a moralist, than a poet." It is no wonder that he is constantly cited, and that his sayings are current in all mouths. "'Have you no laws,'" asked Sir John Malcolm one day of a learned Persian, 'but the Koran, and the traditions upon that volume?' 'We have,' said he, gravely, 'the maxims of Saadi';" — and, adds Sir John, "were I to judge from my own observations, I should say that these stories and maxims, which are known to all, from the king to the peasant, have fully as great an effect in restraining the arbitrary and unjust exercise of power as the laws of the Prophet."

"The good behavior of rulers," as Mr. Emerson has remarked, "is a point to which Saadi constantly returns." "The monarch," he says, "is for the protection of the subject, and not the subjects for the service of the king." "The sheep are not for the shepherd, but the shepherd for the sheep." The *Instans Tyrannus* is made afraid: "The tyrant fancied that he did me an injury; but round his neck it clung, and passed over me."

Saadi's life, says Sir William Jones, "was almost wholly spent in travel; but no man who enjoyed the greatest leisure ever left behind him more valuable fruits of his genius and industry." It is a pity that we English readers have so little acquaintance with his works; and that even this translation of the *Gulistan*, which is now republished in America, has little merit in the English style, or as a version of the original. We have never seen Professor Eastwick's translation; but though it may, on the whole, not be superior to that of Gladwin, yet we cannot but think a better book might have been made by a judicious selection from the three English translations, than by a literal reprint of either one of them. We are sure that Mr. Ross has rendered

some parts of the book with far more spirit and probable accuracy than Gladwin. Take, for example, the following lines, as translated by the latter: "The virtuous man under adversity preserves a cheerful countenance; but the wicked man in prosperity holds down his head." With how much more force are they rendered by Ross: "The bad fortune of the good turns their faces up to heaven, and the good fortune of the bad bows their heads down to the earth." Or, again, Mr. Gladwin translates: "Telling a lie is like inflicting a wound, which, when healed, leaves a scar." Mr. Ross renders, with much more vigor: "To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain." Mr. Gladwin tamely says: "It is better to suffer sorrow before than after the enjoyment of happiness." But Saadi said, if we may trust Mr. Ross: "The sorrow which is the harbinger of joy is preferable to the joy which is followed by sorrow." And once more, Mr. Gladwin says: "If the wicked man should escape to heaven from the hand of calamity, he would continue in calamity from the sense of his own evil disposition"; — which Mr. Ross translates incomparably better: "Let a wicked man ascend up into heaven that he may escape from the grasp of calamity, even thither would the hand of his own evil heart follow him with misfortune."

But with all its drawbacks, we accept gratefully this volume. A book of greater worth, or that deserves better audience, has not been published this year.

2. — *The Secret of Hegel, being the Hegelian System in Origin, Principle, Form, and Matter.* By JAMES HUTCHINSON STIRLING. London: Longmans. 1865. 2 vols. 8vo.

HEGEL is reported to have said, on his death-bed, that "he left behind him but one man who understood him: *and he did n't.*" Whether this was only a grim, expiring effort of the philosopher to formulate once more "the identity of contradictories," or whether it expressed his definitive judgment of men and Hegelians, Mr. Stirling at all events is persuaded of its literal conformity to fact, and sets himself with great alacrity to torment Hegel's famous formulas afresh, with a view to making them give up the ghost they are supposed to be haunted by. After studiously pondering Mr. Stirling's labor, we feel free to express the conviction, that, if anything remains of Hegel after the mastication, deglutition, digestion, assimilation, and reproduction he has here undergone, he is a hopelessly tough subject. Hegel is to be worthily encountered hereafter only in the pages of Mr. Stirling. The love of adventure must be preposterously strong in a man, if he prefer

the pathless wilderness of Hegel to the travelled, though still very rough, country of his accomplished disciple.

No one interested in philosophy can afford to overlook Mr. Stirling's book. We think the author puts an excessive estimate upon the originality of the work, considered as a disclosure of the hidden wisdom of Hegel, for Hegel's French critics have seen in effect all that he sees there; but no one else has given so loving a study to Hegel, no one has brought so believing a mind to the exposition of his subtle dialectic, and no one, above all, has been able before Mr. Stirling to interpret it with a sagacity, insight, and conscientiousness vastly exceeding to all appearance Hegel's own. It is a service done to Hegel by a superior, and not an inferior mind, by one who has labored down to him rather than up; and hence it is infinitely more suggestive than the same amount of honest labor even, at the hands of a *servile* follower. Indeed, complete as the service done to Hegel *coram populo* is, the book does a much greater incidental though negative service to those great instincts of belief in the human mind which Hegel passed his life in assiduously though vainly undermining. The work, moreover, is replete with literary interest, whatever we may think of its philosophic substance. The author is a man of classical accomplishments, of the sturdiest and at the same time keenest intellectual faculty, of imagination enough to stock an aviary of popular poets. Wilful, prejudiced, disdainful to the last degree of literary convention; audacious to the verge of riot in his own literary grimaces and contortions; toiling, moiling, straining, sweating, bursting, sputtering, everything but stuttering, under the grievous load he has given himself to carry, vowed body and soul to the vindication of his client; contemptuous, scornful, vituperative of whatsoever is not Hegel; breathing deadly slaughter to Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Mansel, Mr. Mill, and all that calls itself philosophy; laughing jolliest laughter at Mr. Darwin, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Colenso, Mr. Spencer, and whatsoever calls itself enlightenment, — his book can hardly fail, whatever its philosophic merits or demerits, to be full of incidental entertainment and fascination. Now and then the style of Mr. Stirling betrays a very decided *souffle* of Carlyle, and this somewhat abates its prestige; for in all the finer and more earnest qualities of mind, Carlyle is a mere rampant hoyden beside him.

The literary feat which Hegel sets himself to perform is to account for existence on strictly scientific principles, that is, on principles *supplied by existence itself*. His purpose is to deprive truth of all basis in fact; to run creation out of physics into logic; to turn it from a physical to a metaphysical reality; to convert it, in short, from a thing *done* to a thing *thought* by God. Existence expresses to Hegel, not creation,

but *transition* ; transition of the One into the Many, and then a conjoint transition of both into something which is neither unity nor plurality, and therefore intensely unintelligible to the human faculties. It is as if you should say first *ice*, then *water*, then *vapor*, and pretend meanwhile that even in passing into vapor the solid still preserved its solidity, the fluid its fluidity. But why not let existence alone? Why torment it at this rate in order to make it explain itself? Because it involves on its face a contradiction which the intellect is piqued to reconcile on its own terms, and without having recourse to the cheap expedient of an actual Divine creation. Existence is both universal and particular ; it is one, and yet it is many ; it has a rational identity and a sensible variety or difference ; and the unity of the mind incessantly urges us to do away with this patent contradiction by the disclosure of a latent harmony. Down to Hegel's time, Philosophy had done little more than certify the contradiction ; though Kant, as Mr. Stirling labors to show, had unwittingly prepared a way for the gradual perfect adjustment of it which it was destined to undergo at the successive hands of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, by his doctrine of *the primacy of the subjective element in existence to the objective element*. To Hegel himself, however, the chief merit of the great philosophic atonement accrues ; and he owes his distinction to a most audacious dialectic whose purpose is to affirm the identity of contradictories ; or, what is the same thing, to suppress the individual or objective and absolute element in existence, by running it into the universal, which is its subjective or phenomenal element ; so making peace. In other words, Hegel claims to have forever perfected science, by converting the subjective logic of the schools into an objective logic, or identifying being and thought. Thought alone is being ; all objective existence is only subjective thought becoming conscious of itself ; so that Plato and Hume, Socrates and Kant, when they speculate upon existence as upon a something alien to thought, are themselves fatally involved in its law, are themselves an integral though unsuspected part of its substance, and immersed beyond all chance of extrication in its chaotic flux. For the universe is not God's objective work ; it is his subjective thought ; so that we who think the universe as a veritable objective projection of the Divine power, and feel our own personal identity secure upon that basis, are egregiously deceived, and must be content to find ourselves subjectively absorbed by the Divine subjectivity. There are not two substances, as men have supposed, mind and matter. There is but one substance, mind ; but this, by the bare fact of its identity, *implies* (according to Hegel) diversity ; by the fact of its simplicity, *implies* plurality ; by the fact of its *one*-ness, *implies other*-ness ; so that Nature is

but the phenomenon or alternate of Logic ; man, the phenomenon or *other* of God ; nothing, the phenomenon or *other* of being.

But this, you say, is Pantheism. Undoubtedly. If being and thought, if existence and life, are identical, then we all, instead of being the absolutely distinct personalities we seem to be, are only part and parcel of God's thought and life, and must submit unrepiningly to our inscrutable fate, whatever it may be. But then Mr. Stirling tells you not to mind the charge of pantheism, for all systems of thought, Christianity and materialism included, end in pantheism ; and it ought to be a consolation to you that, if Hegel is a pantheist, he is at least no materialist : as if the most abject materialism, as if to wallow with the pigs, and still preserve one's identity, were not infinitely preferable to being absorbed by another personality, even were that personality God. "To tell *what is*," says Mr. Stirling, "*truly to tell what is*, — this it is to Hegel to philosophize ; and Hegel never seeks to transcend *what is*. That which is, is the Absolute ; and it will be enough if we should be able to unwind that which is, out before our eyes, into its whole system of necessary movements, with a necessary first and a necessary last that necessarily connect and cohere together. Thus Hegel : Thought is the real contents of the universe ; in Nature it is but as other, and in a system but as other ; in Spirit it returns from Nature its other, into its own self, is by its own self, and is its own energy. The absolute Spirit, then, God, is the first and the last, and *the universe is but his difference and system of differences*, in which *individual subjectivities have but their part and place*. Subjectivity, however, is the principle of central energy and life ; it is the Absolute Form. The thought of subjectivity again, that is, the thought it thinks, just amounts to the whole system of objective notions which are the absolute contents" of the universe. (Vol. I. p. 165.)

Nothing can be plainer. Thought is the absolute substance, and subjectivity the absolute form of thought : what we all of us subjectively think, therefore, is all that objectively is, is the sum of absolute being. "Thus," says Mr. Stirling, "is man, as *participant in the absolute form and the absolute matter*, raised to that likeness with God of which the Bible speaks ; but God himself is not detracted from nor rendered superfluous." This is very *naïve* on Mr. Stirling's part. It is true that God is not detracted from in words, but in effect he is reduced to imbecility. If God is not love, but only thought, — if he cannot act, but only think, — why then he is not half so powerful as any creature he has made, nor half so dignified ; for no style of character among men is so justly despised as a man who spends his days in musing about action and yet never acting. Besides, thought is a purely subjective

affection, and has no objective reality. Behind thought, in other words, there must always be a somebody who thinks; so that if God be thought, there must be somebody behind God of whose subjectivity God is an outgrowth, of whom God is the thought. Thus there can be no way so effectual to derogate from the Divine personality, as to represent him uncreative or producing nothing; as in fact to represent him as himself produced by an illusion of our thought. If God is *all that is*, to the consumption even of our individuality, — if he is — in so far as he is *not* the individual horse or cow or tree I encounter in my walk — only an empty and helpless abstraction, floundering forever in what is *not* himself in order to be himself, in order to eke out a bare logical subsistence, — then he instantly ceases to be the legitimate object of worship we have hitherto deemed him to be, ceases in fact to be worthy of remembrance. To the common mind of the race, which is the source of all private illumination, God means, and will always mean, the actual Creator, Redeemer, and Preserver of *all that is*; and he is no more to be identified with all, or anything, that is, therefore, than the parent is to be identified with his child, the painter with his picture, the tree with its fruit. To the unsophisticated understanding God means the infinite power and wisdom which every moment give being to all that is, but give it being only by endowing it with its own inextinguishable identity, or total subjective contrariety to himself. And to represent a power thus munificently exercised, taking back with one hand what is communicated by the other, is certainly to rob it of all flavor of Divinity, of all that makes it adorable, and reduce it to the dimensions of ordinary juggling. Would it not fatally detract from the character of a father to represent him as devouring the child he has begotten, or reclaiming the being he has apparently projected from himself, under the shameless pretext of eking out his own personal substance or achieving his own inchoate existence? This is exactly what Hegel does, — turn God into a huge logical ogre, who is inhibited from devouring his own offspring only by the fact of his having none to devour, — by the fact of his own incapacity to produce offspring, — what seems such being only himself in negative form. But let Mr. Stirling finish his paragraph: — “Pantheism is true of Hegel’s system, just as it is true of all others, Christianity and materialism included; and there is nothing in the system to disprove or discountenance a personal God; but on the contrary.”

There seems no little effrontery in talking of Christianity as pantheistic, when one holds, as Mr. Stirling does, to the divinity of Christ; but when he goes on to say that nothing in Hegelianism disproves a personal God, his audacity becomes stupendous. By a “personal God” men can only mean a being in human proportions; because they

have no knowledge but of the human form of personality, whose characteristic perfection it is to exhibit the unity of heart and head *in action*. Human personality is made up of three elements, in other words; — two subjective, namely *affection* and *thought*; and one objective, namely, *action*. The two former attributes fall within the subject, or are generic, because they universalize the subject, or express what he has in common with all subjective existence; the latter falls without the subject, or is specific, because it individualizes the subject, or expresses what he is in distinction from every other subject. If man were merely subjective, or possessed feeling and thought alone, he would present no characteristic difference to other existence. Were he purely objective, or possessed only his faculty of action, he would have no community with other existence, but would be his own substance as well as his own form, his own *genus* as well as his own *species*. To endow human personality, the object and subject must perfectly concur, or be married, *in action*. Affection is never its own end; never suffices to itself. It tends incessantly to merge itself in thought; craves incessantly the fellowship of the understanding; and is then most blessed when the understanding of its own proper freedom most vigorously reacts towards it. Understanding, again, never rests in itself, but incessantly aspires to action; being then most in health and vigor when external circumstances most favor this aspiration, or allow affection and thought to reproduce themselves in action.

Thus action is the glory of man. His subjective worth is nothing, save as it tends to objectify itself; his love and his wisdom are futile, save as they become outwardly productive. How shall we venture to attribute a lower personality to God than this? How shall we ascribe any higher one to him? But does Hegelianism ascribe any such personality as this to God? Unquestionably not. According to Hegel, God is not only totally inactive or unproductive, which of itself is to fall short of human worth; he is utterly *passive* to his own constitutional contents, which is to fall below the animal, vegetable, and even mineral personality. For God, according to the Hegelian dialectic, is negatived and so subjectively constituted by man; being vivified or self-pronounced by not-being, logic by existence, reason by sense, truth by fact; so that the creative movement is no longer from within to without, from above to below, from finer to grosser, but exactly the contrary: the obvious consequence being that the free or spiritual and infinite element in existence is swamped in fate or matter, and God is only what man permits him to be.

It is palpable enough, on Hegel's scheme, that all the problems which have hitherto puzzled human intelligence will soon become obsolete,

even if the intellect itself should not grow superfluous. For God is *all that is*, neither more nor less; and as all that is, is merely thought, and thought is purely subjective, so all we who think or possess subjectivity are in our measure God. "The thing thought and the faculty thinking," says Mr. Stirling, "or the *known* and the *knowing*, are one!" And afterwards, by way of illustration, he says: "Conceive your thirty-two teeth negatively reflected into themselves as a *case*, and also negatively reflected into themselves as a *bite* (their own functional act), and through this rough-pictured image the true logical notion may shine!" But the bite of the teeth is not into themselves; it must be into something objective to themselves. So analogically God cannot be "thought" save in so far as he is either the attribute of a thinking subject, or else objective to that subject; and cannot be *known* save in so far as somebody utterly unidentical with himself exists to know him. "This notion," says Mr. Stirling, "of a life which is thought, is the ground on which presumably, after Hegel, we must rest the notion of the immortality of the soul. We are moments in the great life; *we are the great life*; *we are thought and we are life*; and Nature and Time do not master us who are spirits, but we them which are but forms and pass." (Vol. I. p. 148.) Again (p. 149): "Hegel ascribes to Christ the revelation that God is man and man God";—which it is a very gratuitous thing in Hegel to do; for the most that Christianity has ever been alleged to reveal on this point, by its most orthodox adherents, is, that God became a man in the person of Christ, and that a man made himself God in that person. To talk of God being man and man God in any abstract sense, or as implying their subjective identity, as Hegel does, is not to honor, but flagrantly to dishonor Christianity. Mr. Stirling, however, continues: "Since Christ, God is inward to man; he is our conscience. We no longer ask his will from oracles and signs, but from our own selves, that is, we are now a law unto ourselves; we are to ourselves *in the place* of God; *we are to ourselves God*; God and man are *identified*. In this way then, too, as in every way, is Christ the Mediator, the Redeemer, the Saviour."

It would be disingenuous to let the reader suppose that Hegel, or rather Mr. Stirling, means to say that any special person constitutes God. He means that all men together constitute him; that he is the universal self-consciousness of which we all are the particulars; that you and I and every one are particular or phenomenal forms of God, while he is our universal or substantial form. God is the solid of existence; man the fluidity of that solidity: or God is the clot and coagulum of the universe, while the universe is the solution of that coagulation. Certainly this appears to simplify thought, as Mr. Stirling

represents; but it is only by destroying it. For thought is relative; it always involves the relation of an inward subject to an outward object. But in Hegel's universe the object utterly merges and disappears in the subject. The formal or objective element in existence, or whatsoever gives individuality, confesses itself illusory; and the substantial or subjective element, what gives identity, alone survives. Thus, according to this monstrous dialectic, Christ mediates between God and man, not by acquiescing in the subjective or phenomenal antagonism of his principals, and turning it into a basis for any amount of *objective* reconciliation or harmony; but simply by denying it, or resolving it into a transcendental subjective identity. To simplify thought at this insane rate is really to stultify it. Man has no existence out of consciousness, out of subjective conditions. His unconscious or objective being is exclusively in God, so that he exists or goes forth to his own consciousness, only as the inward subject of an outward object. Now according to Hegel we are objectively or unconsciously out of all true relations to God, while we are subjectively or consciously identical with him! So that our ideal to all eternity must be to revoke our spiritual individuality as illusory, unreal, undivine, and cleave to our natural identity as the sole bond of our perfectness! This is pantheism with a vengeance. It is first cogitating God into man, and then man into God, and then both God and man into some inconceivable hybrid or neutrality which is the destruction of both. Accordingly, when we read Mr. Stirling's excessive laudations of Hegel's cogitative ability, we cannot help thinking that it is pre-eminently an ability to make the most abject nonsense simulate the most specious sense. That he should have been able to impose himself so forcibly upon an understanding like Mr. Stirling's, so much more veracious than his own, comes, we think, of the fact that Mr. Stirling himself is yet young enough to prize thought itself beyond the results of thought, to honor truth as an end rather than as a means to good, to value muscle for muscle's sake, and not exclusively as a vehicle of motion. The peculiarity of Hegel's thought is that it is thought, as nearly as possible, *in vacuo*, or with almost no matter to fill it out. It cannot, of course, utterly dispense with verbal symbols and still remain thought; but it so assiduously purges its vocables of the obligation they are under to represent above all the objective element in existence, that they turn out the leanest, most ghastly, and disreputable set of servitors that ever waited upon human speech. The system aspires to make thought or subjectivity absolute, by assigning to things a purely fallacious objectivity, or unscrupulously idealizing them; but as words are here to attest the indomitable objectivity or absoluteness of things, so far as thought or subjectivity is concerned, a primary obli-

gation impends upon the system to eviscerate words of their material substance, and leave them pallid, squeaking, ineffectual ghosts. The system attempts, in short, to solve the problem of perpetual motion metaphysically, to construct a soul without a body, a circumference without a centre. It offers an immense bait, consequently, to every one who has time and inclination to speculate for the pure pleasure of speculation, and who naturally finds it irksome to be held to a rigid accountability while doing so.

"Very obscure," says Mr. Stirling, "very obscure certainly in many respects, is the system of Hegel, and in none, perhaps, obscurer than in how we conceive God as a Subjective Spirit, and man as a Subjective Spirit, and God and man as in mutual relation." (Vol. I. p. 244.) We beg Mr. Stirling's pardon. Hegel's system is obscure enough; but it is not the least obscure on the point in question. Hegel turns the mutual relation of God and man into a mere anastomosis or inosculation, by which what either party may claim as superficial objective difference from the other becomes converted into profounder subjective identity; so that each party logically negates both, and both together deny all objective reality to either. Surely Mr. Stirling can feel no obscurity on this point. *Intussusception* is the expressive metaphor by which he more than once ventures to image the relation in question; and *intussusception* means the lapse of one part of an intestine into another, by which circulation becomes forcibly arrested, and life in the whole system promptly extinguished. The symbol is ludicrously instructive; our only wonder is, that a man of Mr. Stirling's pith should continue to admire a dialectic to which it is so every way apt, a dialectic which represents thought as stifled in its own entrails, or as inflating itself to the dimensions of an apparent objectivity, only that it may the more hopelessly collapse into its own imbecile subjectivity.

The ordinary sane thought of mankind, unsophisticated by pedants, feels no embarrassment on this subject. To ordinary thought, or common sense, two opposing *subjects* like infinite and finite, God and man, can know no mutual relation but by means of some common *object*. They are and must be in themselves, or subjectively, out of all relation, — for what has infinite in common with finite, God with man? — and can never come into reciprocal connection, therefore, save objectively, or in reference to some third or neutral term. Thus infinite and finite are reconciled not in themselves or subjectively, but objectively or in Nature, which is the realm neither of infinite by itself nor finite by itself, but of both alike blent in the unity of the *indefinite*. And so, also, God and Man are never reconciled in themselves or subjectively, since they must always be out of all subjective accord, from the very nature of the

one as absolute Creator, and of the other as abject creature : but only objectively or in History, which is the realm neither of God by himself, nor of man by himself, but of both together and equally, blent in the unity of a perfect society. To Hegel's thought, on the other hand, the objective formal or strictly individual element in consciousness is dropped out as fallacious, and its subjective substantial or identical element alone retained as real ; so that there can be no neutral territory in which God and man can unite ; and their mutual relation consequently converts itself into mere profligate concession and confusion on both sides, into incontinent self-dereliction and abandonment on either side. Nature, according to Hegel, is not the outward or objective form of thought, but its inward or subjective contents ; being *implied* in thought just as the mechanism of an engine is implied in the engine itself. Suppose, for example, you think a horse or perceive it ; now the natural object thus thought or perceived as apparently external to the thought or perception, and creative of it, is really internal and constitutive of it, according to Hegel ; it is the very thought itself in its purest subjectivity, or realizing itself as thought and no longer thing. All that is objective, formal, or differential in the perception, is mere illusory seeming or phantasm, is mere transfusion into the veins of thought of a certain coloring-matter by means of which thought becomes self-substantiate or conscious ; so that the horse is logically robbed, at one and the same *coup*, both of his reality and his actuality, both of objective individuality and subjective identity. He has just as little formal or objective reality apart from the thought that creates him, as the dye of a cloth has apart from the tissue which absorbs it ; just as little substantial or subjective actuality as the marble has, which has been previously taken up to endow the subjectivity of the statue.

We have never had a doubt of what Mr. Stirling labors so hard to show, and Hegel himself labored so hard to conceal,* namely, that all Hegel's inspiration came from Kant. But we by no means agree with Mr. Stirling in regarding that circumstance as an auspicious one for Hegel. On the contrary, it has always seemed to us the pregnant focus of disaster to his philosophic pretensions. But we have no space here fully to justify our conviction in this behalf, and must be content barely to hint the grounds of it as we hasten to conclude.

Hegel's dialectic is built upon a palpable quibble ; and this quibble again upon a *datum* so grossly fallacious in point of science, that we have always wondered how any man of ordinary mental independence

* If any of our readers care to see how poor an opinion Mr. Stirling entertains of Hegel's morals, in spite of his admiration for his intellect, we refer him to Vol. I. pp. 272 - 276.

and perspicuity could fail, in studying Hegel, to correct the one and detect the other. First, a brief word as to the quibble. Being (*seyn*), says Hegel, is equivalent to nothing (*nichts*). Why? Because, if you conceive of being in itself, or undetermined to manifestation, you necessarily conceive nothing; so that being *in itself*, and apart from all concrete existence, *implies* nothing, and hence in itself *is* nothing. How then? you reply to Hegel. Being, regarded as infinite, implies, if you please, the absence of finite manifestation, the absence of all existence or going-forth from itself; but it implies such absence *where*? Manifestly, to our finite perception, and there only. We who are not infinite being, but mere finite existence, can of course know nothing of such being save as it becomes imaged to us in finite form; so that when we say, "Being regarded infinitely or in itself is equivalent to nothing," we can only mean to say, unless we are disposed to stultify ourselves, that it has that negative value *to our intelligence*; since we are incapable of apprehending being in itself, and restricted to recognizing it only in finite manifestation. Thus the total philosophic scope of the observation inures, not, as Hegel would have it, to either the positive or negative conception of what being *in itself* is or implies, but simply to the virtual affirmation of our own dense and necessary ignorance of all that goes to characterize being in itself.

Now the obvious juggle of Hegel, when he affirms the identity of being and nothing, consists in his quietly suppressing this necessary reference to our intelligence, — consists, in short, in his attempting to pass off upon our understanding a fact of relation for an absolute fact. But assuredly Hegel did not thus juggle with words consciously. He cheated himself more than he cheated his reader. What then was the fundamental defect of observation which led him to do both one and the other?

It consisted in his giving — after Kant — to the substantial or subjective element in existence the rightful primacy of its formal or objective element; so that the known object no longer shaped the knowing subject, but *vice versa*, to the practical confounding of infinite and finite, and the turning of day into night in every accessible sphere of human intelligence. For if the subject implies or involves in itself the object, if the thing knowing involves in itself the thing known, then, as the contained must yield to the container, we know only what is ourselves, or knowing and known are identical; so that there is no such actual thing either as knowing or known, either as subject or object, but only such a perpetual flux of either of these into the other as amounts to a perpetual negation of both, and turns the universe into a pure illusion; not the illusion men have always deemed it to be in relation to some more real

existence, but an absolute illusion, — an illusion not merely to the reason, but to the very senses themselves. But the exactly opposite conception is the true one. The object implies the subject; existence implies being; form implies substance; error implies truth; difference implies identity; *and never the contrary*. For if the contrary were true, then the object would fall into the subjection of its own subjectivity; and as the subject exists only from the object, so the disappearance of the object into its own subjectivity would entail the disappearance also of the subject; and where there is no subject of thought, of course thought itself expires. Again, if being implied existence, and not *vice versa*, then things would exist, or go forth into manifestation, before they had any being; that is, they would actually appear to others before they really were in themselves; which would turn the earth into a very much droller place of abode than it is at present. So, too, if substance implied form, instead of explicating it, we should make the acquaintance of our bodily trunk and its members only by the mediation of its viscera, heart, lungs, and stomach; or we should be able to discriminate the watch from the steam-engine, not by its outer form, but only by its inward mechanism. Then, again, if truth imply error or involve it, truth must always be impure; it may be outwardly specious or fair, but inwardly it must be corrupt. And finally, if identity imply diversity, and not, as the case truly is, diversity identity, why, then the more I differ from myself, the greater grows my identity with myself. Upon this gross fallacy of observation, nevertheless, the total Kantian metaphysic is founded; and what right, therefore, have we to wonder that the last word bequeathed to human hope by that metaphysic is, according to Hegel, motion without rest, perpetual becoming without ever attaining; according to the more honest and clear-sighted Schopenhauer, gradual but perfect Annihilation.

3. — *The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte.* By JOHN STUART MILL. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1866. 12mo. pp. 182.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since, by the publication of the last volume of the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, Auguste Comte completed his great task of organizing into a coherent system the doctrines held and the methods of investigation pursued by scientific men. His work was not long in obtaining the recognition of advanced thinkers; and during the period which has elapsed since its completion, its leading views — noticed with more or less approval by Mr. Mill, Mr. Grote, and Sir G. C. Lewis, explained and defended by Mr.

Lewes and M. Littré, partially adopted by Mr. Buckle, adversely criticised by Mr. Spencer, and violently attacked by the entire *a priori* school of philosophers and theologians — have seriously occupied the attention of a large part of the thinking public. The term “positivism” has won for itself a place in the vocabulary of philosophy beside the older names “idealism” and “scepticism,” as indicating a distinct and important phase in the development of speculative thought. But its more recent introduction into philosophic language has not availed to protect it from those ambiguities of interpretation which envelop, as with a halo, the latter time-honored appellations. On the other hand, so far are most persons from having a distinct idea of what they mean when they speak of positivism, that it is not uncommon to hear classed as positivists men like Professors Tyndall and Huxley, the peculiar tendency of whose opinions has been but slightly if at all determined by the speculations of M. Comte. To call these men positivists is to necessitate such an extension of the term as to include all truly scientific investigators of phenomena, from the days of Galileo and Newton downwards. This vagueness results naturally from the circumstance that many of M. Comte's most prominent doctrines did not originate with himself, but were held by him in common with many thinkers, both of the present and of past ages. Not only as a discoverer of new truths, but as an organizer of those already discovered, did he announce himself to the world.

At the present time, when such a general interest is felt in the philosophy of M. Comte, and such a wide-spread curiosity is manifested to know in what that philosophy really consists, a work like the one now before us is most welcome. Mr. Mill is admirably qualified to furnish us with a clear and trustworthy exposition of the Positive Philosophy. His own researches have led him over the same paths which were traversed by M. Comte, and the results of his meditations on the proper methods to be pursued in scientific exploration were laid before the world nearly a generation ago, in his “System of Logic,” — a work which in our opinion is as important a contribution to human knowledge as the *Philosophie Positive* itself. And while, on the one hand, the number of opinions held in common by the two, to say nothing of Mr. Mill's well-known candor, is a sufficient guaranty for the fair treatment of the subject, on the other hand, Mr. Mill's eminence as an original thinker prevents him from ever abdicating the position of a critic for that of a disciple.

In common with the majority of scientific thinkers, M. Comte asserts the universality and invariability of natural laws; and he coincides in the opinion, held by one great school of psychologists since Locke, that

all knowledge is derived from experience. But his emphatic and determined rejection of the methods of subjective psychology leaves him so destitute of the means for establishing this doctrine, that it can hardly be regarded as a coherent, though doubtless an indispensable, portion of his system. Allied to this theorem is that of the relativity of all knowledge, which also is not peculiar to the Positive Philosophy. It has been held with more or less consistency by a vast number of thinkers from Protagoras downward, including in the list of its adherents many whose antagonism on most other points has been unqualified, — men such as Aristotle and Bruno, Averroes and Bacon, Hume and Kant. In relation to this dogma, M. Comte is the natural successor of Brown. As Mr. Mill truly remarks, “the doctrine and spirit of Brown’s philosophy are entirely positivist, and no better introduction to positivism than the early part of his Lectures has yet been produced.” While, curiously enough, Brown’s most redoubtable opponent, Sir William Hamilton, has also verbally adopted this positive theorem, although his simultaneous assertion of the principles of Natural Dualism sufficiently shows that he never really understood it. Hume was probably its first consistent supporter, though he often pushes scepticism to the point of denial, apparently maintaining the relativity not only of all knowledge, but of all existence likewise. Not so M. Comte, who ever implicitly recognizes the existence of noumena, while insisting upon their eternal banishment to the realm of the Unknowable. We should strive, therefore, not to ascertain the causes of phenomena, either primary or final, but only to formulate the laws of their co-existence and sequence. With the study of phenomena as causes, i. e. as invariable antecedents of other phenomena, M. Comte has never, as it has been foolishly asserted, found fault. His philosophy is entirely concerned with the investigation of these, in distinction from noumenal causes, the origin of phenomena, and the end for which they exist. Of this bridge of Time, which man and Nature alike are traversing, he forbids us to strain our vision in vain efforts to discern the beginning and the end, immersed as they both are in the utter darkness of eternity.

But though M. Comte did not originate the doctrine of the relativity of all knowledge, and though while ignoring psychologic research he can in no wise prove it, he has yet, as Mr. Mill observes, made it in a great measure his own doctrine by his method of treating it. The first distinctive feature of his philosophy is the assertion, that, in its investigation of nature, the human mind has passed through three essentially different stages. These are, first, the Theological stage, in which all phenomena are viewed as resulting from the volitions of supernatural agents; second, the Metaphysical stage, in which phenomena are sup-

posed to be determined by the existence of inherent occult causes; and, third, the Positive stage, in which, the search for causes being abandoned, the mind rests content with grouping phenomena according to their relations of coexistence and succession. The exposition of this law of intellectual development occupies a considerable portion of Mr. Mill's volume, and is, we think, both lucid and profound. But we cannot go so far as Mr. Mill in accepting the theorem as a true and adequate statement of the course which the human mind has pursued. As such a statement, we believe it to be imperfect and superficial, though containing a sufficient amount of truth to have made its application to the study of history result in sundry minor generalizations of the highest value. The "positive" method of contemplating phenomena is doubtless becoming exclusively prevalent with scientific explorers; and for this reason, the name "positivism," after losing its more special connotations, is perhaps destined to become the designation of scientific thought in general. The naturalistic tendencies observable in Socrates and Aristotle, organized by Bacon and Descartes, and represented by subsequent discoverers, might thus without inaccuracy be considered "positive."

The second distinctive feature of M. Comte's philosophy is its arrangement of the sciences in such an order that those which deal with the most general and least complex relations are studied prior to those which treat of relations more special and involved. M. Comte distinguishes between the abstract sciences, "which have to do with the laws which govern the elementary facts of nature," and the concrete sciences, which "concern themselves only with the particular combinations of phenomena which are found in existence." Thus Physics and Chemistry are the abstract sciences corresponding to the concrete science Mineralogy, while Zoölogy and Botany deal with concrete examples of the abstract laws enunciated by Physiology. Leaving the concrete sciences out of consideration, M. Comte arranges the abstract sciences as follows: I. Mathematics; II. Astronomy; III. Physics (comprising the sciences of Weight, Heat, Sound, Light, and Electricity); IV. Chemistry; V. Biology; and VI. Sociology. In the arrangement of the subdivisions of each science, he attempts to apply the same principle of advancing from the general to the special; thus, in Mathematics, the laws of number are to be studied before those of magnitude, and these again before those of equilibrium. In the arrangement of the different branches of Physics, however, this principle evidently fails; it being impossible to assert that the phenomena of weight and pressure are less general than those of heat, or perhaps even those of light. The omission of a science of Psychology from the above scheme will be

deemed by most persons a grave defect. Nor can M. Comte be said to have at all mended the matter by offering us in its stead (we blush to tell it) the wretched substitute Phrenology. In spite of these defects, the advantages of studying the sciences in this order will be disputed by no one; it being manifest that each science furnishes almost indispensable aid to the study of its successors, while throwing comparatively little light on the subjects treated by its predecessors. Each science too has methods of investigation peculiar to itself; and it is the elaborate statement of these methods that we consider the most permanently valuable of M. Comte's contributions to philosophy. But we do not agree with the statement that this admirable arrangement of the sciences represents the true order of their historic development; and that, while each science has experienced successively the application of the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive methods, the order in which they have attained the positive stage conforms to the order in which they are here placed. We do not believe that any serial arrangement can represent either the true relations of the sciences to each other, or the comparative rapidity with which they have advanced toward perfection. The simplicity of the phenomena with which they deal is far from being the only condition which has determined their evolution. And we therefore differ from Mr. Mill in thinking that Mr. Spencer has entirely destroyed the pretensions of M. Comte's classification to be considered as founded in the nature of things, however valuable it may be as a help to study.

It is on his contributions to our knowledge of the laws of social evolution that M. Comte chiefly prides himself. He claims the right to be called the founder and legislator of the science of society. We are not among the number of those who are disposed to grant him this lofty title. We do not even think that the science of society, as a systematic whole, can yet be said to exist. Much has indeed been done to prepare the way for such a science. Some subordinate discoveries of inestimable value have been made, and it has been conclusively shown that social phenomena are proper objects of scientific treatment. Among the pioneers of this new science, M. Comte will always hold an honorable place. His treatment of history is eminently original and suggestive; and his views, even when not wholly true, are rarely without a large amount of truth. His catholic spirit, and his hearty admiration for whatever is great and good in the past, are moral qualities beyond all praise.

It is impossible, in our limited space, to do more than allude to the subjects which are so admirably elucidated and commented on in Mr. Mill's volume. To M. Comte's later speculations we do not wish to

refer, further than to express our opinion that they are a tissue of the wildest and most extravagant vagaries ever conceived outside of Bedlam; or, remembering all that the world owes M. Comte, we might less harshly and not less truly call them the most mournful exhibition furnished by the annals of philosophy of a great mind utterly shattered and ruined. It is a spectacle to which we cannot refuse our pitying sympathy, even while we are unable to repress our contempt. We have no criticism to make on Mr. Mill's treatment of the subject, which is in the main sober and just. But we are surprised at the remark with which he concludes the book, that M. Comte should be considered as great a thinker as either Descartes or Leibnitz, and hardly more extravagant than they. M. Comte's achievements have indeed been great. But neither in the amount of mental effort implied by them, nor in the magnificence of their consequences, can they ever be compared to Descartes's application of algebra to geometry, or to Leibnitz's discovery of the differential calculus. Our surprise is all the greater since, in his recent work on Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Mill has shown himself quite capable both of appreciating the transcendent merits of Descartes, and of sympathizing with the state of mind which led to the eccentricities of Leibnitz. M. Comte might in some respects be more justly compared to Bacon; and the rejection of the Copernican system, which has so often been alleged as a proof of the narrowness of the latter, seems after all a trifling blemish, when we remember how persistently M. Comte ignores all that has been achieved in the department of Psychology. The above is one of the rare cases in which Mr. Mill must be accused of haste and partiality. And we deem it not inconsistent with the respect due to his noble qualities to say that, while his aim is ever to present in the most favorable light opinions from which he differs, he does not always succeed in maintaining the impartial attitude so indispensable in a critic, and of which Bayle has given us perhaps the finest example.

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4. — *Life and Letters of* FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A., *Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847–1853.* Edited by STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M. A., late Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. xiv. and 352, 359.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON, a name familiar to and beloved by thousands, was the eldest son of an officer in the British army, and was born in London on the 3d of February, 1816. His earliest years were passed at Leith Fort and at Beverly in Yorkshire, where he entered the grammar school at the age of nine, having been previously

taught for several years by his father, a man of intelligence and high character. In 1829 the family went to Tours, where he attended a French academy, and also studied the classics under an English tutor; but in the following year, in consequence of the Revolution, his father returned to England, and Frederick was immediately placed in the New Academy at Edinburgh. Afterward he attended the classes in the University; and at eighteen he returned home, with the purpose of entering on the active duties of life. As a boy he had shown a great fondness for natural history, chemistry, and physical geography, and he had acquired considerable proficiency in French, Latin, and Greek. But from the first he had felt a special longing for the profession of arms; and he never lost his early taste for it. "I was rocked and cradled," he wrote in later years, "to the roar of artillery, and the very name of such things sounds to me like home. A review, suggesting the conception of a real battle, impresses me to tears; I cannot see a regiment manœuvre, nor artillery in motion, without a choking sensation." Again, writing of the battle of Chillianwallah, nearly ten years after he had entered the ministry, he said, with something of sadness in the very words: "I wish I had been with my own gallant, wondrous regiment in that campaign." And at a still later period he wrote: "I turn to the history of military adventures and to science with a sense of refreshment and home, which intensifies as life goes on." His father, however, thought that his character and deep religious feelings would find little to satisfy their cravings in a life passed in barracks; and he was accordingly article'd as clerk to a solicitor at Bury St. Edmunds. The year which he spent in the study of the law was doubtless of much advantage to him in training him to habits of exact thought and clear statement; but the confinement of an office proved injurious to his health, and he soon broke down.

His thoughts at once reverted to the army, and his father at length deemed it best to conform to what seemed the natural bent of his genius. An application was made at the Horse Guards for a commission; and on its refusal on the ground of his youth, his name was placed on the list for a cavalry regiment serving in India. He entered with enthusiasm into the preparations for a career to which he had looked forward so eagerly, and soon became an accomplished rider, a skilful shot, and an excellent draughtsman; and in order to qualify himself even more thoroughly for the service, he studied the history and geography of India, the character of its inhabitants, and the various campaigns of the English against the natives. In these studies two years were passed, but receiving no reply to his second application, he seems to have lost all hope of obtaining a commission. Under these cir-

cumstances he was disposed to yield to the advice of his friends, who thought they saw in him the elements of a successful and devoted minister. After some hesitation, he left the final decision to his father, and, in the words of his biographer, "with a romantic instinct of self-sacrifice, which transcended the bounds of prudence, he resolved to give up the idea of his whole life." His father decided to send him immediately to Oxford; and on the 4th of May, 1837, he was entered of Brasenose College. A fortnight afterward he received the long-expected letter, offering him a cavalry commission. "Had it arrived three weeks sooner," says his biographer, "he had never entered the Church; but arriving after his matriculation, his father considered that God had directed the circumstances, and the commission was declined." It was, however, a source of gratification to Robertson that a commission had been offered, since, as he told a friend, it could not be said that he had entered the Church because he could not get into the army.

At Oxford he did not compete for honors, though he gave evidence of much accurate scholarship; and so eagerly did he avail himself of the advantages of a residence there, that at first he attended lectures for sixteen hours a week. The social and moral tone of the place disappointed him; and during much of the time he appears to have been restless, discontented, and uncomfortable, though his friends were selected from the purest, most thoughtful, and best-read men in the University. "To think that men should have nothing better to converse about than all this trash!" was his frequent and emphatic exclamation. "I well remember on one occasion," writes a college friend, "after gathering around him a breakfast-party of reading and rising men, — men of acknowledged intelligence and information, — the distress and almost disgust with which, subsequent to the breaking up of the party, he commented on the tone of the conversation, which had not risen so high, or proved so intellectual and improving, as he had anticipated from the class and character of the men selected for invitation." Evidently he had not felt that need of relief from severe studies which most men experience; and through his whole life we may trace more or less of the ascetic element in his character. At first he was drawn into sympathy with the Tractarian movement, which then engrossed a large proportion of the strongest and most influential men at Oxford; but a critical study of the Acts of the Apostles satisfied him that the Tractarian views on the baptismal question were unsound, and he gradually adopted the opinions of the Evangelical section of the Church, with a decided inclination to Calvinism. He studied carefully Jonathan Edwards, Calvin's Institutes, Collier's Ecclesiastical History, Ranke's History of the Popes, and other controversial works. So strongly did he

adhere to these opinions, and in so narrow a spirit, that we find him denying the Christian name to those with whom he differed at this time, and predicting the future punishment of men with whom at a later period he would gladly have co-operated, even if he did not actually adopt their opinions in a slightly modified form. "Yesterday I dined with M. —," he says in a letter written a year or two after he had entered the ministry. "They were very attentive, and the conversation on all manner of subjects extremely interesting, till we came to discuss the advantages of creeds for a church. He was for admitting all shades of opinion. I represented the object of our Church, to admit all whose opinions differed on subjects not fundamental, and to exclude others. But it soon turned out that our views of fundamental questions differed entirely, and I told him we could not consider one who denied the Deity of Christ a Christian. I used this term, because I knew he would admit the divinity. He then told me that he did not hold the Deity. I said I could not retract, and must tremble for him. This led to a hot and long discussion." In striking contrast with this declaration we may place the deliberate judgment of his later years. "I think some pantheists are nearer the truth than most Evangelicals," he wrote in 1849.

Shortly after leaving Oxford he was ordained by the Bishop of Winchester; and on the following Sunday, July 19th, 1840, he began his labors as curate of the united parishes of St. Maurice, St. Mary Kalendar, and St. Peter Colebrook, in Winchester. Here he remained for about a year, when his health gave way and he was obliged to seek relief in a visit to the Continent. He had begun his ministry with strong ascetic inclinations. "He restricted himself to all but necessary expenses, and spent the rest of his income on the poor," says his biographer. "He created a system of restraint in food and sleep. For nearly a year he almost altogether refrained from meat. He compelled himself to rise early." He read Thomas à Kempis and other books of that class, tending to weaken rather than to strengthen the character, as he afterward asserted; and the only thing about him which was not changed in his later years was his fidelity to duty. "His letters of this time are scarcely worth reading," as his biographer well remarks; and we can readily believe that "it is painful to read his diary, in which all his inward life is mapped out into divisions, his sins and errors labelled, selfishness discovered in all his efforts and resolves, and lists made out of the graces and gifts which he needed especially." None of the sermons preached at this time, we believe, have been printed; but we are told that they contain all the characteristic doctrines against which he so strongly protested at Brighton, and that they are "startlingly inferior" to his later discourses.

He travelled but little on the Continent, and his absence lasted only a few months, his tour ending at Geneva, where he met, and after a short acquaintance married, Helen, third daughter of Sir George William Denys, Bart. For some months after his return, his health was such that he was unable to perform regular duties; but in the summer of 1842 he accepted the curacy of Christ Church, Cheltenham. In this position he remained for nearly five years; but at the end of that period, for some reason which can only be conjectured from his biographer's cautiously worded narrative, his connection with the church was terminated, and he again went abroad. At first he had entertained a great admiration for his rector, and they seem to have labored together with entire harmony; but his opinions had been gradually changing, and doubts and questionings arose which he had never before experienced. "His teaching in the pulpit altered, and it became painful to him to preach," says his biographer. "He was reckoned of the Evangelical school, and he began to feel that his position was becoming a false one. He felt the excellence, earnestness, and gladly recognized the work, of the nobler portion of that party; but he felt also that he must separate from it. In his strong reaction from its extreme tendencies, he understood, with a shock which upturned his whole inward life for a time, that the system on which he had founded his whole faith and work could never be received by him again. Within its pale, for him, there was henceforward neither life, peace, nor reality." There had been, indeed, a great intellectual progress and growth during his residence at Cheltenham; his tastes and sympathies had been enlarged; and he had come into closer contact with the thoughts, feelings, and spiritual wants of this age. A curious illustration of this change is seen in the fact that, when he was preparing a course of instruction on the books of Samuel, he did not have recourse to the sapless commentaries of a former generation, but to Niebuhr's *Rome*, Guizot's *History of Civilization*, and various works on political economy; and at a later period we find him studying Palfrey's *Lowell Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures*, the *Life of Channing*, and other works of a similar character. Tennyson and Dante were his favorite poets at this period; and he also devoted some time to the study of German metaphysics, and the various political questions of the day.

He spent about three months on the Continent, travelling on foot through the Tyrol, and preaching for six weeks in Heidelberg, not without satisfaction to himself, and with great advantage to those who heard him. It was during this period that his mind cleared itself of painful doubts, and that he worked himself out into clear and positive views, in happy contrast with the morbid feelings and sentiments of his earlier

ministry. On his return, the Bishop of Oxford offered him the curacy of St. Ebbe's, Oxford; but he frankly told the Bishop that he could not preach the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, for he did not accept it. "I give my clergy a large circle to work in," was the Bishop's reply; "and if they do not step beyond that, I do not interfere. I shall be glad, however, to hear your views on the subject." A long conversation followed, at the close of which the Bishop said, "Well, Mr. Robertson, you have well maintained your position, and I renew my offer." Mr. Robertson accordingly entered on his new duties, and at once the congregation, which had been mainly composed of poor persons, began to increase rapidly in numbers. One by one the undergraduates began to drop in, and soon the church was thronged with young men, who listened with eager admiration. But at the end of two months he was offered the curacy of Trinity Chapel, Brighton; and after referring the matter to the Bishop of Oxford, who told him that he ought to accept the offer, he determined to enter on this larger field of duty.

If his life had terminated at this period, his name would scarcely have been known beyond the parishes over which he was set, and it is probable that he would have left little permanent impression. But from the moment that he began his ministry at Brighton, his great powers began to make themselves felt. His first sermon there was delivered on the 15th of August, 1847; and at once his preaching began to excite criticism, both friendly and unfriendly. As his opinions were gradually unfolded in successive discourses, many of the old members left the congregation, and their places were supplied by others, who were attracted by the originality of his views, the clearness and force of his statements, and his glowing eloquence. To the earnest and thoughtful men and women whom he thus drew around him, he became greatly endeared; and in spite of the sad and self-depreciating tone of his letters, it cannot be doubted that he exerted a powerful influence over them. Yet his ministry was carried on in the midst of much personal opposition from the Evangelicals, and he was constantly assailed with false accusations and gross calumnies. How deeply he felt this may be seen all through his later letters; and within little more than a year after his arrival in Brighton we find him expressing the opinion that many of the richer classes, "whether reasonably or unreasonably, are prejudiced against me, and perhaps the professedly religious portion of society most strongly so." By degrees his expressions grow stronger, and a feeling of isolation was produced, which often seems to have nearly crushed him, and sadly interfered with his usefulness. "I am alone now," he writes to a friend, "and shall be till I die; and I am not afraid to be alone in the majesty of darkness which His presence peoples with

a crowd. I ask now no sympathy but His. If He should vouchsafe to give me more, I shall accept it gratefully; but I am content to do without it, as many of His best and bravest must do now."

Under these discouraging circumstances, and with a nervous organization so sensitive that he seldom preached without experiencing afterward a feeling of utter prostration and of physical torture which few men could have endured, he labored with untiring zeal to discharge every duty. In the moral and intellectual elevation of the working classes he took especial interest, and he was chiefly instrumental in founding at Brighton a Workingman's Institute. When its existence was put in peril by fierce internal dissensions growing out of a desire on the part of some members to introduce infidel books into its library, he came forward, and, in a meeting called at his request, delivered a masterly speech against this diversion of the Institute from its original purpose. The speech, however, was only partially successful; and after the withdrawal of those persons who had favored the measure, the Institute was reorganized on a somewhat different basis. As might have been anticipated, Mr. Robertson was a fast friend of the new association, and before it he delivered two of his most striking productions, the lectures on "The Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes." On various other occasions and in other ways he showed his interest in the poor and uneducated who were desirous of rising into a better condition; and after his death, the gratitude and affection of the workingmen was testified by the erection of a medallion on his tomb, "in grateful remembrance of his sympathy, and in deep sorrow for their loss." Scarcely had the local excitement which grew out of the dissensions within the Workingmen's Institute subsided, when the religious community of Brighton, in common with the rest of England, was profoundly agitated by the discussion of the Sunday question. The directors of the Crystal Palace Association had proposed to open their exhibition on Sunday. Mr. Robertson disapproved of the opening, but he entirely rejected the arguments based on the supposed non-abrogation of the Jewish Sabbath, and which would create an unjust distinction between the rich and the poor. "I must reverse all my conceptions of Christianity, which is the mind of Christ," he wrote to a friend, "before I can believe the Evangelico-Judaic theory, which is that Mr. — may, without infringement of the fourth commandment, drive his carriage to church twice every Sunday, but a poor man may not drive his cart; that the two or three hours spent in the evening by a noble lord over venison, champagne, dessert, and coffee are no desecration of the command, but the same number spent by an artisan over cheese and beer in a tea-garden will bring down God's judgment on the land. It is worse than absurd.

It is the very spirit of that Pharisaism which our Lord rebuked so sternly. And then men get up on platforms, as — did, and quietly assume that they are the religious, and that all who disagree, whether writers in the 'Times,' Sir R. Peel, or the 'sad exceptions,' of whom I was one, to which he alluded, are either neologians or hired writers! Better break a thousand Sabbaths than lie and slander thus!" His opinions were expressed with not less clearness and force in a sermon on "The Religious Non-observance of the Sabbath," which is printed in the Second Series of his Sermons, and which excited much criticism on its delivery. It was, however, he wrote to a friend, "satisfactory to myself, at least, — a thing which has occurred to me but once or twice in all my ministry." The manly course which he took on these questions, and his uniformly courageous and outspoken expression of his opinions, created a narrow and intense spirit of opposition, which showed itself in various ways, and forced him into still greater isolation. His words were misrepresented, and he became a sort of theological bugbear to all the old maids of both sexes at Brighton, as he somewhere calls them. But he never swerved from a faithful pursuit of truth and duty as he understood them, though all his letters show how much he craved sympathy, and how eagerly he longed for rest.

The seeds of disease had long been lying in his brain; and at length it became evident to him, as it was to every one, that he could not sustain unaided the labors of his charge, and he accordingly sought a brief period of rest in a visit to Cheltenham. During his absence some of the members of his congregation subscribed enough to enable him to obtain the assistance of a curate. He gladly accepted the proffered kindness, and nominated for the office an intimate personal friend, who was well known to the congregation. "He is a gentleman thoroughly in earnest, hard working, and attached to me," Mr. Robertson wrote. "Our spheres and powers lie in different directions, which will prevent the possibility of collision; and as he will take the afternoon sermon, I shall have leisure for more pastoral work, at the prospect of which I rejoice; for I cannot say how humiliated I feel at degenerating into the popular preacher of a fashionable watering-place." But these hopes were cruelly disappointed, and his life was sacrificed to the personal pique and offended pride of an ecclesiastical superior. The Vicar of Brighton had a legal right to veto the nomination, and this right he did not hesitate to exercise, in order to gratify his personal ill-will to the nominee, who, two years before, had come into collision with him in the management of a local missionary society. Mr. Robertson adhered to his friend, and refused to nominate another, in a well-grounded belief that gross injustice had been done to him. The excitement of this

controversy, and the public indignation which it created in Brighton, proved too much for Mr. Robertson's enfeebled frame, and he was obliged to shut himself up in his own room, "his life slowly ebbing from him in bitter and unremitting pain." His last sermon was on the last chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, which had formed the subject of a long course of expository lectures, and was delivered on the 29th of May, 1853. Immediately afterward the excruciating pain in the head from which he had so long suffered increased to such a degree, that he was at times partially paralyzed; yet he retained to the last his love of nature and his trust in God. His death was caused by an abscess in the brain; and on the 15th of August, after a day of intense suffering, he breathed his last, just six years from the date of his first sermon in Brighton, and at the early age of thirty-seven. The day of his funeral was a day of public mourning; the shops were closed; and nearly fifteen hundred workingmen followed him to the grave. Over it a simple monument has been erected, bearing on one side the bronze medallion given by the workingmen, and on the other a similar medallion provided at the expense of his congregation. A memorial window has also been placed in the Chapel of Brazenose College, and a bust in the Bodleian Library; and another has been placed in the Pavilion at Brighton, the gift of one who knew Mr. Robertson only through his posthumous works.

We have left ourselves no space for the remarks on Mr. Robertson's character and discourses which we designed to offer, and must content ourselves with only a few words on the subject. In reading his letters and tracing his personal history, we are especially impressed by his courage and boldness, which are scarcely less apparent in the fearless expression of his convictions, even though he knew that they would render him unpopular, and subject him to false accusations, than in his ardent love of a military life and his recklessness when in the saddle; by his keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, his deficiency of humor, his morbid self-distrust and self-depreciation, his constant dissatisfaction with what he accomplished, the retentiveness of his memory, the readiness with which he adopted new views of life and duty when he became satisfied that the old ones were unsound, the tolerant spirit which he exhibited in his later years; and, above all, by the fact that his teaching was always positive, — the luminous and eloquent statement of his own opinions and beliefs, never the mere denial of doctrines which he did not accept. To this characteristic he owed much of his influence while living; and it is this which gives no small part of their power and their attractiveness to his printed discourses. As we read them, we must never forget that they appear in a very

imperfect and fragmentary shape. With the exception of the sermon on the death of Queen Adelaide, not one of them was revised for the press by Mr. Robertson; and many of them are printed from the rough notes of different members of the congregation collated with the syllabus of the preacher, for it was not his practice to write out his sermons before they were delivered. Yet they must be classed with the most eloquent, thoughtful, and effective productions of the English pulpit in this generation. As statements of doctrine, they are clear, positive, and manly, without a single taint of narrowness and bigotry. As expositions of Scripture, they are characterized by breadth of view and independence of thought. As appeals to the heart and the conscience, they are marked by earnestness and sincerity of purpose, and by a rich and glowing eloquence.

5. — *Life and Times of Joseph Warren.* By RICHARD FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1865. 8vo. pp. xix. and 558.

MR. FROTHINGHAM has long been regarded as one of the most candid, judicious, and accurate of our historical writers; and his previous works — a History of Charlestown and a History of the Siege of Boston — are among the best productions of their class which have appeared in this country. To this well-founded reputation the elaborate work before us is likely to add much. Apart from the personal interest which it possesses as a memoir of one of the purest and most devoted of the popular leaders in our Revolutionary struggle, the period between Warren's entrance into public life and his death has been less carefully and minutely examined by our historians than the subsequent years. Yet it is in this period, and in the transactions with which Warren was intimately associated, that we are to look, not only for the causes of the war, but also for the principles, an adherence to which made it a preserving rather than a destroying Revolution. For the proper treatment of this subject Mr. Frothingham possesses many qualifications; and we have not been disappointed in the expectations formed on the first announcement of his work. It is true that he shows little imagination and little power of graphic description or vivid characterization; but he has an exhaustive familiarity with his subject, — the fruit of a patient diligence in searching out minute details and of a systematic arrangement of his materials, — and throughout he evinces a just perception of the relative importance of the events which he describes. There is, indeed, a paucity of facts in regard to Warren's private life, which even Mr. Frothingham's laborious investigations have

not been able to increase materially ; but, in other respects, he must have labored under a great embarrassment of riches. The manuscript documents of which he has made use are of the utmost importance, and their publication in full will be awaited with great interest. His narrative is clear, exact, and minute, and is free from prejudice or unworthy bias. Yet the author's strong admiration of Warren and his associates is never concealed ; and we are never left in doubt as to his opinion of the transactions narrated, or the measures passed in review. In respect to fulness and accuracy of statement, and impartiality of view, Mr. Frothingham's volume leaves nothing to be desired.

Joseph Warren was born in Roxbury in June, 1741, and was killed in the battle of Bunker Hill in June, 1775, in the full vigor of early manhood, and universally lamented as one of the principal advocates of the popular cause. He had been educated in the common schools of his native town ; had entered college at an early age, and graduated with distinction ; had taught school for a short time, and afterward studied medicine ; had acquired a lucrative practice ; had taken a warm interest in the disputes between the Colonies and the mother country ; had twice been selected to deliver the oration in commemoration of the Boston Massacre ; had been a member of the Committees of Correspondence, of Donations, and of Safety ; was President of the Provincial Congress ; had been appointed a major-general ; and when it was announced that the British troops were preparing to assault the hastily constructed intrenchments on Bunker Hill, he had hastened to the field to serve as a volunteer, prepared to find that the post of danger was still the post of honor. Thus dying at the early age of thirty-four, one of the first martyrs of the Revolution, he had crowded into a brief career a various and fruitful experience, had rendered important public services, and left a name which will be forever held in honor. The life of such a man deserves to be written with all that fulness of detail and breadth of treatment which are now possible ; and it is this that Mr. Frothingham has done. Every fact which the most patient industry could discover has been brought to light ; and everywhere Warren is the central figure on his page. His investigations, as we learn from the Preface, extend over a period of sixteen years ; and it is not probable that future students of our history will be able to add anything which has escaped notice in this long study of the subject.

But in subordination to the purely personal part of the work, as we have intimated, there is a minute and luminous account of the Revolutionary movement in the town of Boston from 1767, when Warren began to take an active part in politics, down to 1775 ; and nowhere

else has the subject been so elaborately treated. The same high praise, which we have bestowed on the biographical portion of Mr. Frothingham's labors must be awarded to this part of his volume. His account of the Boston Massacre and of the destruction of the tea, in particular, may be noticed as striking examples of minute and luminous narrative: they need only the attraction of a more animated and picturesque style to insure for them a permanent place among the best historical monographs. Every important transaction, however, is described in the same careful and judicious manner; and no one can fail to be impressed by the thoroughness with which Mr. Frothingham has treated every part of his subject.

- 6.—*History of Congregationalism, from about A. D. 250 to the Present Time.* By GEORGE PUNCHARD. Second Edition. Rewritten and greatly enlarged. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1865. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE rise of Congregationalism, as a polity recognized by that name, properly dates from about the close of the sixteenth century; and the title adopted for this book is open to the objection of being a somewhat presumptuous appropriation, in the interest of Congregationalism, of the honor which belongs to a long line of noble vindicators of truth and freedom, who knew nothing of Congregationalism as such, and who cannot fairly be claimed as the supporters of that specific polity. But the author is perhaps sufficiently justified in his use of the title, in view of the very striking identity of spirit manifested in many of the various forms of what may be called early religious dissent with that of Congregationalism.

One prominent characteristic of the chief of the so-called heresies of the first fifteen centuries was the uniform practice of making appeal steadfastly to the Bible, as the ultimate authority in all matters of church government and order. On this position they all stood firm, however great their diversities in other points. Whether known by the name of Novatians, Donatists, Arians, Waldenses, Wickliffites, Separatists, Nonconformists, or Independents, these sects were one in the adoption of this principle; and owed their measure of success, in the main, to the tenacity with which they clung to it as a fundamental principle. The resemblance between Congregationalism and these dissenting sects does not, it is true, involve a complete parallelism. It is hardly close enough to justify the Congregationalist in claiming for his polity anything like an unbroken "Apostolical succession." He must be content

to allow that what he claims as the polity of the Apostolical churches had for many ages no practical embodiment in an organized form, and that it was not fairly resuscitated for many long centuries. But independent of each other, to a great extent, as they were, these struggles bear witness to the irrepressible tendency of the human mind, under the impulse of the higher sentiments, in the direction of a free and simple system of church government; and Congregationalism has a fair title to the honor of being the matured result of this long-continued resistance against ecclesiastical tyranny. The history of Congregationalism is, therefore, essentially the history of the Reformation itself in its unchecked development. Le Bas, an English churchman, in summing up his account of the character and tenets of Wickliffe, remarks: "At all events, it must plainly be confessed that there is a marvellous resemblance between the Reformer, with his poor, itinerant priests, and at least the better part of the Puritans, who troubled our Israel in the days of Elizabeth and her successors. The likeness is sufficiently striking almost to mark him out as their prototype and progenitor; and therefore it is that every faithful son of the Church of England must rejoice with trembling that the work of her final deliverance was not consigned to him." And what is here said of Wickliffe might, with some qualification, be affirmed of the earlier portion, also, of that list of the apostles of freedom whose names find a place in this work. "The likeness" to the immediate founders of Congregationalism "is sufficiently striking to mark them out as their prototypes and progenitors."

Mr. Punchard deserves well of Congregationalists, and of all the friends of religious liberty, for the work he has undertaken. His conception was one of great interest. Well carried out, it would accomplish more than any mere discussion of principles towards recommending and perpetuating this simple and Scriptural form of church order. Although the author has by no means wholly failed in the execution of his plan, there are, however, two very evident faults which detract seriously from the literary merit of the work, and greatly diminish its value.

A wholly disproportionate space is given to the history of events antecedent to the origin of Congregationalism as a distinct polity. Two volumes, each of more than five hundred pages, are devoted to this preliminary part; while the whole that remains is to be comprised in a single volume. The story of those thirteen centuries of brave struggle against the tide of prevailing corruption and abuse of power is worthy, it is true, of faithful delineation, and deserves to be attentively read. But, for all the legitimate need of a history of Congregationalism, one half of the space here allotted would be amply sufficient.

Our second criticism relates to the manner in which these details are

laid before us. They are thrown together with little regard to any order but that of time simply. The author has collected a large mass of valuable material, and would seem to have been faithful in his investigation of authorities, and generally correct in his conclusions. But in a book like this we have a right to demand of the author something beyond the simple painstaking of a careful compiler. The views of the various sects and individuals whose history is here chronicled are set before us with a good degree of distinctness; and we are told that the sentiments of this and that one are — to use the author's expression — “pretty fair Congregationalism.” But there is a want of definiteness in tracing the particular points of resemblance. The result is, that the impression left on the reader's mind is too vague. Too large a part of the task which was fairly to be expected of the author is left to be performed by the reader for himself. The work has thus an unfinished character. There is a want of elaboration, — of art. The material is there, but it is not worked up. The citations, also, are unreasonably long and needlessly multiplied; and the reader is wearied by the succession of unimportant details copied so lavishly from works not difficult of access.

We will not dwell upon minor faults of style further than to notice one blemish which is somewhat characteristic of a certain class of religious writers, and by which these pages are too often disfigured. We refer to the habit of applying to the Roman Church and its dignitaries such appellations as “the Beast,” “the Mystery of Iniquity,” “the Man of Sin,” — expressions for which there is indeed a Scriptural warrant, according to the view of many Protestant interpreters; but which, when employed as epithets, partake of a tone more likely to foster prejudice than to lend substantial aid to the cause of Protestantism, and which are too much the provincialisms of a party to befit the diction of the ecclesiastical historian.

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- 7.—1. *Essays on Some of the Difficulties in the Writings of the Apostle Paul, and in other Parts of the New Testament.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. From the Eighth London Edition. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1865. 12mo. pp. 376.
- 2.—*A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, with a Revised Translation.* By Rt. Rev. CHARLES J. ELLICOTT, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. *With an Introductory Notice by* CALVIN E. STOWE, D. D., Professor of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1855. 8vo. pp. 183.

3. — *A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, with a Revised Translation.* By CHARLES J. ELLICOTT, B. D., Dean of Exeter, and Professor of Divinity, King's College, London. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1865. 8vo. pp. 190.
4. — *A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on the Pastoral Epistles, with a Revised Translation.* By Rt. Rev. CHARLES J. ELLICOTT, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1865. 8vo. pp. 263.
5. — *A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Philippians, Colossians, and to Philemon, with a Revised Translation.* By Rt. Rev. CHARLES J. ELLICOTT, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1865. 8vo. pp. 278.
6. — *A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians, with a Revised Translation.* By CHARLES J. ELLICOTT, B. D., Dean of Exeter, and Professor of Divinity, King's College, London. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1865. 8vo. pp. 171.

THE Scriptures of the New Testament lie before the critical inquirer like any other ancient writings, to have their genuineness determined and their contents ascertained by the ordinary rules of evidence and the recognized canons of exegesis. They are not to be approached, as sacred books, with peculiar reserve and timidity; for their specifically sacred character is not a fact which we have a right to assume at the outset, though it may be a corollary of our investigations. If they are not the works of the men to whom, or at least of the age to which they are generally attributed, — if they are either spurious, or formed by successive accretions, — we can place no reliance either on their historical details or on their dogmatic statements, except so far as they are verified by our own consciousness and experience. If, the question of authorship being settled satisfactorily, their contents are either self-contradictory, or absurd, or inconsistent with well-known truth or fact, we are constrained to regard them as curious monuments of antiquity, and nothing more. They are their own evidence. Their sacred character — the divine element in their authorship, or the divine inspiration of their authors — can be inferred only from the phenomena of their external history and from the materials — narrative, didactic, and imaginative — which they embody. We may find ourselves spontaneously treading with unshodden feet, as on holy ground, before we have gone far; but to take off our shoes at the gate is the part of superstition rather than of enlightened reverence.

There might seem to be no need of our saying this; but biblical criticism has been retarded, dwarfed, and deformed more by unreasoning *bibliolatry* than by all other causes; the Scriptures have suffered more at the hands of their friends than from their enemies; and the *a priori* scepticism (if we may be allowed the phrase) with which not a few recent critics have come to their work is but a natural reaction from the *a priori* credulity of so many of their precursors.

St. Paul especially has suffered from the not excessive, but misplaced, reverence of his critics and commentators. In order to get a clear and self-justifying view, whether of his native ability, his varied culture, or his inspiration, we have to rend away, one after another, with a boldness that looks almost like sacrilege, several dense involucres that hide his meaning. His writings are letters, growing out of relation to particular circumstances, with special ends of immediate interest in view, and (though indispensable portions of Christian literature) written with no expectation on his part that they would be widely scattered or long preserved. He wrote in a diction which, though with fewer Hebraisms than we find in most of the other sacred writers, yet indicates his provincial training, and his limited conversance with classic idioms. He had in part to create his own vocabulary, often attaching for the first time spiritual meanings to terms which before served to designate only material objects. He was frequently constrained to use, not words of his own choice, but words which had been abused, and the redemption of which from vassalage to error and evil was the only way of enlightening the minds which had been misled or bewildered by them. He was constantly obliged to employ the technical terms of Judaism as the vehicle of Christian thoughts, which could have been lodged in the Hebrew mind by no other mode of conveyance. Then, too, Paul's own nature is not one of those that can be seen through in a moment. It is full of contrasts and unites seeming incompatibilities; — breadth and minuteness of view; rapid generalization and aptness for detail; fervor and subtilty; magnanimity and the keenest sensitiveness to wrong and misconception; cosmopolitan sympathies and intense love of his own country and nation; the largest spiritual liberty in theory, and a strong clinging to the ritual superseded by the Gospel; the passive submission of the martyr, and the aggressive, defiant heroism of the saint militant; tender, rapt devotion, and the secular prudence and administrative ability which made him the founder of the visible Church, as his Master was of the kingdom not of this world. And no man ever projected himself more constantly, or threw more of himself, or more rapidly varying moods and phases of himself, into his writings than he. No wonder, then, that there are in his Epistles "some things hard to be understood."

The works that we have named at the head of this article are among the most valuable contributions to Pauline criticism that now exist in the English language. Whately's *Essays* have been long before the public; but the present reprint was undertaken with the special sanction of the author, and contains his latest revisions. Ellicott's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians* was published in 1854; that on the *Epistles to the Thessalonians*, in 1858. The reprint now before us is, we believe, the only American edition of the successive volumes.

These two writers occupy widely different positions in theology. Whately, though a firm believer in the divine inspiration of the Apostles, belonged, on this subject of inspiration, to the more rationalistic school, regarding Paul's Epistles, not as the result of special dictation from heaven, but as letters written by one who was the subject of divine illumination, in the ordinary and natural exercise of his functions as a Christian teacher. Yet in these *Essays* the author agrees with divines of a more rigid school in according to St. Paul, properly understood, plenary authority as an interpreter of Christian doctrine. Ellicott, on the other hand, holds the more literal theory of inspiration; yet, as the divine message was communicated in human language, and adapted to such exigencies as occurred in the common course of human affairs, — to the needs, errors, prejudices, and controversies that could not but arise in the development of the infant Church, — he applies to the verification and exposition of these sacred writings the very same critical methods and instruments which he would have employed in a commentary on any other series of ancient writings.

Whately's characteristics as a writer were such as adapted him to exert a most extensive and beneficent influence on a large class of intelligent readers. Concentration alone was wanting to raise him to the highest order of intellectual eminence, and to give him fame in coming generations; but had he written more for posterity, he would have done much less for the culture of his own time. His honesty and sincerity are among the chief sources of his power. He writes always from firm conviction. He has no fear of the truth, and no party prejudice; no sentiment of ecclesiastical loyalty arrests his progress wherever his investigation or reasoning leads him. A devoted member of the Church which was honored by his elevation to the Irish Primacy, he was as unsparing in the exposition of those of its pretensions which he deemed baseless, as if he had been a disappointed aspirant for promotion or a bitter dissenter. He was a born teacher. He could not but be didactic. Whatever he knew or believed, he regarded as worth the world's acceptance, and deemed it his mission to proffer it for the

world's benefit. His reasoning is not so loose as it seems, though condensation would give it more logical coherency and greater cogency. If he is diffuse, it is not from poverty or laxity of thought; it is the affluence of his resources, and the generous use he feels constrained to make of them, that load his pages with collateral and subsidiary thoughts, suggestive analogies, applications to specific cases, illustrations drawn from parallel regions of thought and inquiry.

The first Essay in the volume before us is one of the most masterly of his writings. It is entitled "On the Love of Truth." It presents its alliance with and dependence on the truth, as the prime characteristic of Christianity, in contradistinction from the Pagan religions, which were maintained, not because they rested upon evidence or laid any claim to the belief of cultivated men, but because they were ancient and useful. It then delineates with a bold hand various forms of selfishness and timidity, which prevent Christians from investigating the grounds, records, and doctrines of their faith, from assenting to the legitimate deductions from their own premises, and from promulgating what they are compelled to admit as undoubted truth. The next Essay gives an admirable exposition of the difficulties that attend the study of St. Paul's writings, the reasons for their frequent obscurity to the ordinary reader, and their essential importance as a contemporaneous and authoritative interpretation of the teachings of the Gospel. The remaining Essays are devoted chiefly to the principal controversies that have had their origin in the Pauline Epistles, and especially to the questions at issue between the adherents of the Augustinian theology and divines of the Arminian school. The author's conclusions on all these points are opposed to the ultra-Calvinism which, as we think, can alone make good its title to the name of the Genevan Reformer, and in harmony with the milder type of orthodoxy which prevails in our New England churches. He traces the opinions which have been falsely attributed to St. Paul to the vicious habit of quoting and interpreting his writings, first, aphoristically, as if each sentence contained a complete dogmatical statement, independently of the context and of the specific aim which the writer had in view; and, in the second place, technically, as if St. Paul had found a theological vocabulary made to his hand, and always used the same word in the same meaning, and that the meaning affixed to it in modern creeds and confessions of faith. The volume, though it does not profess to be systematic and exhaustive, has, with reference to its purpose, a singular completeness and unity. It embraces all the leading points of variance between the different schools of interpretation, and furnishes even a textual exposition of most of the passages that have constituted the armory of theological warfare.

We are acquainted with no work that could take the place of this as an introduction to the study of Paul's Epistles. There can be but one opinion as to the author's candor and impartiality. He is uniformly just to those whose opinions he controverts, defending them against unwarrantable inferences from their own doctrines, especially against the Antinomian tendencies that have been laid to their charge, vindicating their Christian integrity, and asserting the virtual accordance of all loyal disciples of a common Master in the great essentials of practical piety.

Ellicott's Commentaries comprehend a Greek text, a marginal synopsis of the contents of each paragraph, special notes on the textual criticism of such passages as demand something more than a list of authorities, and a series of foot-notes covering the whole ground, containing all important various readings with the authorities for them, and presenting with the author's own exegesis such alternative interpretations as are deemed worthy of respectful consideration, with the reasons for and against them. At the close of each volume is a new translation of the Epistle or Epistles commented upon, with foot-notes indicating all important deviations from the established version, giving numerous citations from other versions, and embodying many critical statements and reasonings which belong of right to the department of translation rather than of exegesis. The text is for the most part Tischendorf's, which is departed from but seldom, and only for special reasons. The translation is not a paraphrase, but is designed to give the precise English words and idioms which the author regards as synonymous, or most nearly so, with the words and idioms of the original.

As a commentator Ellicott deserves, in several particulars, emphatic commendation. In the first place, he never aims at originality, seems entirely destitute of the pride of discovery, and prefers, where he can honestly do so, to follow in the wake of his most learned, acute, and sound predecessors. With these he is intimately conversant, both with the earlier and the more modern, and always cites them with all due honor and deference. At the same time, he never manifests that timid adherence to established methods of exposition which has often rendered the fullest learning utterly unfruitful, and has lumbered the shelves of the biblical scholar with works which are merely the decanting of old wine into new bottles. Ellicott is never afraid to desert his standard-bearers, when he thinks he has light which they had not. His crowning merit is his perfect honesty with himself, no less than with his readers. Less than any really earnest and devout critic whom we can call to mind does he suffer his theological opinions, or his preferences in point of religious taste, to affect his critical judgment. Of two pos-

sible interpretations, he very often rejects that which as a theologian he would wish to find authorized, and chooses that which is adverse to his own dogmatic opinions. And, in repeated instances, in which there is no question of doctrine, he, as an impartial interpreter, gives his sanction to the one of two alternative expositions which accords the least with what he would antecedently have expected or wished St. Paul to write, and the least with his avowed theory as to the nature and degree of the Apostle's inspiration. The subject has by no means yet received its final and exhaustive treatment, but no student of the Apostolic Epistles can afford to remain destitute of these volumes, until, in the progress of the science of biblical interpretation, they shall be superseded by better works than can be written now.

8.—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects.* By DR. J. G. HOLLAND.
New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. 12mo. pp. 360.

If there is no royal road to learning, there is at least the popular one, which has been carefully straightened and smoothed by various writers for the benefit of those who read while running. Children can now be prematurely instructed in the rudiments of chemistry and astronomy, instead of reposing, as did their parents at their age, in a superstitious belief in the actual existence of Jack the Giant-Killer and of Red Riding-Hood. Men, too, whose time is otherwise occupied, have facilities for acquiring a smattering of what it would take them years to secure in the legitimate way.

What has been done with facts and science Dr. Holland attempts to do with thought, in his "*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects.*" That he will have many readers we cannot doubt; for, besides his great popularity, one of his books being in its thirtieth and another in its twenty-fifth edition, there will never be a lack of persons who like to have their thinking done for them, to be able to read without difficulty, and, in short, to keep themselves just on the edge of the current of thought, instead of struggling in the stream. Such readers are ready consumers of such small parcels of remarks and ideas as are retailed to them by Dr. Holland. And his book is no doubt useful for those to whom it is thus adapted. It is better for persons to think even very moderately, who, were it not for books like these, would never think at all.

"*Plain Talks*" is a collection of lectures, and therefore labors under certain disadvantages, arising from the necessity of Dr. Holland's bursting into eloquence at the end of each discourse. This he has done in a way that will hardly bear close examination. The style is affected,

tautological, and tiresome, through the failure of the attempt to be at the same time eloquent and perfectly clear. The fulness of illustration which the author considers necessary for explaining his meaning is wearying to those who, knowing for instance that children are fond of playing, do not need a page, like the eighty-sixth, wholly devoted to a catalogue of the successive amusements of children, from the time the babe pulls his father's whiskers to the epoch of the boy's "driving other boys four-in-hand, or playing at ball, or sliding down hill, or running races, or wrestling, or going hunting and fishing." Nor is this an exceptional case; similar ones may be found on almost every page. This frequent repetition implies that Dr. Holland has an unnecessarily low opinion of the intelligence of his readers. He might as well advertise lectures in words of one syllable.

The lessons which he clothes in this unsatisfactory garb are utterly trite. We are bidden to take the occupation for which we are most suited, without, however, mistaking our own powers, and told that we must not enter the crowded professions of law and medicine, unless we are peculiarly adapted to them. This advice is of course most excellent, but yet cannot always be followed. There are as many who are driven by stress of circumstances into an occupation they do not like, as there are men who voluntarily take one not suited for them. He advises us to exercise, not too much, however, nor yet in a harmful way. Again, it is proved by examples taken from the various occurrences of every-day life, that we should always do our duty, and never shirk it. This, of course, is not to be denied. But have we to go to Dr. Holland for the lesson?

The lecture on Art and Life is the author's masterpiece, and must have been expressly reserved for audiences of a rare degree of intellectual power. Can we believe it possible that a man who, to take our former example, needed the enumeration of twenty-six sports of infancy and childhood before he was convinced that children really liked to play, — that such a man could understand, only at first hearing, the definition of true art as "that which is true in life, organized in the idea, in its relations to human motives, — abstract truth, assimilated to life, and thus made food for life"? Would he not be mystified by the following apostrophe? "Ah! this is impalpable, invisible, plastic nihility, — this formless mother of forms, this vitalized nothingness, this matrix of all being, — words!" That is the sequel to the remark, "There is nothing that man knows, there is nothing that the heart has felt, there is nothing the imagination can conceive, that may not and does not find in words its highest revelation." Besides these bits of fervid eloquence, Dr. Holland is peculiar in his use of the word Christian. He applies

it to shoemakers, books, writers, civilization, truth, love, manhood, integrity, and spires. He finds fault with novelists for "discarding the social and political systems which are the offspring of Christianity as its choicest framework and material." Does he want novels written simply in support of the Unitarian or Baptist churches? He charges Dickens with not having the Christian element in his writings; but how can the Christian element appear save in the sweetness and purity which the author acknowledges as existing in his characters? Is not that the only way they are seen in life? We will not deny that these lectures may have done, and still may do, much good, but we can recommend their perusal only to those who can be satisfied with the smallest amount of thought, buried under the greatest amount of words.

9. — *Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb.* By WILLIAM W. GOODWIN, Ph.D., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Second Edition, Revised. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1865. 12mo. pp. xv., 264.

THE first edition of this work appeared in 1860. That it was received with favor appears from the fact that a new edition is so soon called for. It supplied, indeed, a want which had been very sensibly felt by advanced students of the Greek language. In former times little attention was paid to the special and exact use of the different parts of the verb. Scholars were satisfied with giving to any particular form the rendering which seemed to be required by the immediate context, without inquiring how far the rendering thus given corresponded to the use of the same form in other cases. But the scientific spirit of the present century has demanded a more thorough treatment for this, as for all other departments of grammar. The various uses of each mood and tense, the various forms used for each modal and temporal relation, even the peculiarities in the usage of different periods, dialects, and authors, have been made the subject of careful investigation. The elementary grammars which have appeared within the last twenty years, though they show the fruits of such studies, could not of course satisfy the wants of advanced scholars. Even the larger and more copious grammars have left much to be desired. Buttmann, while he put a new face on the treatment of Greek inflection, did comparatively little for the syntax. Matthiä furnished an extended and elaborate syntax; but in this part of it he shows a want of comprehensive views which takes much from the value of his rich collection of examples. Kühner is unduly influenced by a scheme of syntactical

philosophy: that his general view of the relations between the subjunctive and optative was unfounded and misleading, is clearly proved by Professor Goodwin in an interesting Appendix to this work. In Krüger's Grammar, which has never appeared in an English dress, and in Madvig's Syntax, the subject is ably treated; and by Madvig particularly in a really admirable manner. But a subject so complex requires a special treatise for its satisfactory exposition and illustration. Such treatises have been produced in Germany, by Bäumlein in 1846, and by Aken in 1861. Without stopping to criticise them, we may express the conviction, that in extent of research and in mastery of the subject Professor Goodwin's work is not inferior to either of them, while in fitness for the purposes of instruction it is very greatly their superior.

The work before us is, indeed, a model of thoroughness. All the multiplied varieties of idiom which stand connected with the use of the verb-forms are here carefully noted, discriminated from each other, and illustrated by examples. The peculiarities of Herodotus, of Pindar, of the Attic poets, and, above all, those of the Homeric language, form the subject of many interesting and valuable observations. Even the various readings of the manuscripts, where a difference of mood is among the most frequent variations, are constantly taken into account. The arrangement of the matter is excellent; and it is so set off by differences of letter-size, by the headings of the pages, and by references from one part to another, that one can hardly ever be at a loss where to find the information which he wants. The style is copious and clear. The general descriptions of idiom are drawn out with a decided fulness of expression, but in terms carefully chosen and conscientiously exact. The student is never left in doubt as to the meaning of the writer. The proof-passages cited from Greek authors are very numerous; and a large proportion of them — larger in the second edition than in the first — are translated. These translations, at once faithful and felicitous, add much to the value of the book. They show how the author understands and applies his own rule, and thus furnish often the clearest, as well as most compact, explanation of its scope and bearings. Great pains are taken to compare together the forms of expression which approach each other in meaning, and to point out the precise differences between them. To one who considers how complex, and, in general, how subtle are the phenomena set forth in this work, it will appear surprising that they should be presented in a manner not only so intelligible, but so vivid and impressive.

Among the peculiar features of his work, our author in his Preface gives a just prominence to his treatment of conditional sentences. He

makes a distinction, which no one has made before with the same clearness and consistency, between *general* and *particular* suppositions. He shows, — (1.) That in suppositions relating to a particular event, while the indicative is the regular form, it is more common, if the event is a future one, to find the subjunctive or optative; and (2.) That in suppositions of a general character, — when “if” has the force of “if ever,” “whenever,” “in whatever case,” — the subjunctive and optative are the moods regularly used, the indicative being found only in occasional exceptions. These principles throw great light on the whole subject of conditional sentences. They are made to furnish an excellent classification for such sentences. And this classification is afterward extended, with much ingenuity and elegance, to the very numerous sentences, beginning with relative pronouns and adverbs, which refer to indefinite antecedents and have a quasi-conditional character.

The book shows plainly that it was composed with practical aims, that it was designed to be used as a text-book for instruction, and, in particular, that it was intended to serve as a guide and help in Greek composition. Hence it is that the author does not content himself with enumerating and explaining the Greek forms of mood and tense: he often takes up the English forms, and shows how they are represented in Greek. And it doubtless proceeds, in part at least, from these practical aims, that he studiously avoids considerations of a theoretical character, and that he discards from his treatment of the moods the somewhat metaphysical categories of “reality,” “possibility,” and the like, which have been generally looked to for modal distinctions. In this direction his second edition goes even farther than the first. As he says in his Preface: —

“In the first edition, I could not persuade myself to abandon the old doctrines so completely as to exclude the common distinction between the subjunctive and optative in protasis, — that the former implies ‘a prospect of decision,’ while the latter does not. Subsequent experience has convinced me that there is no more distinction between ἐὰν τοῦτο ποιῇ and εἰ τοῦτο ποιήῃ than between the English *if he shall do this* and *if he should do this*; and I think every one must see that here there is no distinction but that of greater or less vividness of expression. The simple fact that both could be expressed by the Latin *si hoc faciat* is a strong support of this view.” — p. iv.

The argument drawn from the Latin *si hoc faciat* is weakened by the well-known fact that conceptions which are distinguished in one language are confounded in another: thus the Greek ἐποίησα, “I did,” and πεποίηκα, “I have done,” are both expressed by the Latin *feci*, while yet no one would doubt that the two Greek forms differ in more than a “greater or less vividness of expression.” As regards

ἐὰν τοῦτο ποιῇ and εἰ τοῦτο ποιήσῃ, it may be that the term "prospect of decision" is not well chosen for bringing out the difference between them; yet we find it not altogether inappropriate in describing the difference, to our own feeling, between *if he shall do this* and *if he should do this*. Both represent an event of which the occurrence is as yet undetermined; but in the former we recognize a *looking forward* toward future determination, which we do not find in the latter, — which, if it may be understood in connection with the latter, is not expressed by it. When we say the former, we assume an attitude of expectation, which we voluntarily relinquish when we pass to the latter. This, in fact, is indicated in the English form of expression. *Should* is the past tense of *shall*: the expectation which is signified as present by *shall*, is by *should* properly signified as past. But in saying *if he should come*, why do we use a form of past expectation? the supposed event belongs to the future, and it is apparent that there is no actual reference to any past time. Evidently, the form of past expectation is a contrivance of language, intended simply to set aside the idea of present expectation, to deny it a place among the elements of thought expressed in the supposition. There is thus, no doubt, a difference of vividness between the forms in question; but that is only the result of a difference in the elements of thought which they express.

Professor Goodwin does not attempt to state in general terms how the three principal moods, indicative, subjunctive, and optative, are distinguished in meaning from each other. He presents in descriptions and examples the special uses of each, but does not seek to show how far these uses are connected by anything common to them all. Indeed, he holds it impossible, as regards any one of the three, to include all its uses under one definition.

"Any definition," he says, "which is to include all the uses of the indicative must be comprehensive enough to include even the imperfect and pluperfect subjunctive in Latin; for εἰ ἔγραψεν, ἦλθον ἄν is equivalent to *scripsisset, venissem*. It would be equally impossible to give a single definition sufficiently precise to be of any use in practice, including all the uses of the subjunctive or optative." — p. 1.

If by this it is meant that no definition can be given in which all the uses of the Greek indicative would be involved as necessary consequences, we can hardly question its correctness. But if it is meant that there is no element of thought which belongs to the indicative in all its uses, and does not belong to the subjunctive or optative, then its truth is not equally obvious. It is very true that the Latin has the subjunctive in some cases where the Greek has the indicative; but it does not follow that in such cases the conceptions expressed by the two

languages are in all respects identical. The Greek often has *ἐποίησα* where in English we should say *I have done*, or *I had done*; yet it is certain that our English forms contain an idea of completed action which is foreign to the Greek aorist. In like manner, it is conceivable that what in one language is viewed as an *assumed* (not an *asserted*) *reality*, should in another be viewed and expressed as a *possibility*. There is nothing, certainly, in the general relations of different languages, to prevent us from admitting this.

We are not now asserting that all the uses of the indicative do in fact have one common element characteristic of the mood. We know that in the Greek genitive are combined two cases, a genitive and an ablative, which were originally distinct; and so, in the Greek dative, three cases, a dative, an instrumental, and a locative of the primitive language. To trace all the uses of the Greek genitive, or the Greek dative, to a single root, would be a futile attempt. And it may be so with the indicative mood. The question, however, is one which grammatical science cannot forbear to raise, — Do all these uses of the indicative spring from one root, and, if so, what is it? or from two or more roots, and, if so, how many and what are they? It may be that the means are as yet wanting which would furnish an answer — a fully satisfactory answer — to such inquiries. In that case we can only state to ourselves the most probable conclusions thus far arrived at, recognizing the uncertainty which may attach to them, and leaving the rest to future research. Care must be used, of course, not to mistake probabilities for certainties, and especially not to warp the facts given in actual usage, in order to make them consistent with our theoretical results. It is notorious that in too many cases such care has not been exercised; that abstract notions of modality have been made to furnish a host of false or unmeaning explanations, to the prejudice of careful observation and sound criticism. It is not surprising that a sober and cautious scholar, disgusted with this misuse, should go to the opposite extreme of rejecting all ideas properly modal, at least as regards the three moods in question. But if this procedure relieves him from some difficulties, a single instance will show that it is not without disadvantages of its own.

We have already noticed Professor Goodwin's treatment of the forms *ἐὰν ποιῇ* and *εἰ ποιοίη*. But there is another form, made by *εἰ* with the future indicative, which, like these, is used in suppositions that relate to a particular event in the future. Thus we have *εἰ ἐλεύσεται*, *if he comes* (i. e. *shall come*, — the Anglo-Saxon present serves also as a future), *ἐὰν ἔλθῃ*, *if he come*, and *εἰ ἔλθοι*, *if he should come*; in all which our author recognizes a difference only in vividness, the first being more vivid than

the second, and the second than the third. But it is hard to believe that the language should have created three such forms of expression with an original and permanent difference in vividness alone; and still more, when we find the same threefold distinction reproduced in our English idiom. We cannot help feeling that such a difference is a fact which requires to be accounted for. If now we could recognize in the first form an element of *reality* (a reality assumed, not asserted) which does not appear in the second, and in the second form an element of *expectation* which does not appear in the third, the progressive differences in vividness would be simply and naturally accounted for. Explanations like these, even if founded on views which are more or less doubtful, may yet have the value often allowed to hypothesis in science, that of connecting together, and bringing into intelligible order, what would otherwise appear as isolated facts. In a similar way, one might account for the facts, already stated, to which our author gives prominence in his treatment of conditional sentences. Thus in particular suppositions, when the condition is a future event, it is natural that it should be conceived as a *possibility*, as something *liable to occur*, rather than as *actually occurring* in the future. And in general suppositions, it is equally natural that the indefinite condition should be conceived as something liable to occur, something that *may* or *might occur* on any occasion, rather than as an actual occurrence. By such considerations we should not, of course, expect to show that the Greek must of necessity use the forms he did. But if we can only show that it was natural for him to use them, we may at least take from the rules that we lay down that disconnected and arbitrary character which would otherwise belong to them.

But we are dwelling too long on matters which, if not without scientific interest, do not seriously affect the practical value of the work before us,—a work which we confidently regard as the best yet produced on the subject of which it treats.

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10. — *Sesame and Lilies*. *Two Lectures delivered at Manchester in 1864*. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. 1. *Of Kings' Treasuries*; 2. *Of Queens' Gardens*. Second Edition, with Preface. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1865. pp. xxiii., 196.

DURING the eight years that have elapsed since the publication of "The Political Economy of Art," Mr. Ruskin's thought, which by nature and habit directs itself to analysis and the solution of problems, has mainly spent itself on the consideration of questions of public economy

and public morality. The fine arts have still engaged a part of his attention, but secondarily, and as it were parenthetically.

The present work consists of two lectures which are more immediately devoted to personal education, and particularly to the proper use of books. It seems to Mr. Ruskin, as it seems to every thinker of our time, that the desire for amusement is becoming the controlling desire of the people, especially of the upper classes; that the disregardful spirit which, as we all know, the present generation shows toward art, it shows also in a less but in an increasing degree toward literature, and indeed toward every manifestation of intellectual and moral life; and that the persistent rejection of thought, and of subjects of occupation requiring thought, is fast depriving people of the power of thought. The truth of these propositions he endeavors to establish, and the right way to deal with the evil is what his lectures are intended to suggest.

Criticism of the highest rank must often take the form of analysis of the existing thing, with the view of suggesting the possible improvement. For criticism is not properly limited to giving an opinion of a single work or a group of works, nor even to giving such an opinion fortified by the statement of reasons and of principles of judgment. Criticism has for its very highest function the setting of the actual thing in its true light, and the setting of the possible thing also in its true light. It is the chief end of criticism to teach people to judge things as they are, and not as they have been said to be, or as tradition and custom represent them to be.

Mr. Ruskin's power of analysis and habit of subtle and close reasoning are, therefore, more important tools to him as a critic, than even his acquired knowledge of art and literature. But his peculiar gift, which marks him out among men of almost or quite equal intellectual power, is the force of imagination, which is so evident and remarkable in all his reasoning. This union of the reason and the imagination is perhaps the peculiar intellectual excellence of modern literature and of modern thought as opposed to ancient. As it has been well said that scientific inquiry cannot be successfully prosecuted without the aid of a lively imagination; so inquiry into the laws of society and of life cannot be of any great value, nor the decisions arrived at of any authoritative force, unless vigorous and penetrating imagination has aided the slower reason. It is not necessary that we should mention the numerous thinkers of modern times, some of them our contemporaries, who fail to see the whole of any subject of which they treat, and from whose treatment of any subject nothing but doubt and uncertainty results, because of the lack of imagination in their ways of thought.

The union of imagination and thought is the most remarkable feature

of the volume before us. The first, which is much the longer lecture, has for its subject the general one, how to read books; and the current of thought is closely confined to the subject, throughout nearly the whole length of the discourse. It would seem to an unimaginative person that the lecture on this topic might be made very short; and if any one should decline to read the lecture on the ground that he could himself, *a priori*, give as good advice on the subject as he needed, his claim would not appear wholly ridiculous. The subject is of the oldest and most hackneyed. How to read, and, more generally, How to improve the mind, is no new science, like Political Economy or International Law (so called), but has been a subject of discussion for many ages. But in the book before us fresh and highly disciplined thought married to penetrative imagination has taken up the old subject, and we find it to be a new one.

Does the imagination sometimes overpass its proper bounds, and supersede rather than clear and strengthen the thought? Perhaps so. If the book have a fault of matter, it is this. Thus, in the attempt to prove that we should seek the society of wise and great men in print, because we all desire, and but seldom can have, the society of wise and great men in life, there is a certain forcing of the similitude which sometimes detracts from the real strength of the argument. It is, for instance, not wholly nor in every case true that sensible people, "if put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet or the prince's chamber," would "be glad to listen to their words, though forbidden to advance beyond the screen." But it is undoubtedly true, in general, that many of the advantages which are sought for in the best society of living men are to be found in the proper use of books.

There are two kinds of good books, — good books for the hour, and good books for all time; and those of the last class only are properly books, those of the second class being in essence merely newspapers bound up. It is of the proper use of the real books, written to last forever, that Mr. Ruskin treats. Now it is the tendency of the prevailing desire for amusement, novelty, and excitement, to make people forget how to use good books aright. And it is the tendency of the self-sufficient spirit, common to energetic and vigorous people, to lead them to suppose their own judgment sufficient to them in most cases requiring decision. So an unpractised reader revolts against something in this plain injunction: Have "a true desire to be taught by them [authors of good books], and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe, not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects." Now it seems

to us that this, and the amplification of the thought which follows, are not put in the best way, but that language might be used which would be more persuasive and convincing. But the very briefness and crispness of the short, emphatic, epigrammatic statements have a charm for all those who like truth so well, and know it so well, that they can recognize it in strange garb. And so here is another capital thing, and one which three quarters of the readers of the book are probably astonished at,—the statement that a man may know many languages, and yet be wholly illiterate, so long as he does not know them, nor his own, thoroughly well. And it is accuracy of *meaning*, and not of pronunciation or orthography, that the lecturer demands. This matter of the true meaning of words is a favorite subject of thought with Mr. Ruskin. Whether in translation from foreign tongues or in original use of English, the exact force and significance of a word, helped and emphasized by derivation, are of great importance to so generally accurate a thinker. And his researches into the meaning of words, as we might with propriety call this favorite task, are as delightful and suggestive to the reader, as they seem to have been pleasant and necessary to the author.

But there is a second thing to be done. If we would use books rightly, we must not only understand what the authors say, and so enter into their minds, we must feel with them also, and enter into their hearts. And in the consideration of this second point, the wide and deep and grave questions of sentiment and sensation, gentleness and vulgarity, righteousness and unrighteousness, justice and injustice, wide sympathies and narrow prejudices, all come up for examination. The author thinks the English nation, as it exists, not a wholly noble, or just, or gentle nation, but too avaricious and too thoughtless to be either. To his view, his countrymen have rendered themselves incapable of giving thought to literature, science, and art, in their insanity of avarice and longing for amusement. To his mind, it seems, indeed, to despise literature, science, art, natural beauty, and compassion. And the men who do not, and by whose faithfulness and strength England lives,—these men also England, as a nation, despises. The powerful, and, so far as an American has a right to say, truthful passage, beginning on page 99, we have not space to quote entire, and will not mar by cutting down. But every American will respect the heart and the head of the man who has said: "I have no words for the wonder with which I hear kinghood still spoken of, even among thoughtful men, as if governed nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather; as if Achilles's indignant epithet of

base kings, 'people-eating,' were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and enlargement of a king's dominion meant the same thing as the increase of a private man's estate! Kings who think so, however powerful, can no more be the true kings of a nation, than gad-flies are the kings of a horse; they suck it and may drive it wild, but do not guide it."

For this writer, who is yet thought by some to be a blind worshipper of force and an adherent of despotism in government, has seen as a living truth what in Europe is not even a form of words, and in America is little else than that, — that rulers are the servants of those they rule. "He that is greatest amongst you, let him be your minister," the Master said to his disciples; meaning, not to uncrown their natural king, but to crown him truly, with the emblem of a dominion that death could not take away.

The second lecture deals with the education of women. Beginning with the question, What ought the power of women to be? the course of inquiry leads through the whole matter of women's nature, relations to men, relations to society, needed knowledge, needed sentiment, and true influence and power. The presence and aid of women are found to be indispensable to the well-being of men in all the conditions of life; and not only that, but also indispensable to the success of men in all the undertakings of life. The testimony of the great thinkers of the past, and the teaching of all the great ages of history, are brought up; and it seems that women are wise and faithful counsellors when men's wisdom fails, — just and pure examples, when men's heart and conduct are corrupt, — strong to sanctify when men have sinned, and strong to save when salvation is possible. The subjection of the knight to his lady, Greek worship of the ruling wisdom in Pallas Athene, Dante's devotion of a life to the name and shade of his dead Beatrice, — all these are found to be but typical of the true reverence, worship, and obedience which men owe to women. But the function of woman is not herself to act, nor even to determine: her function is to guide, to advise, to order. The sexes are radically and altogether different, — their characters and their duties; there is no such thing as the "superiority" of one sex to the other, for they cannot be compared in similar things. Each supplies the other's need, and completes the other.

The education given to woman must be radically different from that given to men — first, because the different nature of the sexes requires such different training to develop respectively their full strength; second, because of the different duties they have to perform in life.

This preacher of "women's rights" differs from others in this, that the others wish women to take up some part of man's duty, and to fill

some part at least of his place. Disguised under what form soever it may be of real philanthropy and earnest desire to reform crying evils, it is the tendency of most discussion of woman's sphere and mission to seek an answer to this question, — "How much of men's work ought women to do?" But the true question, thinks Mr. Ruskin, is this: "What is women's own work which men cannot do?" And the duty of man toward woman is, not to invite her to work with him at tasks which she is not fitted to undertake, but to help her to the true understanding of her own duties, and to respect and reverence her in her proper discharge of those duties.

The Preface which is added to the second edition is entirely addressed to that disregard of the beauty of natural scenery with which, in the former of the two lectures, the author had charged his countrymen. The catastrophe on the Matterhorn last summer was the immediate cause of its being written. "The Alps themselves," the lecturer had said, "you look upon as soaped poles in a bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb." Not wishing to change what he had once thoughtfully said in the earnest reproof of pages 85 and 86, beginning, "You have despised nature," he yet cannot let them remain without a few added words.

"No blame," he thinks, "ought to attach to the Alpine tourist for incurring danger." There is usually sufficient immediate cause for so doing; if there is not this, there is always the certain good to be gained by meeting danger with calmness and ready resource. The vanity, indeed, so commonly excited by success in Alpine climbing is to be deprecated. And the conquest of new peaks and triumphant achievement of hitherto unexampled feats in mountain work, while it is done in vanity, is of little value, as is shown by the scantiness of accurate knowledge yet made public about the mountains. But the saddest misuse of Switzerland by the English is this, that they have lost all real understanding of the character and beauty of the country by regarding it as half watering-place, half gymnasium. The purest and even the noblest beauty of Switzerland is not among the central peaks of the higher Alps, but in the mountain valleys or among the hill pastures. Not the Valley of Chamouni, but the Valley of Cluse, not Mount Blanc or the Bernese Oberland, but the lower hills of Berne or Savoy, are the most richly invested with the beauty which travellers in Switzerland suppose themselves to be in search of. And the love of excitement, love of novelty, love of danger, and love of hard work, which spur the members of the Alpine Club, are far from being one with love of beauty. Natural beauty, as such, has daily less and less power over the people of Europe. And the beauty of her ancient cities is involved with the beauty

of her fields and streams in one common ruin, caused by the modern lust of wealth and pride of display. Her rivers are foul with the refuse of factories, and her mountain valleys disfigured by glaring hotels. Her cities are rebuilt into white dulness, and their traditional and beautiful buildings swept away. And now that Florence, at last, is crowned the capital of Italy, the event is solemnized by an outrage which will make every thoughtful man doubtful — if not, indeed, careless — of the future of the nation that can endure it, — the accursed and ill-omened folly of casting down her old walls, and surrounding her with a ‘boulevard.’”

Is there, then, in Europe no gravity or depth of purpose left? It seems to this saddened thinker that there is none. It is perhaps not becoming in an American to dispute or confirm what he says. But we have it on record, that his countrymen have allowed this wise and true man, who has devoted his life to the ascertainment and teaching of truths, the recognition of and obedience to which are vitally necessary for the well-being of modern society, to go from anxiety to sadness, and from sadness to despair. That the tendency of modern thought in the prosperous communities of Europe and America is calculated to excite grave anxiety in the mind of a thoughtful man, cannot well be doubted. But the popular English disregard of such teaching as Ruskin's is perhaps an unusually aggravated instance, saddening enough at best, and leaving less room for hope than is left by evil tendencies generally.

11. — *The Story of the Great March. From the Diary of a Staff Officer.* By BREVET-MAJOR GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, Aid-de-Camp to General Sherman. With a Map and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. 1865.

It is sometimes difficult to know whether a theatre poster is an advertisement of a theatrical star, or of the job-printer who prints his name in large letters at the end of it. The title-page of Major Nichols's books suggests, perhaps, the same difficulty; but it is one which a reading of the text quickly removes, for little space is devoted to Sherman, and the story is that of Major Nichols and his Great March. There is a modesty about the title, in this view, that at first sight is pleasing, and yet, on reflection, seems not entirely satisfactory. Why should the public be deceived? The evasion is a delicate one, but an over-bashfulness cannot be suffered to detract from merited fame. Major Nichols has done a thing worthy of laurel; let him come forward, then, and allow the necessary ceremony to be gone through.

Justice demands that inferiority of rank shall not be a bar to deserved praise; begging the Major's pardon, therefore, if we do not seem to treat his coyness with sufficient consideration, an attempt to give a short account of the particulars, strategy, and meaning of his brilliant movement cannot be out of place.

About the middle of November, a year ago, the Major commanding, having carefully concerted his plans, marshalled a force of sixty-five thousand men for the invasion of Georgia. General Howard had the right wing, Slocum the left, Kilpatrick the cavalry, while Sherman acted as a sort of general Aid-de-camp. Burning Atlanta in Chapter III., the commander organizes his troops in Chapter IV., breaks camp in Chapter V., and in Chapter VI. hurls them upon Milledgeville, distant from Atlanta seventy-five miles in a straight line. They swoop, as it were, upon that doomed city, apparently without passing through the intervening space. The Major shows an eye for dramatic effect; the exit of the Georgia lawgivers, and the entrance of the army, are well used. No Capua was Milledgeville, however; and the Major's motto being Action! action! action! in Chapter VII. he beguiles the intermediate leagues with lively accounts of wayside incidents, an original character, and cock-fighting, while Chapter VIII. takes us from Millen to the sea.

On December 13th Major Nichols could write: "Fort McAllister is ours. It has been gallantly and bravely won. I saw the heroic assault from the point of observation selected by General Sherman at the adjacent rice-mill." With this the curtain falls on the first act, and the gallant Major rests his wearied forces. He is well satisfied with the conduct of his subordinates, and devotes a chapter to Sherman. The bell rings, the curtain rises, and behold the invader striding through the Carolinas. With an amazing rapidity he passes Branchville, Orangeburg, and reaches Columbia, enlivening the way, too, with such vivacious talk that we hardly know when we are marching and when marking time. In the capital the commander, "by constantly improving many excellent opportunities for conversing with prominent citizens," has "unquestionable evidence of their desire to end the war by submitting to the national authority." Camden, Cheraw, Fayetteville, Goldsborough, and Raleigh are taken in quick succession. Major Nichols spreads out the corps in very pretty and regular axes of circles, receives Johnston's sword, goes home, and reviews his army. As a tail-piece, we have the national Bird, with the American flag on his back, sitting on the sun, having just overcome, in a mortal cock-fight, the Bird of the Southern Confederacy. It may be stated incidentally, as it frequently is in the book, that all this was done by that wonderful engine of American warfare, the flank movement. There was the flank special and the flank

general, or the flank tactical and the flank strategical. Of the former, illustrations were perpetually given by the commander, on the way to Raleigh via Savannah, in the occupation of every hamlet on the route; as thus: — The enemy appears; a large force of invaders makes a demonstration in a certain direction; the enemy is amazed, accepts the demonstration as proof of the q. e. d., is flanked, and retreats. We must decline to descend to greater detail, for the same reason, as will readily be perceived, that the Major does. As for the flank general, or strategical, the entire march to the sea, and thence to North Carolina, flanked the Southern Confederacy, slavery, Lee, and foreign sympathy with the Rebellion.

Such were the Major's deeds, of which we have endeavored to give an account more concise, but as clear as his own. "The Story of the Great March" originally appeared (at least in part) in official letters from the commander to the New York Evening Post. Not willing that his exploits should be permanently trusted to such a perishable repository, he has preserved them in this book, which has attracted attention on both sides of the Atlantic. No American author need any longer despair of a flattering reception by England. The snobbish worship that the success of our arms has produced would be wonderful had it been a novelty. Only a little while ago Mr. Davis was the Mississippi edition of Alfred; Lee united all the good qualities of Napoleon, Wellington, and Washington; Stonewall Jackson was Cromwell, Edward the Confessor, and Saint Louis; and if we had a Howard it was probably Wirtz. But suddenly the view dissolves and new names appear on the transparency, — Grant, Sherman, and Nichols take the place of the former favorites, and the Examiner reviews the Story of the Great March. The Examiner thought a few months since that the proceedings of both commanders in the last part of that march were so brutal, that the boot and thumbscrew might soon be expected to make their appearance in America. The Examiner now searches history to know on what shelf to place the Major's book, and determines to rank it in the category to which Xenophon and Ségur belong, "the conclusion to which it points being of equal importance to the time to which it relates." Yes, there is a great difference between a success and a failure, and Rebellion has a different sound from Revolution: "Off with your cap, Snob; down on your knees, Snob, and truckle." Yet the Major commanding will hardly be satisfied with having the operations which sealed the fate of a country invaded compared to operations which came so very near sealing the fate of the army invading; and even Ségur might object to such a parallel. The praise itself, too, is somewhat doubtful, but eulogy was at least intended; and Xeno-

phon will certainly be pleased, and the Examiner may be forgiven too for a simile which, after all, only shows its loyalty to the old theory, — that the Major ran away from Hood, and attempted to fall back on Washington through Savannah. The Athenæum, however, goes far beyond its contemporaries, and, with true love for the ideal, paints the invasion in these colors : “ Except the squadrons which charged at Worcester and Naseby, no army was ever set in the field like that of Sherman. Many of the rank and file were gentlemen, — poets, writers, advocates, preachers, bankers, landlords ; such men as would mix in London society, and be members of Pall Mall Clubs. Many of the cavalry rode their own mares ; many of the infantry had bought their own arms. They were persons of estate, accustomed to good houses and rich living. . . . What were they going to do ? One thing was clear, they were going to defy all military rules, and, at the risk of their lives, to enlarge the art of war.” Is this a reference to the bummers ?

Since it has become customary to advise an author to change, condense, or in some way revise whatever he happens to write, in compliance with the fashion, but without desiring to see any alteration in the body of the Major's book, a suggestion may be of value to him with reference to his title-page in future editions. A trifling alteration would make it a truer index of the contents of the volume ; and truth, the Major will admit on reflection, has even higher claims than modesty ; a mere transposition would make it read, “ The Story of the Great March, by Brevet Major George Ward Nichols. From the Diary of a Staff Officer, Aid-de-Camp to General Sherman, etc., etc.”

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- 12.—*The Sunday Book of Poetry.* Selected and arranged by C. F. ALEXANDER. Cambridge : Sever and Francis. 1865. 16mo. pp. viii., 335. [Reprint.]

THIS little volume fitly takes place in the “ Golden Treasury ” series. It is one of the best of recent collections of sacred poetry. It is so partly because many of the poems are neither hymns nor prayers ; their religious bearing being felt rather than avowed. The general good judgment and the liberality of taste displayed in the selections make up for the absence of critical fastidiousness on the part of the compiler, which is occasionally shown in the admission of pieces destitute alike of poetical merit and of simplicity of feeling. That the compiler belongs to the Church of England is made evident by the character of some of the selections ; but the book has no such sectarianism about it as to prevent its being used with pleasure by those who are not

offended by the opinions of Herbert and Cowper. The selections have a wide range, and run back from the poets of our own day to those of the seventeenth, and even the sixteenth century.

A fault we are ready to find with the book here and there — the more readily because the editor has shown so much carefulness of choice that she might herself feel the force of the criticism — is, that many of the poems in it addressed to, or written about, children, like most of those of the same class to be found elsewhere, are marked by a fastidious sentiment which makes it at once impossible and undesirable that they should interest children “from eight to fourteen,” for whom the volume is particularly intended. Verses of the stamp of those of Keble on “Saying the Creed” (p. 137), or of the well-known lines by Mr. Willis (p. 273) descriptive of the devout infantine astronomer, can little benefit any child; while Mrs. Judson’s maternal *gush* (p. 152) about her “loving birdling” with “silken-fringed rose-leaves on her starry eyes,” is somewhat tiresome even to one fond of children.

It would seem, too, as if distance must wonderfully magnify poetical beauties, if in England Mrs. Sigourney’s verses on “The Lost Day” (p. 129) are thought well of, with their first line, “Lost! lost! lost!” which sounds like a converted echo, — an echo “under conviction” of the cry of the goblin dwarf in “The Lay of the Last Minstrel.” Putting by the side of these feeble eight verses Mr. Emerson’s noble eight lines called “Days,” the contrast between “the grand style” and a common style may be fully felt. But to make up for these and other poor American effusions, there are copious and sufficiently well-chosen extracts from Mr. Longfellow, who has expressed so many of the purest and most delicate emotions with the highest truth and simplicity. Indeed, the volume contains many both familiar and unfamiliar poems of great beauty.

13.—*The Ballad Book: a Selection of the choicest British Ballads.*

Edited by WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, Author of “Day and Night Songs,” etc. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 16mo. pp. xlvii., 397. [Reprint.]

MR. ALLINGHAM has arranged in this pretty and pleasant volume seventy-six of the old ballads chosen for those characteristics which secure them general popularity. It is a selection not meant for the scholar, certainly not intended for the special student of ballad literature, but to bring anew before the public what charmed our fathers and our more distant ancestors. And it is, as such a collection always must be, a delightful book, from the character of the poems themselves, and from the associations and suggestions connected with them.

The old English and Scotch ballads have the perennial charm of simplicity of feeling and directness of expression. Aladdin's old lamp is worth more than the new ones, and our poets (of Mr. Allingham's standing) do well when they exert themselves to rub up the old, rather than to make new lamps. But let not too much polishing be done; above all, let no recasting be attempted. It is a literary crime to make an old thing new; yet this has been Mr. Allingham's temptation. We owe him thanks that he has yielded to it so little. He has, in fact, done no more than most of his brother editors have done before him; but are we to have these ballads, many of them so famous, and now so familiar, rearranged for each successive generation? Mr. Allingham has collected of the different ballads the various versions now before the public, attempting to select the stanzas of greatest merit from each copy, and to set forth the story in a complete and consistent form. "A better ballad is the result," is his own judgment upon his work, in one instance avowedly, and inferentially in all. His alterations, generally verbal, are not very great, nor, if alterations are to be allowed at all, very blameworthy. But we can find no suggestion nor see the reason for such changes as, for example, this, of a verse in the *Dowie Dens of Yarrow*, or, as Mr. Allingham has it, "*The Banks of Yarrow*." The previously accepted version reads :

"O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye,
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks of Yarrow."

Mr. Allingham's reads :

"O fare ye weel, my lady dear!
And put aside your sorrow;
For if I gae, I'll sune return
Frae the bonny banks o' Yarrow."

The effective and beautiful ballad of "*The Cruel Brother*" is singularly twisted and turned; and we question the taste which selects that version of Sir Patrick Spens from which are omitted the two picturesque and vigorous verses : —

"The first time that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he.
The next time that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O quhar is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir
To sail upon the se?'"

Mr. Allingham speaks in his Preface of Professor Child's most valuable and complete collection of Ballads with the somewhat superficial tone and *jaunty* manner that pervade all he says, and shows little appreciation of the learning and labor involved in Professor Child's researches. But it may be observed that he makes use of the results of them, especially in those of the Robin Hood ballads which he reprints, for the most part wisely following precisely the version given by Professor Child, though occasionally omitting a verse, and "improving" them by "an abatement of the very strong swearing," to use his words, or by a weakening of forcible expressions, to use our own. With all abatements, the volume is a delightful one, and a charming present for any one of quick imagination and tender sympathies.

14. — *Notices of the Triennial and Annual Catalogues of Harvard University: with a Reprint of the Catalogues of 1674, 1682, and 1700.* By JOHN LANGDON SIBLEY, A. M., Librarian of Harvard University, and Member of the Massachusetts and other Historical Societies. Boston. 1865. 8vo. pp. 61.

A MOST unattractive title, except to an antiquary of the driest class. Yet we assure our readers — especially such of them as are Cambridge graduates — that the pamphlet will give them pleasure, nay, even amusement, no less than instruction. Mr. Sibley has interwoven with his history of the Harvard Catalogues many collateral scraps of College history and personal anecdote, some of them nowhere else accessible except in manuscript records. The work is thoroughly and carefully done, with the utmost neatness of style and method, and printed, too, accurately and beautifully. It is a monograph unique in its kind, and one of the class of publications which are growing at once more difficult and more precious every year, with the obliteration of old historical landmarks, the destruction of documents, and the obsolescence of local traditions.

15. — *History of Thomaston, Rockland, and South Thomaston, Maine, from their first Exploration, A. D. 1605; with Family Genealogies.* By CYRUS EATON, Cor. Member of the Mass. Hist. Society, also of the Wisconsin Hist. Society, and Member Elect of the Maine Hist. Society. Hallowell. 1865. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 468, 472.

MR. EATON is totally blind, and has for his only amanuensis a daughter who is almost helplessly infirm. He has accomplished this work

under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, and seemingly at the utmost disadvantage. The book, however, bears tokens, not of straitened powers or means, but of the most conscientious and faithful diligence. In the history of the original Thomaston, and of the three municipalities into which it is now divided, we cannot think that anything worthy of record has been omitted. While many of the details have merely a local value, there are many more that belong to the country and the time, and that therefore would attract and reward the attention of any reader or student of history. The work in point of style is unambitious, and in faultless taste. The author had previously written a History of Warren, of such merit as to secure the respectful notice of the several Historical Societies to which he has since been chosen. We understand that he has published the work now before us on his own account; and we trust that an appreciative public will liberally reward his labors.

LIST OF SOME RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

1. History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe. By W. E. H. Lecky, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 2 vols. 12mo.
2. History of Rationalism; embracing a Survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology. By the Rev. John F. Hurst, A.M. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865. 8vo. pp. xv., 623.
3. Present Religion: as a Faith owning Fellowship with Thought. By Sara S. Hennell. Part I. London: Trübner & Co. 1865. 12mo. pp. x., 557.
4. Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity, with special Reference to the Theories of Renan, Strauss, and the Tübingen School. By Rev. George P. Fisher, M. A., Professor of Church History in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. xii., 586.
5. The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. 552.
6. Notes from Plymouth Pulpit: a Collection of Memorable Passages from the Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. With a Sketch of Mr. Beecher and the Lecture Room. By Augusta Moore. New Edition. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1865. 12mo. pp. 374.
7. Jesus and the Coming Glory, or Notes on Scripture. By Joel Jones, LL.D. Philadelphia: James S. Claxton. 1865. 8vo. pp. 584.
8. Man Moral and Physical, or the Influence of Health and Disease on

Religious Experience. By the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, D. D. Second Edition. Philadelphia: James S. Claxton. 1865. 12mo. pp. 324.

9. The Bible Hand-Book: an Introduction to the Study of the Sacred Scriptures. By Joseph Angus, D.D. Revised Edition, with Illustrations. Philadelphia: James S. Claxton. 1865. 12mo. pp. 727.

10. The American Republic: its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D. New York: P. O'Shea. 1866. 8vo. pp. xvi., 439.

11. Mr. Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. 296.

12. Elements of Political Economy. By Arthur Latham Perry. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. xix., 449.

13. Richard Cobden. A Biography. By John McGilchrist. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1865. 16mo. pp. 304.

14. Reminiscences, Historical and Biographical, of Sixty-four Years in the Ministry. By Rev. Henry Boehm. Edited by Rev. Joseph B. Wakeley. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1865. 16mo. pp. 493.

15. The Poetry of the Orient. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1865. 16mo. pp. xii., 337.

16. War Lyrics, and other Poems. By Henry Howard Brownell. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 16mo. pp. 243.

17. Poems by Robert Buchanan. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866. 16mo. pp. 311.

18. Outcroppings; being Selections from California Verse. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1866. Square 16mo. pp. 144.

19. The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. 16mo. [Blue and Gold.] pp. 240.

20. Glimpses of History. By George M. Towle. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1866. 12mo. pp. 262.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCXI.

APRIL, 1866.

ART. I.—*Œuvres Complètes d'ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE*. Tomes VII. and VIII. Paris. 1865.

MANY among us are old enough to remember the visit of Messrs. de Tocqueville and de Beaumont, and the sensation produced throughout Christendom by the appearance of *La Démocratie en Amérique*, from the pen of the former of these gentlemen. Democracy in America! Who in the year 1832 could have foretold the meaning these words would have in this year 1866? If it were given to any human being then living to foresee the condition and prospects of our country at this moment, that person was certainly not M. de Tocqueville. Much as he studied and well as he understood our institutions, — and he studied them deeply and with great fairness, — he signally failed, as late events have shown, to discover the real secret of their nature, or to fathom the character of our people. His book has been so much read, and has had, as we think, so considerable an influence in Europe, and particularly in England, as to have led to great misunderstanding in relation to the late Rebellion. Under this persuasion, we believe that a little time may be well spent in pointing out, and accounting for, a very grave mistake of the writer in a most important particular.

It will be recollected that Messrs. de Tocqueville and de Beaumont were sent by King Louis Philippe expressly to study the institutions of the United States; and certainly the task

could not have been confided to better hands. As regards M. de Tocqueville, besides his other qualifications, no one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance can have failed to notice an urbanity and courtesy of manner such as are seldom met with. A grandson of the great and virtuous Malesherbes, he had all the refinement and rational love of liberty which belonged to what was called in France *la noblesse de robe*, — a title by which the old families of the legal profession were known, — naturally coupled with the feeling of caste which belongs to such a descent. It is well to bear this in mind, as it will tend to account for the general tone of M. de Tocqueville's opinions. The clew to that gentleman's theories can in no way be so well given as in his own words.

The Introduction to his "Democracy in America" begins thus. (We will here premise, that, having no English copy at hand, we translate from Gosselin's Paris edition of 1836.)

"Among the novel objects which, during my stay in the United States, attracted my attention, none struck me more forcibly than the equality of conditions. I soon discovered the prodigious influence of this leading fact on the march of society ; it gives a certain direction to public spirit, a certain character to the laws ; new maxims to those who govern, and peculiar habits to the governed. I at once saw that this same fact extends its influence far beyond political and legal questions, and that it is no less powerful in its operation on civil society than on the government. It creates opinions, gives rise to sentiments, suggests customs, and modifies all that it does not originate."

He then goes on to speak of Europe, and gives a most clear and interesting account of the growth of the same spirit of equality there, especially in France, and sums up as follows : —

"The whole book on which the reader is now to enter has been written under the impression of a sort of religious terror, produced in the mind of the author by the prospect of this irresistible revolution, which has been marching on through so many ages in spite of every obstacle, and which we still see advancing in the midst of the ruins itself has made."

He draws a very just distinction between the result of this tendency in France and in the United States ; but it is easy to see that the dread of our example in this respect is a bugbear which perpetually haunts him.

It is moreover very important, in forming a judgment of the value of M. de Tocqueville's work, to keep in mind the state in which he found things among us at the time of his visit in 1832. It was, as we all know, most critical. The prologue was then being recited of the great drama on which the curtain has just fallen. John C. Calhoun was then at the acme of his doleful career; the cry of nullification was then at its loudest, to be succeeded in no long time by the more appalling watchword of Secession. State rights, the true construction of the Constitution, the Virginia Resolutions of 1798, tariffs, and the "forty-bale" theory were the standing topics of angry discussion in all parts of the Union. While the controversy was carried on at the North with quite enough of eagerness and warmth, it was raging south of Mason and Dixon's line with a degree of bitterness which might well cause astonishment to a foreigner newly come among us, and tend to mislead him in his estimate of the people and government. It was at such a period that M. de Tocqueville set foot on our shores, with a sincere desire to form an impartial judgment of the nature of our institutions, and of the probable destiny of our country. What means he took to this end will be best explained by himself.

"When," he says in his Introduction, "a point could be settled by means of written documents, I have been careful to refer to the original texts or to the most authentic and highly approved works. I have in my notes pointed out my authorities, which any one may verify. Whenever it was a question of opinions, of political customs, or of the study of manners, I have endeavored to consult the best-informed persons. In respect to important or doubtful matters, I was not contented with a single witness, but decided upon a balance of authorities.

"Here I must of course ask the reader to believe me on my simple word. I might often have cited, in support of what I advance, the authority of names which either are or deserve to be well known, but I have abstained from doing so. The stranger is often made acquainted, at the fireside of his host, with important truths which the latter would perhaps have withheld from the ear of friendship; with him constrained silence is relieved; there is nothing to fear from his imprudence, for he passes on.

"All these confidential communications were recorded by me as I received them, but they will never go beyond my portfolio. I prefer to weaken the effect of my statements, than to add my name to the

list of travellers who repay by mortification and embarrassment the generous hospitality they have received."

This resolution of M. de Tocqueville is no more than might have been expected from his propriety of feeling. This praiseworthy reticence locks up, however, as we suppose, the key to the true interpretation of M. de Tocqueville's book. Could we see the authority for some of the writer's heresies, we should probably have little difficulty in recognizing the ear-mark of their true owner.

The result of M. de Tocqueville's mode of proceeding is just what might have been looked for. So long as he discusses the origin and history of our government, which he gets at by consulting historical and other documents, nothing can be more fair or more trustworthy than what he has to say. Not only are his facts indisputable, but his manner of stating and elucidating them is all that could be wished. Not so when he comes to deal with the questions of the day, and the future of the United States. That section of his tenth chapter which is headed, "What are the Chances of the Duration of the American Union, and what are the Dangers which threaten it," is a standing example of reasoning refuted by events, as well as a warning to authors, however able, who undertake to pronounce upon the institutions of a country on the strength of a few months' acquaintance. M. de Tocqueville fell into the mistake of attempting to decide, by a process of reasoning *a priori*, a question not to be settled but by the crucial test, which might never be applied. He assumes at the outset that the United States are a mere confederation of sovereignties. In this section, he says:—

"If a contest should arise to-day between the States and the Union, it is easy to perceive that the latter must succumb. I question even whether the struggle could ever be brought to a serious issue. Whenever an obstinate resistance shall be made to the Federal government, it will give in (*on le verra céder*). Experience has proved thus far, that, whenever a state has obstinately insisted upon anything, and was resolved to obtain what it asked, it has never failed to succeed; and when it has refused point-blank to act, it has been let alone."

This statement he undertakes to prove by a course of reason-

ing which, though now quite worthless otherwise, is not without its use in showing how the wisest men may deceive themselves when arguing in support of a foregone conclusion. He lays down with great minuteness the distinction between the prerogatives which belong to the national government and those which belong to the separate States, and concludes that the latter must needs prevail over the former; that the local sovereignties are constantly gaining ground, so that the national government, growing daily more and more weak, must finally die of inanition. He follows up the argument with a cogency of logic which defies all refutation, winding up the whole with an axiom from which, he ventures to affirm, there is no escape.

“It seems then certain to me, that if one portion of the Union wished seriously to separate from the other, not only would it be impossible to prevent it, but that prevention would not even be attempted. The existing government will therefore last only so long as every one of the States composing it shall continue to wish to form a part of it.”

So confident is M. de Tocqueville that this position is impregnable, that he goes on in the following complacent strain:—

“This point settled, we see our way more clearly (*nous voici plus à l'aise*). We need no longer trouble ourselves to inquire whether the confederate States actually *can* separate, but whether or not they will desire to remain united.”

He then goes into a minute examination of the inducements the States have to remain together; which, in the existing state of things, is, to say the least, amusing. A favorite notion of M. de Tocqueville was, that the State governments, being more immediately connected with the domestic interests and every-day concerns of men, would in time become the great objects of ambition, and would eventually gain the ascendancy over the national Congress. Now, nothing is more notorious than that the fact is just the other way. As the concerns of the nation become more vast, and the offices, diplomatic and domestic, more important and desirable, a seat in Congress is the constant aim of every aspirant for political distinction; the local legislatures being, for such men, merely stepping-stones to that object.

But we will allow M. de Tocqueville to proceed with the development of his views on the general question of the nationality of the United States. He says further:—

“I have shown, in another place, that the object of the Federal Constitution was not to establish a league, but to create a national government. The Americans, in all the cases provided for in their Constitution, form but one and the same people. Upon all these points, the national will, as in all constitutional communities, is expressed by means of majorities. The majority having once decided, the duty of the minority is to submit. Such is the legal doctrine, and the only one in accordance with the text of the Constitution and the known intentions of those who established it.

“The nullifiers of the South affirm, on the contrary, that the Americans, in forming the Union, had no intention of consolidating themselves into one and the same people, but that they meant only to form a league of independent States; whence it follows that each State, having preserved its complete sovereignty, if not in action, at least in principle, has the right to interpret the laws of Congress, and to suspend, within its own limits, those which it thinks opposed to the Constitution or to justice.

“The doctrine of Nullification is embodied in a sentence pronounced in 1833 before the Senate of the United States by Mr. Calhoun, the acknowledged leader of the nullifiers of the South. ‘The Constitution,’ he says, ‘is a contract, in which the States appear in the attitude of sovereigns. Now, wherever a contract is made between parties who acknowledge no common arbiter, each of them reserves to itself the right of judging independently the extent of its obligation.’ It is manifest,” adds M. de Tocqueville, “that a doctrine like this annuls in principle the federal bond, and, in fact, brings back the state of anarchy from which the Americans had been delivered by the Constitution of the United States.”

We here see Mr. Calhoun laying down the law without the least reservation, and begging the whole question in dispute; and we have seen M. de Tocqueville coming to the same result by a logical argument in all the forms. M. de Tocqueville here declares, very justly, that Mr. Calhoun’s doctrine leads to anarchy, by annulling the federal contract; we have also seen that he has proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the doctrine may be sustained by strictly logical reasoning. It follows that M. de Tocqueville himself thinks that the federal bond

is of no virtue, being dependent on the will of any one recalcitrant State; consequently the Americans are constantly threatened with a return of the state of anarchy from which they were delivered by the Constitution.

We might go further; but we think our readers will by this time agree with us, that M. de Tocqueville's "religious terror" of social equality, imperceptibly to himself, warped his judgment. We propose to show presently some of the effects of his false conclusions.

With his hereditary prejudices, it is perhaps unfortunate that his visit to this country took place just at the moment when the great convulsion, whose heavings have not yet subsided, was beginning to stir the minds of men. Assailed on all sides by the clashing doctrines of contending parties; misled, or bewildered, by the specious fallacies of Calhoun and his adherents; alarmed at the growth of levelling ideas which had, not long before, rent his native country,—he was but too ready to seek, in the probable preponderance of State rights, a last hope for the old conservative doctrines which were struggling at home against the two extremes of popular license and the despotism of a single ruler. He accordingly misunderstood the vacillation of the Executive when the State of South Carolina boldly put forward pretensions to a right to nullify the decrees of Congress, and asserted the sovereignty she claimed never to have parted with.* He attributed the unwillingness of Congress to deal summarily with such a case to a consciousness of weakness, whereas it grew out of love of the Union, and the desire to stave off as long as possible, by temporizing and compromise, the dreaded moment when the question of nationality must be met. All men felt a dread of what many saw to be inevitable, and hoped to pass the bitter draught to another generation. The gifted author had hardly closed his eyes on earthly things, when the momentous problem he had pondered with such anxious solicitude was solved.

So long as there was hope of preserving the Constitution by mildness and forbearance, the people of the United States held back from the fated contest. Once convinced that the Union was seriously assailed, and the existence of the government

endangered, they sprang to their feet, and scattered to the winds the whole fabric of sophistries which had muddled the brains of political dreamers at home, and fed the hopes of the enemies of freedom the world over. Where are now the visions of Calhoun? Where the cobweb arguments of pragmatical lawyers, who, blinded by prejudice or slaves of literal construction, could not see the difference between a traitor with arms in his hands and a political partisan in ordinary times? Where is now the godlike institution which formed the corner-stone of Alexander Stephens's new empire? Where the nation which, according to high English authority, Jefferson Davis founded?

It is not a little remarkable, too, that an act, passed, it is true, since M. de Tocqueville's visit, in which the supremacy of the Federal government was pushed the farthest, was carried through Congress by the unanimous vote of the Southern members. The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 was called for by the slaveholders, as necessary for the protection of their Constitutional rights, and as the price of their continued loyalty to the Union. It is only necessary to cite the provisions of this bill to show the utter hollowness of the pretence that the States, as such, had a right to override the enactments of Congress. The old act of 1793 provided that the runaway slave should be arrested and brought before any judge of a court of record, whether national or State, or any simple justice of the peace, who were authorized to surrender him, with no testimony but that of the claimant or his agent, while the testimony of the person claimed was not received, nor a trial by jury allowed. This would seem to be a pretty summary mode of proceeding, but it was not enough. The judges of the State courts and the justices of the peace were not so tractable as could be wished, and the old law had nearly fallen into desuetude, when, in 1850, what was called the Compromise was got up, of which the new law formed a part. The penalty for resisting or impeding the execution of the law, which by the old act was a fine of \$500, was by the new one a fine of \$1,000, with imprisonment not exceeding six months, besides \$1,000 to be recovered in a civil suit for each slave aided or harbored. But the clause which struck at the very heart of State rights and

nullification was that which substituted for the old courts of record and justices of the peace, who were mostly State officers, a set of commissioners, to be appointed by the government at Washington, and responsible to it only, thus disregarding or ignoring entirely the pretension of State sovereignty. Could such a clause have been passed in a body which considered itself as representing merely a confederation of independent States, without a word of remonstrance on that ground? Certainly not; yet ghastly as the act was, and abhorrent to the feelings of many Northern members, no such objection was made, for the very good reason that there was no authority for making it in the Constitution. What would Mr. James M. Mason of Virginia, the father of this act, and now the impersonation of Secession, have said, had it been pretended that any State could nullify and refuse to enforce his frightful enactment? No! the doctrine of the right of secession was brought forward as a convenient rallying-cry to help on a desperate cause and uphold a doomed institution.

The fact that such an act was within the constitutional powers of Congress, coupled with a subsequent decision of the Supreme Court, roused the people of the Free States to the conviction that the institution of slavery was incompatible with the existing government; and that, unless put an end to, it would inevitably be extended over the whole Union. The question then was to devise some constitutional expedient by which it might, in time, be got rid of. The plan hit upon was to begin by prohibiting it in the Territories, which were the property of the whole nation. It was on this understanding that Mr. Lincoln was nominated. To use a cant phrase, this was the Republican platform. Mr. Lincoln being carried in on this ground, the Southern slaveholders saw at once the necessary consequence. It was for them to decide whether to allow their cherished institution gradually to dwindle, and themselves to be shorn of their political power, as the existing Territories successively took their places as Free States, or to resort to the desperate step of taking up arms and defying the government. They, in an evil hour for themselves, decided for the last, and we see the result.

On the subject of slavery M. de Tocqueville was more fortu-

nate. He foretold that it must come to an end, but was mistaken as to the means by which its abolition was to be brought about. But let him speak for himself.

“Whatever, then, may be the efforts of the South to preserve slavery, they will eventually fail. Slavery, pent up in a single spot on the earth’s surface, attacked by Christianity as unjust, by political economy as disastrous, — slavery, in the midst of democratic liberty, and of the intelligence of our age, — is not an institution that can last. It must come to an end by the act of the slave himself or by that of his master. In either case great misery must be the consequence.”

It has come to an end, and that by neither of the agencies predicted by M. de Tocqueville, unless it be in a very indirect manner, and there is reason to hope without any of the dismal results predicted by him.

We should not have taken the pains, after so great a lapse of time, to recur thus particularly to M. de Tocqueville’s great work, had we nothing more in view than to show that he had failed to foresee what was perhaps beyond the reach of mortal sight. We have already hinted our opinion, that the views therein expressed have had a great influence in Europe, and no inconsiderable share in the course taken by England and France, especially the former, in regard to our national affairs at a most delicate juncture.

Those whose memories go back to the first appearance of *La Democratie en Amérique* cannot have forgotten the almost rapturous applause with which it was received in England. It has ever since been the text-book of conservatism and the standing authority on America. The author was at once placed among the foremost writers of the age, and everywhere received as one of the lions of the day. Only a few months before his death he was returning from England to France, when orders came down from London for a national ship to take him across the Channel to Cherbourg, within a short distance of his residence. He was, in fact, the oracle in all that related to the institutions of the United States. On the strength of his opinion, our Union was looked upon, without the least question, as a mere partnership of States, which any one of the partners might dissolve at will, — a fair-weather government, very well so long as all went smoothly, but which must yield to the slight-

est strain. Up to the outbreak in 1861, nothing had occurred outwardly to weaken in the least the doctrine of M. de Tocqueville in regard to State rights; on the contrary, Europe was filled with emissaries from the South enforcing the same notion, and quoting M. de Tocqueville in its support; while there was nothing for it on our side but to await, with what patience we might, the great *experimentum crucis* which was impending. Is it, then, to be wondered at, that, when the crisis came, it found Europe prepared to hail the insurgents as already victorious? This will account for the exultant exclamation of one Sir John Ramsden, a Tory Yorkshire baronet, that the bubble had burst, as well as for the recognition of the Rebels, a few days afterwards, as belligerents by England and France; the Emperor Napoleon declaring as his reason for it that it was impossible for Mr. Lincoln's government to make head against the seceders. Lord Brougham, a few days later still, said in his seat in the House of Lords that they had a right to bring their prizes into British ports. It would have been happy for Lord Brougham if this had been his only blunder. In the second edition of a treatise on the English Constitution, he must needs go out of his way to have a fling at the United States. Speaking of the British government, he says:—

“The participation of the people of the upper and middle classes in all the affairs of state, the complete publicity given to all the measures of government and of Parliament, and the full discussion out of doors which they undergo, knit the governors and the governed closely together, and enable the former to call forth all the resources of the country. See the vast armies at sea and on shore which our scanty population has at different times maintained! Mark the endless variety of our settlements in all the most remote quarters of the globe! Above all, reckon the hundreds of millions which have been levied within the last hundred and fifty years from the people, and levied with hardly a remonstrance! and then confess that for producing a strong government there is nothing like a popular constitution,—that no despot, be he ever so absolute, has any engine of taxation that can match a Parliament! If it be said that the American government can as well call forth the resources of the people, I have very great doubt if the national representatives, and especially the President towards the end of his first three years, would inflict a heavy excise or a grinding income-tax upon the people, as our Parliament has so often done; and *I have no doubt at all*

that such an infliction would very speedily lead to a termination of hostilities without any very great nicety about the terms of the peace."

If his Lordship could but have stopped at the word "Parliament," and left prophesying to others, his argument would have found a powerful corroboration in the result of our late struggle.

The Times newspaper was misled in the same way. It is now pleased to rally the Americans on their tetchiness because they had not all the sympathy they thought they had a right to expect. The Times was not altogether so amiable in the summer of 1862. At that time General Lee was pressing General McClellan in the Peninsula, and the administration of Mr. Lincoln was hard bested on every hand. On the 18th day of July in that year, the following sentence makes part of a very disgraceful editorial in that paper: —

"There is a feeling now becoming very general, that, if we cannot stop the effusion of blood by mediation, we ought to give our whole moral weight to our own English kith and kin, who have so gallantly striven so long for their liberties *against a mongrel race of plunderers and oppressors.* *This is how our people put it.*"

The Times would never have ventured on such balderdash, had it not known the bias of its readers; nor would Mr. Gladstone, unless persuaded that our cause was hopeless, have committed himself, a minister of the crown, by declaring, as he did, that Jefferson Davis had founded a nation.

All this is harmless now, if we only lay it rightly to heart, and profit by it as we should do. As an argument the more in favor of the Union one and indivisible, it is invaluable. Had the leading men of England, instead of persisting in regarding the United States as hardly a nation at all, and its government as an ephemeral affair, which the first blast of real resistance would blow away, taken the pains to inform themselves, they would not have been led into their present awkward predicament. A very little fair and unbiassed attention would have opened their eyes to the true explanation of the sudden apparition of the great *dramatis persona* that has just leaped full grown upon the stage.

We have attributed the blindness of Europe in regard to the

power that was growing up on this side the Atlantic, in some degree, to the unfortunate view taken by M. de Tocqueville. That most amiable and enlightened man, having unconsciously afforded a certain support to the general misconception, it is but fair to allow him to express his own idea of what a government should be. With this view, we will close our article by quoting a passage written long after his visit to this country, and having no application to any particular community.

In the eighth volume (p. 374) of the *Œuvres Complètes* M. de Tocqueville thus defines liberty: —

“Liberty seems to me to hold in the political world the place of the atmosphere in the physical world. The earth is peopled with a multitude of beings differently organized; yet all live and flourish. Alter the conditions of the atmosphere, they suffer; remove them out of it, they die. . . . Change your laws, vary your manners, reform your creeds, modify your forms; if you can attain to this, *that man shall have full liberty to do whatsoever is not bad in itself, and the certainty of enjoying in peace the product of what he has done, you have hit the mark.*”

Now this is just what the people of the United States claim to have attained to. Every man is here at liberty to worship God when, where, and how he pleases, so that he does not annoy his neighbor, or interfere with his right to do the same thing. So in temporal affairs. He may get his living in his own way, and may change his occupation as often as he thinks best; what he earns is secured to him by laws binding alike on the rich and the poor, and making no invidious distinctions between classes or professions.

Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. This is the charm which has so puzzled the wise men of the East. This explains the ardor with which our yeomanry and artisans rushed to arms at the first insult to their national flag; this it was which caused the hoards of the rich, as well as the lesser stores of those who were not rich, to be cast at the feet of the government when the look of things was darkest. The same key opens the still more astounding enigma, that an army of little less than a million of men was disbanded and mustered out of service as quietly as a gang of workmen go home to their dinner. Why not? These same men, or the far greater part of them, go back to comfortable homes and the welcome of the family fireside.

Our people, in upholding, and, in case of need, defending with their fortunes and their lives, the union of the States, act on the plainest principles of common sense. We know that in securing "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" we incur great dangers, not the least of which grows out of the very exuberant prosperity we enjoy. We are quite aware, also, that we must forego much that tends to refine and embellish society in some other parts of the world. The splendors of royalty, the gorgeous vestments and imposing ceremonies of a national church, the massive cathedrals which add so much to the landscape, and fill with a solemn pleasure those who enter them, are not for us. Enough if we can be spared the squalid poverty, the gross ignorance, and the debasing servility which too often present a painful set-off to these advantages.

- ART. II. — 1. *Revised United States Army Regulations of 1861, with an Appendix, containing the Changes and Laws affecting Army Regulations and Articles of War to June 25, 1863.* Washington : Government Printing Office. 1863.
2. *Digest of Opinions of the Judge Advocate-General of the Army.* Washington : Government Printing Office. 1865.
3. *Instructions for the Government of the Armies of the United States.* Prepared by FRANCIS LIEBER, LL. D., and revised by a Board of Officers of which MAJOR-GENERAL HANCOCK is President. Washington : Government Printing Office. 1863.
4. *The Duties of Judge Advocates. Compiled from Her Majesty's and the Hon. East India Company's Military Regulations, and from the Works of various Writers on Military Law.* By CAPTAIN R. M. HUGHES, 12th Regiment Bombay Army, Deputy Judge-Advocate-General, Scinde Field Force. London : Smith, Elder, & Co. 1865.
5. *A Treatise on Military Law and the Practice of Courts Martial.* By CAPTAIN S. V. BÈNET, Ordnance Department U. S. Army, late Assistant Professor of Ethics, Law, etc., Military Academy, West Point. New York : Van Nostrand & Co. 1862.

6. *Observations on Military Law, and the Constitution and Practice of Courts Martial. With a Summary of the Law of Evidence as applicable to Military Trials, adapted to the Laws, Regulations, and Customs of the Army and Navy of the United States.* By WILLIAM DE HART, Captain 2d Regiment Artillery. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1862.

WHO, ten years ago, would have believed that within the subsequent decade one half the territory of the United States, the land of civil liberty, would be subject to military and martial law for a period of over four years, — that, in the vast expanse of country stretching from the Potomac, Ohio, and Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico, no other system of law would be recognized by the supreme power of the land, — and that not merely over the inhabitants of the territory so bounded would military law hold its sway, but over more than a million of our Northern citizens, educated under the milder rules of civil justice, and utterly unused to the laws and decrees of her more peremptory sister? Yet with so ready an obedience did this great mass of civilians suddenly become soldiers, and submit to every obligation of this new law, that one could hardly believe they had not sucked in its principles in the cradle, or studied them on the benches of the town school. A million of the greatest democrats in the world suddenly submitted to a despotism.

This was in fact a great step in self-government. For the necessary despotism of military rule implies the entire and unconditional obedience and subordination of the inferior to the superior. And this obedience was willingly rendered, not merely because of the ready wit of our people, and their adaptability to any and all circumstances, but because our soldiers felt that they were still the people, — that they were fighting no despot's war of self-aggrandizement or aggression, but that they, the people, were fighting a people's war; and thus, while each man did not, like Harry Smith in the fray of the Clan Quhele and Clan Chattan, fight "for his own hand," yet each man did fight for himself, insomuch as he felt the people to be the rulers of the country, and himself, as one of these rulers, to be fighting a people's war for himself and all the rest. And thus, because of the very democratic feeling within him, the American sol-

dier submitted to the absolute military discipline by which alone the end so dear to him could be secured.

Our country came suddenly upon this new system of law. We found ourselves, with almost no preparation, in a condition hitherto unexpected and unprovided for. Military and martial law we had read of, but were little experienced in, and we were forced suddenly upon their immediate exercise on a gigantic scale. We took the old laws, forms, and regulations provided for our little regular army, by which it had been governed through so long a time of peace, and applied them as well as we could to the great army of the present time, and to the great questions constantly arising under the laws of war. We had not merely a war on our hands, but our enemies were also our fellow-citizens. The war was also a rebellion. Difficult questions became more embarrassed by this double relation. Much was left to the genius of our generals, governed in leading principles by the ruling power at Washington. There was more to be obtained from practical experimentalizing than from ancient theories and old practice. We had not merely to apply old principles, but to make new ones; and all this with a vast danger constantly pressing upon us, and the safety of the republic the supreme law of all.

Martial and military law are often confounded, while in reality distinct. Military law is a portion of the law of the land, by which the army is governed as a distinct organization. It has its own distinct laws and rules. Martial law, on the other hand, is that system of law which is enforced by a conquering army in territory of the enemy occupied by it, and in place of civil, or is declared by the sovereign power of the state in time of rebellion. Military law exists by force of statute; martial law, by the custom of war alone. Military law exists both in peace and war; martial law, in time of war or rebellion only. Military law, strictly speaking, applies only to the army and those connected with it; martial law, to whole states and peoples. Military law relates only to the administration of criminal justice; martial law, in addition, affects the civil rights and status of entire populations. While one exists naturally and normally as the necessary system by which a peculiar class of men are governed, by a method peculiar to that class, and suit-

ed to it as distinguished from the rest of society, the other is brought about by an abnormal condition of affairs, namely, the necessity of law and order in a conquered territory, in which the ordinary civil tribunals are temporarily suspended, either through the abandonment of their posts by the civil magistrates, or their refusal to exercise their functions; or, in case of rebellion, by the insufficiency of the civil power to insure the public safety.

The rules of military law are fixed and definite, while those of martial law vary with time and place, and depend upon the exigencies of the situation, the nature of the population, their disposition towards the conquering army, and, in rebellion, upon the imminence of the danger. Indeed it was said by the Duke of Wellington that martial law is "no law at all," being merely the will of the general commanding the army. "Martial law," says Judge-Advocate-General Holt, "is defined to be the will of the general who commands the army, and its proclamation by the President necessarily invests a general commanding in a district where it is declared that it shall prevail with plenary power. While its declaration could not properly be referred to as authorizing acts of excess or wanton wrong, it would at the same time justify the military commander in summary and stringent measures, which, in the absence of martial law, might be deemed extraordinary and oppressive."* It would seem that the definition of the "will of the commanding general" was at least a defective one, and the limitations stated by Judge Holt go to prove this. Law is a rule of action; and certainly, if the will of the commanding general is to be its own criterion, we may agree with the Duke of Wellington, and declare the whole term a misnomer, and that martial law is no law at all. If the only ruling, judging, and executing power is the will of the commanding general, what is there to prevent the most tyrannous and absurd oppression from being exercised in any country occupied by an invading army? A correct definition would certainly seem to require this addition, — that it is "the will of the commanding general, exercised in accordance with the laws of war and the usages of

* Digest of Opinions of the Judge-Advocate-General, p. 75.

civilized warfare.” Martial law is probably the most indefinite of laws ; but it has at least certain general rules and limits, and is not, like the despotism of Eastern tyrannies, without appeal from the bowstring or the scymitar.

The presence of a hostile army in an enemy’s territory carries with it, *per se*, martial law without proclamation,* while it may be proclaimed by the supreme power of a state over any portion of the territory of that state which has, either by invasion or insurrection, become the theatre of hostilities, or in which the civil authority is not sufficient to preserve public safety. From the former source came the existence of martial law in the seceded States as fast as occupied by our forces ; from the latter, martial law in Kentucky.

The United States Supreme Court having decided † that our recent war is to be justly considered a territorial war, (as one of the attributes of a perfect war as distinguished from a mere insurrection,) and the enemy’s country to be bounded by certain limits, in the same manner as in a foreign war, and that our belligerent right is in no wise opposed to our sovereign right, but consistent with it, it follows that the gradual occupation of the rebellious States by our army drew with it the same consequences, *quoad* martial law, as if we had been invading and occupying a foreign country. The advance of the army carried martial law with it, abolished without further notice civil courts and police regulations hostile to it, and will continue to exist until such time as the national government shall declare it abolished.

Martial law is administered by the commanding general, and its violations are punished by means of military commissions and provost courts. The orders of the commanding general lay down the general rules to be followed in his department. They define the general regulations and laws to be observed by citizens within it. They must vary in degree of severity with the disposition of the people, the proximity to the enemy, and many other circumstances. He acts in these matters under the instructions of his government. The general resembles not a little the proprætor in the Roman provinces.

* Instructions for the Government of the Armies of the United States, p. 1.

† Case of Brig Amy Warwick, 2 Black’s Rep., p. 635.

Military commissions, consisting of not less than three commissioned officers, are appointed for the administration of criminal justice. Like martial law, of which they are the offspring, military commissions derive their existence from necessity. When the ordinary tribunals of the occupied or insurrectionary country can safely be permitted to sit, military commissions are unnecessary and oppressive. But where their inefficiency, disloyalty, or hostility incapacitates the civil tribunals from sitting, or if they fail to perform their functions properly, then, from the necessities of the case, military courts must take their place. There clearly must be some method of preserving law and order, and of punishing men who offend against the rules of right common to all societies and essential to their existence. In countries occupied by military force, the citizens, having lost their customary tribunals by reason of the victorious army, have a claim to be protected in their lives and property, and to call upon the supreme power for the time being — that is, the commanding general — for this protection and the punishment of offenders. Citizens must be protected against the soldiers, the soldiers against the citizens. In insurrectionary districts and countries placed under martial law because of rebellion, military justice becomes the powerful and dangerous, but only saving medicine.

A military commission is governed by the same rules and forms as a court martial, and exhibits the same defects in those forms which we shall hereafter point out in a court martial. It differs only in jurisdiction, and in requiring but three members for a quorum, instead of five. Its proceedings are submitted to the revision of superior authority, and are subject to approval or disapproval. As a general court martial is a creature of the statute law, and is competent to try those persons and cases only of which jurisdiction is given it by statute, and as, where regular civil tribunals capable of exercising their functions exist, a soldier guilty of an offence within the statute, and not of a military nature, is properly to be turned over to the civil tribunal for trial, it follows that military commissions taking their place have jurisdiction over soldiers in many cases ; as, for example, in counterfeiting money, perjury, etc.

In the war through which we have just passed, during which

our nation and our soldiers have been so constantly attacked by enemies not arrayed in the garb of the soldier nor opposing us in open warfare, but by stealth and treachery, the use and necessity of military commissions have been particularly exemplified in their jurisdiction over the offences of *treachery* against the Republic or its citizens, as distinguished from the offences of those who waged open warfare, and whom we were compelled to regard as belligerents. This jurisdiction proceeds clearly from the war power and the right of self-protection incident to every nation. It is held not to be inconsistent with the amendment to the Constitution, giving the right of trial by jury to any person held to answer for capital or otherwise infamous crimes, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces. It is claimed that, in construing the Constitution, all the parts must be taken together, and that it provides for the efficient exercise of the war power. It is argued that the 57th Article of War, forbidding correspondence with or giving intelligence to the enemy, has, from a very early period, rendered amenable to trial by court martial civil as well as military persons.* The 56th Article of War, also, providing in general language that "*whosoever* shall relieve the enemy with money, victuals, or ammunition, or knowingly harbor or protect an enemy," received in the trial of Congressman Harris the same construction. By means of these tribunals, guerillas, blockade-runners, persons trading with the enemy, those violating their oath of allegiance, assassins, poisoners, spies, bushwhackers, and other criminals by stealth and in disguise, as distinguished from those who met us in the field in gray, were brought to summary and just punishment. "Many offences," said Major-General Halleck, in taking command of the Department of Missouri,† "which in time of peace are civil offences, become in time of war military offences, and are to be tried by a military tribunal, even in places where civil tribunals exist." This principle has been adopted and followed by our government in a great number of cases. Thus, kidnapping a contraband employed in the Quartermaster's Department of the army in the field, in Kentucky,‡ cutting off the ears of two

* Digest of Opinions of the Judge-Advocate-General, pp. 79, 80.

† General Order No. 1, Head-quarters Department of Missouri, Jan. 1, 1862.

‡ Digest of Opinions of the Judge-Advocate-General, p. 77.

negroes in the same State to prevent their enlisting,* forging soldiers' discharge papers in the District of Columbia,† and smuggling liquors into Alexandria by bribing a soldier, have been held to be offences triable by military commission.‡

Admitting the right of the government, as incident to the condition of war, to extend in this manner the jurisdiction of military commissions, it is obvious that such a right should be exercised with great discretion, and only in cases of necessity. To bring a civilian in a loyal State before such a commission, the ground of action should be extremely cogent. To try by military commission, in the city of New York, an inspector of harness not in any way in the military service, for neglect of duty in receiving defective harness,|| or a collector of votes for making fraudulent returns of the votes of New York soldiers, or to try in Ohio a citizen of that State for using disloyal language,§ seems to extend the principle beyond all use or necessity. Though, in a struggle for existence such as that through which we have just passed, the errors of the Administration through over-zeal are not to be severely animadverted upon, yet the extreme extension of the jurisdiction of military commissions is not a matter of which we can be proud, or can put forward as a precedent in the law of nations.

The exercise of martial law in this country has met with many opponents; and indeed it would be strange if in this, the land of freedom, above all others, settled by the men who aided in successfully opposing the assaults of martial law under the Stuarts, and now ruled by those accustomed from infancy to the exercise of the amplest liberty, any encroachment upon the rights of the citizen under the common law were not watched with extreme suspicion and jealousy. It would be matter of discredit and disappointment if this were not so. It is only what should be rightly expected from our people. Thus, during the late war, the people were justly sensitive to the dangers arising from too indiscriminate or arbitrary application of mar-

* Digest of Opinions of the Judge-Advocate-General, p. 79.

† Ibid., p. 77.

‡ Ibid., p. 79.

|| This was before the statute of July 4, 1864, rendering such persons triable by military courts.

§ Digest of Opinions of the Judge-Advocate-General, pp. 77-79.

tial law; and many feared lest the government, in its anxiety for the punishment of traitors, was infringing upon the principles of justice, and imperilling the most precious of popular rights.

Martial law was the ancient fulcrum of oppression. We should not have been ourselves, had we been indifferent in this matter. It was not questioned that such a law as martial law was fully recognized by the law of nations, and was applicable to this country under certain circumstances. This, indeed, was too well established for denial, and is declared by a writer as strongly devoted to constitutional rights as Hallam,* and by all authorities. But it was said that it was improperly exercised and extended. It would not be within the limits of these pages to argue a subject only to be decided from the discussion of a vast number of facts, many of them, moreover, still in dispute. This will be pre-eminently a question for the future historian to decide. Contemporaneous history necessarily errs in justice, even with the best intentions. Many years must elapse before the history of these times can be justly written. It will be for the future historian to say whether, with the vast treachery, of which the limits are yet unknown, to surmount, — with traitors not only without, but in its secret councils, — with an enemy as wily as strong, and resorting to means of warfare unrecognized and almost unknown in the civilized world, so cruel and inhuman that the mind shudders even at the imagination of them, — with the gradual and continuous military occupation of a territory filled with a population animated towards our army and their own loyal neighbors, not merely with the ordinary feelings of an enemy, but with the hate of section and the bitterness of brothers divided, — with

* This principle is so well stated by Hallam that we quote his words : —

“There may indeed be times of pressing danger, when the conservation of all demands the sacrifice of the legal rights of a few; there may be circumstances that not only justify, but compel, the temporary abandonment of constitutional forms. It has been usual for all governments, during an actual rebellion, to proclaim martial law, or the suspension of civil jurisdiction. And this anomaly, I must admit, is very far from being less indispensable at such unhappy seasons in countries where the ordinary mode of trial is by jury, than where the right of decision resides in the judge. But it is of high importance to watch with extreme jealousy the disposition, towards which most governments are prone, to introduce too soon, to extend too far, to retain too long, so perilous a remedy.” — *Constitutional History of England*, Vol. I. Chap. V.

the abandonment and destruction of all civil courts and means of obtaining justice in this territory, — with provinces to govern infested by a banditti who feared neither God nor man, whose hands were red with the blood of women and children, — whether, with all these things to look upon, and with the imperative duty of preserving the Republic, our Administration was not justified in its resort to martial law; and whether, in the exercise of a fair discretion, and with such judgment as human nature is capable of, — not, of course, faultless or without errors, — it has not, by summoning to its aid the swift and stern minister of war, added strength to itself and discomfiture to its enemies, without serious injury to the loyal citizen, or the establishment of precedents injurious to the cause of civil liberty. We cannot but express our conviction that history will hereafter record her general approval of the course of the government, and will wonder that in times of such danger and violence so little was yielded to the soldier and so little lost to civil liberty.

When, indeed, the proper time is come, we should lay aside the military commission, as we hang up the sword, not as an instrument of oppression done away, but as a useful weapon for its time and place.

The provost court is another tribunal for the enforcement of martial law, which deserves mention, although the ordinary works on military law, are silent as to its origin, character, or even existence.* In all our military departments the provost

* We derive both the word and the court itself from the French. *Provost* is from the French *prévot*, derived from the Latin *præponere*, "to place over," and is primarily a chief or superintendent. Hence the title of provost of a college. In Scotland, the provost is the head of a royal burgh, corresponding to the mayor in other cities. The French *prévot* was both judge and sheriff, uniting in one our provost judge and provost marshal. His office had its origin in that of the Roman *latrunculator*, who was sent by the Emperor to try and to sentence, as well as to arrest, the *latrones* or *latrunculi*. These men were so called in opposition to the *justi hostes*, or legal enemies. They precisely corresponded to the modern guerrillas or bushwhackers, and it may be suspected that the double duties of the Roman *latrunculator* have been repeated many a time in our army, where short shrift for the gallows has been meted out to the Missouri *latrones* caught red-handed. The French *prévot* was assisted in his judicial duties by civilians, who sat with him on the bench. His court was called the *Cour Prévôtale*, and had jurisdiction of escaped convicts, deserters, highway robbers, and other disturbers of the public peace, but resembles little, except in name, the provost

marshal is a well-known officer, but provost courts have been constituted, as far as we are aware, in but two instances,—by Major-General Butler in New Orleans, in May, 1862,* and by Major-General Dix in Norfolk, in June of the same year.

“The provost court is a tribunal,” says Judge Holt, “whose jurisdiction is derived from the customs of the service, and which is quite unknown to our legislation. A general commanding a department in which ordinary criminal courts are suspended, is authorized, under circumstances requiring the prompt administration of justice, to appoint a provost judge for the trial of minor offences.” †

General Dix, in his order establishing the court, declares:—

“The provost judge shall hear and try all cases civil and criminal (not military) which may come before him, and determine and decide the same, as far as may be conformably with the established laws of the United States applicable thereto; and when such laws are not applicable, or are not sufficient for the ends of justice, according to his best judgment and understanding, and the principles of equity and good conscience; subject in all cases to appeal from his decision to the major-general commanding the corps.” ‡

The rules of practice and objects of the courts in New Orleans and Norfolk were substantially the same. In both it was intended that the loyal citizen should, in spite of the abolition of civil courts by the disloyal, be protected in his rights of person and property, that the peace of the cities should be maintained, whether violated by citizens or soldiers, and that the negro, lately born to new rights, should have a just and equitable protection, and a tribunal to which to appeal for redress. No party plaintiff in a civil suit was heard unless he had taken the oath of allegiance; but, for the common example, both loyal and disloyal were protected from criminal assaults upon their persons and property. The lengthy procedure of a military commission was not sufficient for the speedy administration of justice in the hundred cases, both criminal and civil, weekly arising in a large city. An active and intelligent provost judge

courts established during this war. See Beranger, *Justice Criminelle en France*, p. 106 *et seq.*

* General Orders, Head-quarters of the Gulf, No. 16, May 2, 1862.

† Digest of Opinions of the Judge-Advocate-General, p. 103.

‡ General Order No. 6, Head-quarters Seventh Corps, June 27, 1862.

could dispose of them in a tenth part of the time. Injustice or oppression on his part could be remedied by an appeal to the commanding general. Capital and serious cases were reserved for a military commission. Thus the provost court was an advantage not so much to the army as to civilians, and especially to the loyal and peaceable inhabitants.

It was held, however, at the Bureau of Military Justice, that neither a military commission nor a provost court can have jurisdiction of civil suits.* It is difficult to see, in principle, why the violent suppression of civil courts by the disloyal should in time of war and rebellion entirely prevent the loyal from recovering their just dues, especially when their debtors are these very disloyal men; why, under the same military government, there should be protection against a fellow who picks another's pocket, but none against the man who defrauds another by refusing to pay him goods or money justly owed; why, in short, the establishment of a sound state of society is not as much promoted by the suppression of fraud as of violence. It would seem that these military courts, being simply the creatures of necessity, should, in the absence of past precedents to the contrary, and at a time when so many new precedents were created, have been instructed to attend to civil as well as to criminal matters. Indeed, the practical operation of provost courts, prior to this decision, at New Orleans and Norfolk, and of military commissions elsewhere, have demonstrated their usefulness in this particular.

Leaving this branch of our subject, we come now to the consideration of the administration of military law proper. The oath taken by the members of a general court martial requires of them that they will "duly administer justice according to the provisions of an act establishing rules and articles for the government of the armies of the United States, without partiality, favor, or affection, and, if any doubt should arise not explained by said articles, according to their conscience, the best of their understanding, and the custom of war in like cases."† The act referred to is the one containing the Articles of War. By this and by its modifications by subsequent legislation the

* Digest of Opinions of the Judge-Advocate-General, p. 78.

† 69th Article of War, Army Regulations, p. 496.

soldier is governed. The "customs of war in like cases" have not been of great assistance to our newly formed volunteer army, so that they have been left to depend chiefly upon this act. The Articles of War are modelled from the Mutiny and Desertion Acts of England, which were first passed after the accession of William and Mary, for the period of a year, and have since been regularly re-enacted by the British Parliament. They were reported to the Congress of the Confederation, in 1776, three months after the Declaration of Independence, by a committee of which Jefferson and Adams were members, and they were adopted by the Congress of the United States in 1806. In these Articles military crimes are defined, and their punishments declared. The capital offences are mutiny, disobedience, violence to superiors, desertion, advising or persuading desertion, sleeping on post, occasioning false alarms, doing violence to persons bringing provisions to camp, misbehavior before the enemy, making known the watchword, and relieving, harboring, corresponding with, or giving intelligence to the enemy. For these offences alone can death be imposed. Death, however, is not the only penalty for these, but death or such other punishment as shall be ordered by the sentence. For forging a safeguard or lurking as a spy death is the only penalty. An officer found guilty of "drunkenness on duty," of false muster, and certain other fraudulent practices, must receive the sentence of cashiering. An officer guilty of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" must be dismissed.* Dismissal and cashiering are now practically identical. With these and perhaps a few other exceptions, the punishment is left to the discretion of the court, except that in the case of certain non-military offences, of which jurisdiction has been lately given to court martials, such as murder, arson, &c., when committed by a soldier, the punishment cannot be less than that inflicted by the laws of the State or Territory in which the offence is committed.† The ordinary punishments of less degree than the extreme ones are reprimand, and suspension from rank and pay, for an officer; hard labor, ball and chain, solitary confinement, and stoppage of pay, for an enlisted man.

* 83d Article of War.

† Act of March 3, 1863, sect. 30.

A court martial is a court of special jurisdiction conferred by statute. It has no jurisdiction by unwritten law, after the analogy of our common-law courts. Where an offence cannot be brought under some statute, it cannot be tried by court martial. So, conversely, a person subject to the Rules and Articles of War cannot be tried by any other court or commission for a military offence of which a general court martial has jurisdiction.

Much has been done to improve our system of military justice, and much still remains to be done for its improvement. Like the other staff departments, it now has its chief of department, the Judge-Advocate-General, with a Bureau of Military Justice at the seat of government. At this Bureau the records of all military courts are preserved, and here they undergo an examination as to their correctness. Here are made decisions on points of military law for the whole army, an excellent digest of which has been lately printed, which has much increased the uniformity of practice in our service. For every army in the field a judge advocate is appointed, with the rank and pay of a major of cavalry, whose duty it is to attend to the correct administration of justice in the army to which he belongs, under the direction of the Judge-Advocate-General. These judge advocates, as a rule, act as judge advocates of courts only in cases of importance. Their chief duty is to revise the proceedings of military courts, and see that they are correct, to make reports upon them for the convenience of the commanding general, and to determine questions of law arising in the army which may be referred to them for their opinion. In one army there may frequently be a dozen or more military courts in session, each with a special judge advocate temporarily appointed to it from the line. It is the duty of the judge advocate of the army to see that these courts are conducted upon correct principles, and that their proceedings are legal and legally executed.

A general commanding a department, an army, a corps, a division, or a separate brigade, may convene a general court martial. These courts consist of not more than thirteen nor less than five members, and cannot act when reduced below the latter number. No president is appointed by name, but the senior officer present is president *ex officio*. He has the

same vote as the other members, and is simply the mouth-piece of the court, and acts as its moderator. The accused has the right of challenge for cause against every member of the court, upon which challenge the court decides, the challenged member retiring. The accused has a right to counsel, and may make any plea allowed by the common law ; but military law does not require in the indictment or other pleadings the same precision of statement that is required in our courts of common law. It is sufficient if the offence be alleged substantially. The charge is usually a general allegation that some article of war has been violated ; the specification describes the offence more particularly, giving time, place, and other details.

Procedure by a general court martial, where every question and answer is reduced to writing, is necessarily much slower than that at common law. Where questions requiring the decision of the court are raised, it is also necessary to clear the room of prisoners, counsel, spectators, &c., — a process which in practice consumes a great deal of time. The employment of phonographic reporters has much facilitated the business of the court. In old times, when trials were few and time plenty, and to be placed upon a general court martial at an agreeable post was at least a two months' vacation, courts martial might well be dilatory. The usual process was to write out carefully each question before putting it, then to paste it to the record, then to ask the witness if he was ready for it, and finally to propound it. The question (if unobjected to) the witness proceeded to answer at the rate at which a judge advocate could reduce his words to writing. The answer was then read aloud, corrected, read as corrected, and finally thus recorded. The questions of the accused were all to be written out by him, and submitted to the judge advocate, then, if not objected to, they were propounded by the judge advocate to the witness with the same formalities. Phonography has cured these delays, and the unreasonable practice of not allowing the accused or his counsel to ask questions *vivâ voce* and directly of the witness, without the mediation of the judge advocate, is becoming obsolete.

The theory of military courts in regard to counsel has been,

that they were merely advisers of the accused, permitted to attend him, but not to argue his case or address the court in person. The questions of the accused were theoretically prepared, not by the counsel, but by the accused acting under his advice; the closing argument for the defence was simply a statement made by the prisoner, and read by the counsel for the sake of convenience. Practice has shown the injustice of these restraints, and counsel who show proper respect to the court are generally granted the privileges of counsel in our civil courts.

The duties of the judge advocate are difficult and complex. He is,— 1st. The prosecuting officer of the government; 2d. The legal adviser of the court; 3d. The recorder of the proceedings; 4th. He is “so far counsel for the prisoner, after the prisoner has made his plea, as to object to any leading questions to any of the witnesses, or any question to prisoner the answer to which might tend to criminate himself.”*

By remarking the number of persons it takes at the common law to perform these various functions, the weight of the duties of the judge advocate may be estimated. He is at once judge, district attorney, and reporter, not counting the duties he owes the prisoner, so that he is at least, as Mrs. Malaprop remarked of Cerberus, “three gentlemen in one,” if not four. Moreover, his duties to the prisoner, when not defended by counsel, are often increased, both through the dictates of common humanity and by the custom of the service, beyond the requirements of the 69th Article of War. He is often obliged to explain to the court the prisoner’s theory of defence, to frame in proper language his questions to witnesses, and in other respects to present his cause intelligibly. This, of course, is difficult. The judge advocate cannot throw himself on the prisoner’s side, nor can he abandon for the moment the theory of the prosecution, so that he is at best but an imperfect agent for the offices of justice.

But the chief difficulty in the judge advocate’s position rests in the incompatibility of his first two duties. It is clear from an examination of the composition of the general court martial, that there is no judge, properly so called; that is to say,

* 69th Article of War.

there is no distinct officer invested with the authority held by a judge at common law, whose duty it is to lay down the law in the trial, to decide upon questions of the admission of evidence, to instruct those whose province it is to weigh the facts as to the correct application of the law to the evidence, and in general to protect the rights of the accused and to preserve a strict administration of justice. There is no officer in whose long experience in the practice of military law the members of the court can trust, and in whose entire impartiality in the case in hearing the court, prosecution, and prisoner can alike repose implicit confidence. The judge advocate, to be sure, is constituted the legal adviser of the court; but there is no rule compelling the court to ask his advice, or, if he gives it, to take it. Besides, he is the prosecuting officer. He cannot, try as much as he may, be entirely impartial. He is the advocate whose duty it is to produce evidence against the prisoner, and to use all fair means to secure his conviction. Is it not expecting too much of human nature to oblige this man to give impartial advice on points arising in this very evidence, — to compel him, as it were, to be a judge in his own case? In the preparation of a cause, his mind, from a consideration of the facts as he acquires them from the witnesses for the prosecution, has come to look upon the case in a certain light. It is led, in a large majority of cases, to a conviction of the prisoner's guilt; and such a conclusion is not only natural, but entirely justifiable, and even unavoidable. The judge advocate has, moreover, the natural and proper desire to introduce this evidence forcibly, and to sustain and corroborate his witnesses, — in short, to win the case. On the trial, however, whether from the cross-examination of the witnesses for the prosecution or the testimony of those for the defence, new phases of the case may arise, and the court require the advice of the judge advocate on some point of law. Is it probable that, with his mind predisposed to his own theory of the case, he can give fair and unprejudiced advice, even with the fairest intentions and the most magnanimous disposition towards the accused? Or suppose a question of evidence to arise, upon the admission of which there is elaborate and animated argument between the prosecution and defence, at the conclusion of which the court

require the judge advocate to advise them as to its admissibility. They then ask the very man who has just used all the powers of his mind to prove one side, to consider both sides impartially, and to give an unprejudiced opinion. They desire to metamorphose in the twinkling of an eye the advocate into the judge. Yet they are acting strictly in accordance with the law; and supposing the members of the court to be all of them (as it frequently happens) entirely unskilled in the law, this is their only course to discover it. In such a case the judge advocate must either decide that he was right, or else stultify himself, and declare that he was merely arguing as an advocate a point which his sober reason declares to be against him. Now it is a common experience at the bar that a counsel may frequently offer evidence, which, when presenting, he believes to be admissible, but, after argument on both sides, he is inclined to believe should properly be excluded; or a counsel may often consider it his duty to offer evidence as to the competency of which he is desirous that the court should decide. Place the judge advocate in either of these positions. In the first, he is either compelled, when called upon by the court for his opinion, if an honest man, to retract his argument, or if dishonest, to give an opinion contrary to his better judgment. In the second, as he must come to some conclusion, he will generally take his own side, though his doubts are by no means removed. Grant that a judge advocate is an honest man, and anxious to do his duty both to the government and to the prisoner, it is beyond human nature for him to succeed in it. If he is dishonest, or even indifferently honest, justice must sadly fail. Suppose him to be over conscientious, and over sensitive to the difficulties of his position and his liability to prejudice on the side of the prosecution, these qualities may lead him to lean too much to the prisoner, and thus again the cause of justice must fail. In short, it is impossible to be prosecuting officer and judge at once.

Besides the innate difficulty resting in the judgment of the judge advocate, his opinions cannot command that respect and win that authority which should attend those of a judge. Even though in themselves the most sound, correct, and impartial, their source impugns them. The court cannot but see that it

is the advocate that gives them. The prisoner discovers in them the views of the man who has been heaping up testimony to convict him. The public at large distrust them for both these reasons. Thus the position of a judge advocate, especially in cases of importance, with able and experienced counsel for the defence, where it requires all the powers of his mind to maintain the equality of the prosecution, is not only rendered trying to himself, but makes him an object of suspicion to the public. He frequently receives hostile criticism for unfairness, when his conscience entirely acquits him, or reproaches him with having pressed with too little vigor the rights of the government, from a fear lest he might wrong the prisoner. In a small case, involving an ordinary military offence of every-day occurrence, in which nice points of evidence rarely arise, and where the members of the court are competent to decide, without calling for advice, the ordinary questions arising, and where there is rarely counsel, or, if any, a brother-officer not very learned in the law, — in such a case the judge advocate will easily succeed in performing his multifold duties with justice and discretion. In these the contradictions of his office, though in principle still contrary to reason, do not avail to injure the cause of justice. But it is in the long and complicated trials, of which the past four years have seen so many, for fraud or embezzlement, to be proved only by a long array of circumstantial evidence, or for wide-spread conspiracies, — in trials lasting for weeks and months, where the accused are defended by eloquent and experienced advocates, ready to use every means to secure the acquittal of their clients, and whose “sacred duty” it is, in the language of the greatest living lawyer of England, “to know in the discharge of that office but one person in the world, that client and no other, to save that client by all expedient means, to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and, among others, himself,” — it is then that the manifest impracticabilities and contradictions of the office are seen to their fullest extent.

The proper remedy for this evil would seem to be in the severance of the duties of the judge advocate, whereby they should be reduced to those of a prosecuting officer, and in the constitution of a new office of judge of military courts, whose duties

should be assimilated to those of judges at common law. The Rebels abolished general courts martial except for the trial of officers above the grade of colonel, and substituted military courts, composed of three military judges with the rank of colonel, to retain office during the war.* While this change doubtless gave greater experience on the part of the judges and greater consistency to their decisions, it did not possess that valuable element in which a court martial has so strong a resemblance to the common law, — that it gives a trial by military peers impanelled to try each case, and on that account the more impartial. It is conceived that the constitution of the office of military judge, to preside over the court martial, define the law, rule upon the evidence, and instruct the members of the court upon the correct application of the law to the facts, would secure a fairer administration of justice than any other change in the system. Such an officer, in common with the judge advocate, would require both a legal and military education, and sound experience in both departments; for the mere lawyer would fail to appreciate the standard of discipline and the modes of life and thought peculiar to the army, while the mere soldier without legal instruction and experience would make but poor work with the law. The plan we propose would give stability and consistency to the decisions of all the military courts throughout the army, and secure respect for their impartiality. The rulings would of course be recorded in each case, so that error could be easily corrected at the Bureau of Military Justice, (which is now the high court of appeal,) by granting a new trial, or making such other order as the nature of the case should require.

Omitting this striking defect, a general court martial is probably as fair a tribunal as exists under any system of law. It is composed of gentlemen of high rank in the army, usually selected by the convening authority for their good sense and judgment. Their notions of honor are high, their anxiety to preserve the integrity and discipline of the service to which they belong is strong. Habit has made them conversant with the class of cases which they investigate, and with the trains of

* Digest of the Military and Naval Laws of the Confederate States, (Columbia, 1864,) p. 117.

thought inducing those arraigned before them to stray from the path of duty. They are not anxious to convict the accused of crime, for each conviction is a stain upon an honorable profession. Jealous of its reputation, they are slow to believe its members guilty of crime and to publish it to the world. When, however, their minds are convinced, the same feelings lead them to punish the offenders with fitting severity. To guerrillas, blockade-runners, spies, assassins, and other enemies by fraud and stealth, they are doubtless as fair and as little severe as any jury of truly loyal men that could be impanelled.

The final deliberations of a court martial take place with closed doors. The judge advocate then acts only as recording officer, and has no right to press his case or offer his opinion. He puts the question as to the guilt of the prisoner upon each specification and charge in turn, the junior member voting first. A majority is sufficient for conviction, except in capital cases, where a two-thirds vote is required. The record, being completed, is signed by the president and judge advocate, and transmitted to the officer convening the court. The court and judge advocate are bound by oath not to reveal the sentence until it is officially promulgated in General Orders, and not to disclose the individual votes or opinions of the members unless called upon as witnesses in a court of justice. The officer to whom the record is transmitted may entirely disapprove the proceedings, which annuls them entirely. If this officer approves them, he may, if commanding a force less than an army or department, execute sentences less severe than those of death or the dismissal of a commissioned officer. The latter sentences he must forward to his superior. A general commanding an army or department may in time of war carry out sentences dismissing or cashiering (which are now equivalent terms) a commissioned officer, and may order the execution of prisoners convicted of desertion, mutiny, murder, guerilla-marauding, or as spies. Sentences of death for other offences, and relating to general officers, must be acted on by the President. The infliction of the death penalty is thus placed under proper guards, while at the same time the army commander can, in the most frequent offences, add the great element of promptness to the example afforded by their punish-

ment. It is obvious that, had there been less clemency shown to deserters at the beginning of the war, the result would have been fewer executions in the end, fewer desertions, and less loss of life. Desertion is the commonest crime in an army, and the most destructive to it, and consequently the most heinous and to be the most severely punished. It was a vast agent in the destruction of the Rebel force. During the winter of 1864 and 1865 the number of desertions to our lines, before Richmond and Petersburg alone, was about one hundred a night. Taking two hundred for the average number in a Rebel regiment, (a liberal allowance at that time,) this rate of desertion, reckoning five regiments to a brigade, gives an aggregate of three brigades a month. And, knowing, as we do, that the desertion to their homes far exceeded that to our lines, the effect of such depletion of the Rebel army can well be imagined.

The President is held to possess the power of dismissing with disgrace any officer without trial of any sort whatsoever. This power has lately been distinctly confirmed by Congress, and a recent attempt to repeal the confirmation was defeated. The chief arguments in its favor are, first, that what the President has the right to confer, he has the right to take away; and secondly, that in cases where a trial cannot conveniently be had, and guilt is clear, it is a useful and exemplary method of punishing crime. Were no disgrace attendant upon the dismissal, the first reason might have more force; and for the second it may be questioned whether, without hearing both sides of the question, any matter can ever be so clear as to justify the blasting of a reputation for life. This power has been very unpopular in the army. It is contrary to the whole system of military law, which entitles an officer to trial by his peers. It is open to vast abuses; and, in practice, the large number of revocations of these summary dismissals which appear on the pages of the orders of the War Department show how many errors, even under the just administration of an honest President and Secretary, may be committed under a system which can permit but one side to be heard, and compels decision on *ex parte* testimony. An officer so dismissed has been lately granted the right of an appeal to trial by general court martial, which, if not granted within six months, restores him *ipso facto* to his

former position. But, even with this modification, the evil principle of the system remains the same, and even a restoration of his rights may not serve to recompense an officer for the pain and ignominy of previous unjust degradation.

The spirit of progressive improvement in the various departments of military science which has so marked this war has not been unfelt in the department of military justice. Many improvements have been made, and more, we believe, still remain to be made, the result of the practical experience of military men in this most important branch of war.

ART. III. — CHARACTER.

MORALS respects what men call goodness, that which all men agree to honor as justice, truth-speaking, good-will, and good works. Morals respects the source or motive of this action. It is the science of substances, not of shows. It is the *what*, and not the *how*. It is that which all men profess to regard, and by their real respect for which recommend themselves to each other.

There is this eternal advantage to morals, that, in the question between truth and goodness, the moral cause of the world lies behind all else in the mind. It was for good, it is to good, that all works. Surely it is not to prove or show the truth of things, — that sounds a little cold and scholastic, — no, it is for benefit, that all subsists. As we say in our modern politics, catching at last the language of morals, that the object of the state is the greatest good of the greatest number, — so, the reason we must give for the existence of the world is, that it is for the benefit of all being.

Morals implies freedom and will. The will constitutes the man. He has his life in Nature, like a beast: but choice is born in him; here is he that chooses; here is the Declaration of Independence, the July Fourth of zoölogy and astronomy. He chooses, — as the rest of the creation does not. But will, pure and perceiving, is not wilfulness. When a man, through

stubbornness, insists to do this or that, something absurd or whimsical, only because he will, he is weak; he blows with his lips against the tempest, he dams the incoming ocean with his cane. It were an unspeakable calamity, if any one should think he had the right to impose a private will on others. That is the part of a striker, an assassin. All violence, all that is dreary and repels, is not power, but the absence of power.

Morals is the direction of the will on universal ends. He is immoral who is acting to any private end. He is moral, — we say it with Marcus Aurelius and with Kant, — whose aim or motive may become a universal rule, binding on all intelligent beings; and with Vauvenargues, “the mercenary sacrifice of the public good to a private interest is the eternal stamp of vice.”

All the virtues are special directions of this motive: justice is the application of this good of the whole to the affairs of each one: courage is contempt of danger in the determination to see this good of the whole enacted: love is delight in the preference of that benefit redounding to another over the securing of our own share: humility is a sentiment of our insignificance, when the benefit of the universe is considered.

If from these external statements we seek to come a little nearer to the fact, our first experiences in moral as in intellectual nature force us to discriminate a universal mind, identical in all men. Certain biases, talents, executive skills, are special to each individual; but the high, contemplative, all-commanding vision, the sense of Right and Wrong, is alike in all. Its attributes are self-existence, eternity, intuition, and command. It is the mind of the mind. We belong to it, not it to us. It is in all men, and constitutes them men. In bad men it is dormant, as health is in men entranced or drunken; but, however inoperative, it exists underneath whatever vices and errors. The extreme simplicity of this intuition embarrasses every attempt at analysis. We can only mark, one by one, the perfections which it combines in every act. It admits of no appeal, looks to no superior essence. It is the reason of things.

The antagonist nature is the individual, formed into a finite body of exact dimensions, with appetites which take from everybody else what they appropriate to themselves, and would enlist the entire spiritual faculty of the individual, if it were possible,

in catering for them. On the perpetual conflict between the dictate of this universal mind and the wishes and interests of the individual, the moral discipline of life is built. The one craves a private benefit, which the other requires him to renounce out of respect to the absolute good. Every hour puts the individual in a position where his wishes aim at something which the sentiment of duty forbids him to seek. He that speaks the truth executes no private function of an individual will, but the world utters a sound by his lips. He who doth a just action seeth therein nothing of his own, but an inconceivable nobleness attaches to it, because it is a dictate of the general mind. We have no idea of power so simple and so entire as this. It is the basis of thought, it is the basis of being. Compare all that we call ourselves, all our private and personal venture in the world, with this deep of moral nature in which we lie, and our private good becomes an impertinence, and we take part with hasty shame against ourselves.

“High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised, —
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet the master-light of all our seeing, —
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence, — truths that wake
To perish never.”

The moral element invites man to great enlargements, to find his satisfaction, not in particulars or events, but in the purpose and tendency; not in bread, but in his right to his bread; not in much corn or wool, but in its communication. No one is accomplished whilst any one is incomplete. Weal does not exist for one, with the woe of any other.

Not by adding, then, does the moral sentiment help us; no, but in quite another manner. It puts us in place. It centres, it concentrates us. It puts us at the heart of Nature, where we belong, in the cabinet of science and of causes, — there where all the wires terminate which hold the world in magnetic unity, — and so converts us into universal beings.

This wonderful sentiment, which endears itself as it is obeyed, seems to be the fountain of intellect; for no talent

gives the impression of sanity, if wanting this ; nay, it absorbs everything into itself. Truth, Power, Goodness, Beauty, are its varied names,—faces of one substance. Before it, what are persons, prophets, or seraphim, but its passing agents, momentary rays of its light ?

The moral sentiment is alone omnipotent. There is no labor or sacrifice to which it will not bring a man, and which it will not make easy. Thus, there is no man who will bargain to sell his life, say at the end of a year, for a million or ten millions of gold dollars in hand, or for any temporary pleasures, or for any rank, as of peer or prince ; but many a man who does not hesitate to lay down his life for the sake of a truth, or in the cause of his country, or to save his son or his friend. And under the action of this sentiment of the Right, his heart and mind expand above himself, and above Nature.

Though Love repine, and Reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
“Tis man’s perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.”

Such is the difference of the action of the heart within and of the senses without. One is enthusiasm, and the other more or less amounts of horse-power.

Devout men, in the endeavor to express their convictions, have used different images to suggest this latent force ; as, the light, the seed, the Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the Dæmon, the still, small voice, etc.,—all indicating its power and its latency. It refuses to appear, it is too small to be seen, too obscure to be spoken of ; but, such as it is, it creates a faith which the contradiction of all mankind cannot shake, and which the consent of all mankind cannot confirm.

It is serenely above all mediation. In all ages, to all men, it saith, *I am* ; and he who hears it feels the impiety of wandering from this revelation to any record or to any rival. The poor Jews of the wilderness cried : “ Let not the Lord speak to us ; let Moses speak to us.” But the simple and sincere soul makes the contrary prayer : “ Let no intruder come between thee and me ; deal THOU with me ; let me know it is thy will, and I ask no more.” The excellence of Jesus, and of every true teacher, is, that he affirms the Divinity in him and

in us,—not thrusts himself between it and us. It would instantly indispose us to any person claiming to speak for the Author of Nature, the setting forth any fact or law which we did not find in our consciousness. We should say with Herac-
litus: “Come into this smoky cabin; God is here also; approve yourself to him.”

We affirm that in all men is this majestic perception and command; that it is the presence of the Eternal in each perishing man; that it distances and degrades all statements of whatever saints, heroes, poets, as obscure and confused stammerings before its silent revelation. *They* report the truth. *It* is the truth. When I think of Reason, of Truth, of Virtue, I cannot conceive them as lodged in your soul and lodged in my soul, but that you and I and all souls are lodged in that; and I may easily speak of that adorable nature, there where only I behold it, in my dim experiences, in such terms as shall seem to the frivolous, who dare not fathom their consciousness, as profane. How is a man a man? How can he exist to weave relations of joy and virtue with other souls, but because he is inviolable, anchored at the centre of Truth and Being? In the ever-returning hour of reflection, he says: ‘I stand here glad at heart of all the sympathies I can awaken and share, clothing myself with them as with a garment of shelter and beauty, and yet knowing that it is not in the power of all who surround me to take from me the smallest thread I call mine. If all things are taken away, I have still all things in my relation to the Eternal.’

We pretend not to define the way of its access to the private heart. It passes understanding. The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men. There was a time when Christianity existed in one child. But if the child had been killed by Herod, would the element have been lost? God sends his message, if not by one, then quite as well by another. When the Master of the Universe has ends to fulfil, he impresses his will on the structure of minds.

The Divine Mind imparts itself to the single person: his whole duty is to this rule and teaching. The aid which others give us is like that of the mother to the child,—temporary, gestative, a short period of lactation, a nurse’s or a governess’s

care; but on his arrival at a certain maturity, it ceases, and would be hurtful and ridiculous if prolonged. Slowly the body comes to the use of its organs; slowly the soul unfolds itself in the new man. It is partial at first, and honors only some one or some few truths. In its companions it sees other truths honored, and successively finds their foundation also in itself. Then it cuts the cord, and no longer believes "because of thy saying," but because it has recognized them in itself.

The Divine Mind imparts itself to the single person: but it is also true that men act powerfully on us. There are men who astonish and delight, men who instruct and guide. Some men's words I remember so well that I must often use them to express my thought. Yes, because I perceive that we have heard the same truth, but they have heard it better. That is only to say, there is degree and gradation throughout Nature; and the Deity does not break his firm laws in respect to imparting truth, more than in imparting material heat and light. Men appear from time to time who receive with more purity and fulness these high communications. But it is only as fast as this hearing from another is authorized by its consent with his own, that it is pure and safe to each; and all receiving from abroad must be controlled by this immense reservation.

It happens now and then, in the ages, that a soul is born which has no weakness of self, — which offers no impediment to the Divine Spirit, — which comes down into Nature as if only for the benefit of souls, and all its thoughts are perceptions of things as they are, without any infirmity of earth. Such souls are as the apparition of gods among men, and simply by their presence pass judgment on them. Men are forced by their own self-respect to give them a certain attention. Evil men shrink and pay involuntary homage by hiding or apologizing for their action.

When a man is born with a profound moral sentiment, preferring truth, justice, and the serving of all men to any honors or any gain, men readily feel the superiority. They who deal with him are elevated with joy and hope; he lights up the house or the landscape in which he stands. His actions are poetic and miraculous in their eyes. In his presence, or within his influence, every one believes in the immortality

of the soul. They feel that the invisible world sympathizes with him. The Arabians delight in expressing the sympathy of the unseen world with holy men.

“When Omar prayed and loved,
Where Syrian waters roll,
Aloft the ninth heaven glowed and moved
To the tread of the jubilant soul.”

A chief event of life is the day in which we have encountered a mind that startled us by its large scope. I am in the habit of thinking, — not, I hope, out of a partial experience, but confirmed by what I notice in many lives, — that to every serious mind Providence sends from time to time five or six or seven teachers who are of the first importance to him in the lessons they have to impart. The highest of these not so much give particular knowledge as they elevate by sentiment and by their habitual grandeur of view.

Great men serve us as insurrections do in bad governments. The world would run into endless routine, and forms incrust forms, till the life was gone. But the perpetual supply of new genius shocks us with thrills of life, and recalls us to principles. Lucifer's wager in the old drama was, “There is no steadfast man on earth.” He is very rare. “A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely on him.” See how one noble person dwarfs a whole nation of underlings. This steadfastness we indicate when we praise character.

Character denotes habitual self-possession, habitual regard to interior and constitutional motives, a balance not to be over-set or easily disturbed by outward events and opinion, and by implication points to the source of right motive. We sometimes employ the word to express the strong and consistent will of men of mixed motive, but, when used with emphasis, it points to what no events can change, that is, a will built on the reason of things. Such souls do not come in troops: oftenest appear solitary, like a general without his command, because those who can understand and uphold such appear rarely, not many, perhaps not one, in a generation. And the memory and tradition of such leader is preserved in some strange way by those who only half understand him, until a true disciple comes, who apprehends and interprets every word. X

The sentiment never stops in pure vision, but will be enacted. It affirms not only its truth, but its supremacy. It is not only insight, as science, as fancy, as imagination is ; or an entertainment, as friendship and poetry are ; but it is a sovereign rule : and the acts which it suggests — as when it impels a man to go forth and impart it to other men, or sets him on some asceticism or some practice of self-examination to hold him to obedience, or some zeal to unite men to abate some nuisance, or establish some reform or charity which it commands — are the homage we render to this sentiment, as compared with the lower regard we pay to other thoughts : and the private or social practices we establish in its honor we call religion.

The sentiment, of course, is the judge and measure of every expression of it, — measures Judaism, Stoicism, Christianity, Buddhism, or whatever philanthropy, or politics, or saint, or seer pretends to speak in its name. The religions we call false were once true. They also were affirmations of the conscience correcting the evil customs of their times. The populace drag down the gods to their own level, and give them their egotism ; whilst in Nature is none at all, God keeping out of sight, and known only as pure law, though resistless. Châteaubriand said, with some irreverence of phrase, If God made man in his image, man has paid him well back. "*Si Dieu a fait l'homme à son image, l'homme l'a bien rendu.*" Every nation is degraded by the goblins it worships instead of this Deity. The Dionysia and Saturnalia of Greece and Rome, the human sacrifice of the Druids, the Sradda of Hindoos, the Purgatory, the Indulgences, and the Inquisition of Popery, the vindictive mythology of Calvinism, are examples of this perversion.

Every particular instruction is speedily embodied in a ritual, is accommodated to humble and gross minds, and corrupted. The moral sentiment is the perpetual critic on these forms, thundering its protest, sometimes in earnest and lofty rebuke ; but sometimes also it is the source, in natures less pure, of sneers and flippant jokes of common people, who feel that the forms and dogmas are not true for them, though they do not see where the error lies.

The religion of one age is the literary entertainment of the next. We use in our idlest poetry and discourse the words

Jove, Neptune, Mercury, as mere colors, and can hardly believe that they had to the lively Greek the anxious meaning which, in our towns, is given and received in churches, when our religious names are used : and we read with surprise the horror of Athens, when, one morning, the statues of Mercury, in the temples, were found broken, and the like consternation was in the city, as if, in Boston, all the orthodox churches should be burned in one night.

The greatest dominion will be to the deepest thought. The establishment of Christianity in the world does not rest on any miracle, but the miracle of being the broadest and most humane doctrine. Christianity was once a schism and protest against the impieties of the time, which had originally been protests against earlier impieties, but had lost their truth. Varnhagen von Ense, writing, in Prussia, in 1848, says : “ The Gospels belong to the most aggressive writings. No leaf thereof could attain the liberty of being printed (in Berlin to-day). What Mirabeaus, Rousseaus, Diderots, Fichtes, Heines, and many another heretic, one can detect therein ! ”

But before it was yet a national religion, it was alloyed, and, in the hands of hot Africans, of luxurious Byzantines, of fierce Gauls, its creeds were tainted with their barbarism. In Holland, in England, in Scotland, it felt the national narrowness. How unlike our habitual turn of thought was that of the last century in this country ! Our ancestors spoke continually of angels and archangels with the same good faith as they would have spoken of their own parents or their late minister. Now the words pale, are rhetoric, and all credence is gone. Our horizon is not far, say one generation, or thirty years : we all see so much. The older see two generations, or sixty years. But what has been running on through three horizons, or ninety years, looks to all the world like a law of Nature, and 't is an impiety to doubt.

Thus, 't is incredible to us, if we look into the religious books of our grandfathers, how they held themselves in such a pin-fold. But why not ? As far as they could see, through two or three horizons, nothing but ministers and ministers. Calvinism was one and the same thing in Geneva, in Scotland, in Old and New England. If there was a wedding, they had a

sermon ; if a funeral, then a sermon ; if a war, or small-pox, or a comet, or canker-worms, — or a deacon died, — still a sermon : Nature was a pulpit ; the church-warden or tithing-man was a petty persecutor ; the presbytery, a tyrant ; and in many a house, in country places, the poor children found seven sabbaths in a week. Fifty or a hundred years ago, prayers were said, morning and evening, in all families ; grace was said at table ; an exact observance of the Sunday was kept in the houses of laymen as of clergymen. And one sees with some pain the disuse of rites so charged with humanity and aspiration. But it by no means follows, because those offices are much disused, that the men and women are irreligious ; certainly not that they have less integrity or sentiment, but only, let us hope, that they see that they can omit the form without loss of real ground ; perhaps that they find some violence, some cramping of their freedom of thought, in the constant recurrence of the form.

So of the changed position and manners of the clergy. They have dropped, with the sacerdotal garb and manners of the last century, many doctrines and practices once esteemed indispensable to their order. But the distinctions of the true clergyman are not less decisive. Men ask now, “ Is he serious ? is he a sincere man, who lives as he teaches ? is he a benefactor ? ” So far the religion is now where it should be. Persons are discriminated as honest, as veracious, as illuminated, as helpful, as having public and universal regards, or otherwise, — are discriminated according to their aims, and not by these ritualities.

The changes are inevitable ; the new age cannot see with the eyes of the last. But the change is in what is superficial ; the principles are immortal, and the rally on the principle must arrive as people become intellectual. I consider theology to be the rhetoric of morals. The mind of this age has fallen away from theology to morals. I conceive it an advance. I suspect, that, when the theology was most florid and dogmatic, it was the barbarism of the people, and that, in that very time, the best men also fell away from theology, and rested in morals. I think that all the dogmas rest on morals, and that it is only a question of youth or maturity, of more or less fancy in the re-

ipient; that the stern determination to do justly, to speak the truth, to be chaste and humble, was substantially the same, whether under a self-respect, or under a vow made on the knees at the shrine of Madonna.

When once Selden had said that the priests seemed to him to be baptizing their own fingers, the rite of baptism was getting late in the world. Or when once it is perceived that the English missionaries in India put obstacles in the way of schools, (as is alleged,)—do not wish to enlighten, but to Christianize the Hindoos,—it is seen at once how wide of Christ is English Christianity.

Mankind at large always resemble frivolous children: they are impatient of thought, and wish to be amused. Truth is too simple for us; we do not like those who unmask our illusions. Fontenelle said: "If the Deity should lay bare to the eyes of men the secret system of Nature, the causes by which all the astronomic results are effected, and they finding no magic, no mystic numbers, no fatalities, but the greatest simplicity, I am persuaded they would not be able to suppress a feeling of mortification, and would exclaim, with disappointment, 'Is that all?'" And so we paint over the bareness of ethics with the quaint grotesques of theology.

We boast the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, meaning the victory of the spirit over the senses; but Paganism hides itself in the uniform of the Church. Paganism has only taken the oath of allegiance, taken the cross, but is Paganism still, outvotes the true men by millions of majority, carries the bag, spends the treasure, writes the tracts, elects the minister, and persecutes the true believer.

There is a certain secular progress of opinion, which, in civil countries, reaches everybody. One service which this age has rendered is, to make the life and wisdom of every past man accessible and available to all. Socrates and Marcus Aurelius are allowed to be saints; Mahomet is no longer accursed; Voltaire is no longer a scarecrow; Spinoza has come to be revered. "The time will come," says Varnhagen von Ense, "when we shall treat the jokes and sallies against the myths and church-rituals of Christianity—say the sarcasms of Voltaire, Frederic the Great, and D'Alembert—good-naturedly and without of-

fence: since, at bottom, those men mean honestly, their polemics proceed out of a religious striving, and what Christ meant and willed is in essence more with them than with their opponents, who only wear and misrepresent the *name* of Christ. . . . Voltaire was an apostle of Christian ideas; only the names were hostile to him, and he never knew it otherwise. He was like the son of the vine-dresser in the Gospel, who said No, and went; the other said Yea, and went not. These men preached the true God, — Him whom men serve by justice and uprightness; but they called themselves atheists."

When the highest conceptions, the lessons of religion, are imported, the nation is not culminating, has not genius, but is servile. A true nation loves its vernacular tongue. A completed nation will not import its religion. Duty grows everywhere, like children, like grass; and we need not go to Europe or to Asia to learn it. I am not sure that the English religion is not all quoted. Even the Jeremy Taylors, Fullers, George Herberts, steeped, all of them, in the Church traditions, are only using their fine fancy to emblazon their memory. 'Tis Judæa, not England, which is the ground. So with the morrant Calvinism of Scotland and America. But this quoting distances and disables them: since with every repeater something of creative force is lost, as we feel when we go back to each original moralist. Pythagoras, Socrates, the Stoics, the Hindoo, Behmen, George Fox, — these speak originally; and how many sentences and books we owe to unknown authors, — to writers who were not careful to set down name or date or titles or cities or postmarks in these illuminations!

We, in our turn, want power to drive the ponderous State. The constitution and law in America must be written on ethical principles, so that the entire power of the spiritual world can be enlisted to hold the loyalty of the citizen, and to repel every enemy as by force of Nature. The laws of old empires stood on the religious convictions. Now that their religions are outgrown, the empires lack strength. Romanism in Europe does not represent the real opinion of enlightened men. The Lutheran Church does not represent in Germany the opinions of the universities. In England, the gentlemen, the journals, and now, at last, churchmen and bishops, have fallen

away from the Anglican Church. And in America, where are no legal ties to churches, the looseness appears dangerous.

Our religion has got on as far as Unitarianism. But all the forms grow pale. The walls of the temple are wasted and thin, and, at last, only a film of whitewash, because the mind of our culture has already left our liturgies behind. "Every age," says Varnhagen, "has another sieve for the religious tradition, and will sift it out again. Something is continually lost by this treatment, which posterity cannot recover."

But it is a capital truth, that Nature, moral as well as material, is always equal to herself. Ideas always generate enthusiasm. The creed, the legend, forms of worship, swiftly decay. Morals is the incorruptible essence, very heedless in its richness of any past teacher or witness, heedless of their lives and fortunes. It does not ask whether you are wrong or right in your anecdotes of them; but it is all in all how you stand to your own tribunal.

The lines of the religious sects are very shifting; their platforms unstable; the whole science of theology of great uncertainty, and resting very much on the opinions of who may chance to be the leading doctors of Oxford or Edinburgh, of Princeton or Cambridge, to-day. No man can tell what religious revolutions await us in the next years; and the education in the divinity colleges may well hesitate and vary. But the science of ethics has no mutation; and whoever feels any love or skill for ethical studies may safely lay out all his strength and genius in working in that mine. The pulpit may shake, but this platform will not. All the victories of religion belong to the moral sentiment. Some poor soul beheld the Law blazing through such impediments as he had, and yielded himself to humility and joy. What was gained by being told that it was justification by faith?

The Church, in its ardor for beloved persons, clings to the miraculous, in the vulgar sense, which has even an immoral tendency, as one sees in Greek, Indian, and Catholic legends, which are used to gloze every crime. The soul, penetrated with the beatitude which pours into it on all sides, asks no interpositions, no new laws, — the old are good enough for it, — finds in every cart-path of labor ways to heaven, and the

humblest lot exalted. Men will learn to put back the emphasis peremptorily on pure morals, always the same, not subject to doubtful interpretation, with no sale of indulgences, no massacre of heretics, no female slaves, no disfranchisement of woman, no stigma on race; to make morals the absolute test, and so uncover and drive out the false religions. There is no vice that has not skulked behind them. It is only yesterday that our American churches, so long silent on Slavery, and notoriously hostile to the Abolitionist, wheeled into line for Emancipation.

I am far from accepting the opinion that the revelations of the moral sentiment are insufficient, as if it furnished a rule only, and not the spirit by which the rule is animated. For I include in these, of course, the history of Jesus, as well as those of every divine soul which in any place or time delivered any grand lesson to humanity; and I find in the eminent experiences in all times a substantial agreement. The sentiment itself teaches unity of source, and disowns every superiority other than of deeper truth. Jesus has immense claims on the gratitude of mankind, and knew how to guard the integrity of his brother's soul from himself also; but in his disciples admiration of him runs away with their reverence for the human soul, and they hamper us with limitations of person and text. Every exaggeration of these is a violation of the soul's right, and inclines the manly reader to lay down the New Testament, to take up the Pagan philosophers. It is not that the Upanishads or the Maxims of Antoninus are better, but that they do not invade his freedom; because they are only suggestions, whilst the other adds the inadmissible claim of positive authority, — of an external command, where command cannot be. This is the secret of the mischievous result, that, in every period of intellectual expansion, the Church ceases to draw into its clergy those who best belong there, the largest and freest minds, and that in its most liberal forms, when such minds enter it, they are coldly received, and find themselves out of place. This charm in the Pagan moralists, of suggestion, the charm of poetry, of mere truth, (easily eliminated from their historical accidents, which nobody wishes to force on us,) the New Testament loses by its connection with a church. Mankind cannot long suffer this loss, and the office of this age is to

put all these writings on the eternal footing of equality of origin in the instincts of the human mind. It is certain that each inspired master will gain instantly by the separation from the idolatry of ages.

To their great honor, the simple and free minds among our clergy have not resisted the voice of Nature and the advanced perceptions of the mind ; and every church divides itself into a liberal and expectant class, on one side, and an unwilling and conservative class, on the other. As it stands with us now, a few clergymen, with a more theological cast of mind, retain the traditions, but they carry them quietly. In general discourse, they are never obtruded. If the clergyman should travel in France, in England, in Italy, he might leave them locked up in the same closet with his "occasional sermons" at home, and, if he did not return, would never think to send for them. The orthodox clergymen hold a little firmer to theirs, as Calvinism has a more tenacious vitality ; but that is doomed also, and will only die last ; for Calvinism rushes to be Unitarianism, as Unitarianism rushes to be pure Theism.

But the inspirations are never withdrawn. In the worst times, men of organic virtue are born,—men and women of native integrity, and indifferently in high and low conditions. There will always be a class of imaginative youths, whom poetry, whom the love of beauty, lead to the adoration of the moral sentiment, and these will provide it with new historic forms and songs. Religion is as inexpugnable as the use of lamps, or of wells, or of chimneys. We must have days and temples and teachers. The Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and the noblest society, to whatever means and aids of spiritual refreshment. Men may well come together to kindle each other to virtuous living. Confucius said, "If in the morning I hear of the right way, and in the evening die, I can be happy."

The churches already indicate the new spirit, in adding, to the perennial office of teaching, beneficent activities,—as in creating hospitals, ragged schools, offices of employment for the poor, appointing almoners to the helpless, guardians of foundlings and orphans. The power that in other times inspired

crusades, or the colonization of New England, or the modern revivals, flies to the help of the deaf-mute and the blind, to the education of the sailor and the vagabond boy, to the reform of convicts and harlots,—as the war has created the Hilton Head and Charleston missions, the Sanitary Commission, the nurses and teachers at Washington.

In the present tendency of our society, in the new importance of the individual, when thrones are crumbling, and presidents and governors are forced every moment to remember their constituencies, — when counties and towns are resisting centralization, and the individual voter his party, — society is threatened with actual granulation, religious as well as political. How many people are there in Boston? Some two hundred thousand. Well, then so many sects. Of course, each poor soul loses all his old stays; no bishop watches him; no confessor reports that he has neglected the confessional; no class-leader admonishes him of absences; no fagot, no penance, no fine, no rebuke. Is not this wrong? is not this dangerous? 'Tis not wrong, but the law of growth. It is not dangerous, any more than the mother's withdrawing her hands from the tottering babe, at his first walk across the nursery-floor: the child fears and cries, but achieves the feat, instantly tries it again, and never wishes to be assisted more. And this infant soul must learn to walk alone. At first he is forlorn, homeless; but this rude stripping him of all support drives him inward, and he finds himself unhurt; he finds himself face to face with the majestic Presence, reads the original of the Ten Commandments, the original of Gospels and Epistles; nay, his narrow chapel expands to the blue cathedral of the sky, where he

“Looks in and sees each blissful deity,

Where he before the thunderous throne doth lie.”

To nations or to individuals the progress of opinion is not a loss of moral restraint, but simply a change from coarser to finer checks. No evil can come from reform which a deeper thought will not correct. If there is any tendency in national expansion to form character, religion will not be a loser. There is a fear that pure truth, pure morals, will not make a religion for the affections. Whenever the sublimities of char-

acter shall be incarnated in a man, we may rely that awe and love and insatiable curiosity will follow his steps. Character is the habit of action from the permanent vision of truth. It carries a superiority to all the accidents of life. It compels right relation to every other man,—domesticates itself with strangers and enemies. “But I, father,” says the wise Prahlada, in the Vishnu Purana, “know neither friends nor foes, for I behold Kesava in all beings as in my own soul.” It confers perpetual insight. It sees that a man’s friends and his foes are of his own household, of his own person; that he himself strikes the stroke which he imputes to fortune. Man is always throwing his praise or blame on events, and fails to see that he only is real, and the world is his mirror and echo. What would it avail me, if I could destroy my enemies? There would be as many to-morrow. That which I hate and fear is really in myself, and no knife is long enough to reach to its heart. Confucius said one day to Ke Kang: “Sir, in carrying on your government, why should you use killing at all? Let your evinced desires be for what is good, and the people will be good. The grass must bend, when the wind blows across it.” Ke Kang, distressed about the number of thieves in the state, inquired of Confucius how to do away with them. Confucius said, “If you, sir, were not covetous, although you should reward them to do it, they would not steal.”

Its methods are subtle, it works without means. It indulges no enmity against any, knowing, with Prahlada, that “the suppression of malignant feeling is itself a reward.” The more reason, the less government. In a sensible family, nobody ever hears the words “shall” and “sha’n’t”; nobody commands, and nobody obeys, but all conspire and joyfully co-operate. Take off the roofs of hundreds of happy houses, and you shall see this order without ruler, and the like in every intelligent and moral society. Command is exceptional, and marks some break in the link of reason; as the electricity goes round the world without a spark or a sound, until there is a break in the wire or the water chain. Swedenborg said, that, “in the spiritual world, when one wishes to rule, or despises others, he is thrust out of doors.” Goethe, in discussing the

characters in "Wilhelm Meister," maintained his belief, "that pure loveliness and right good-will are the highest manly prerogatives, before which all energetic heroism, with its lustre and renown, must recede." In perfect accord with this, Henry James affirms, that "to give the feminine element in life its hard-earned but eternal supremacy over the masculine has been the secret inspiration of all past history."

There is no end to the sufficiency of character. It can afford to wait; it can do without what is called success; it cannot but succeed. To a well-principled man existence is victory. He defends himself against failure in his main design by making every inch of the road to it pleasant. There is no trifle, and no obscurity to him: he feels the immensity of the chain whose last link he holds in his hand, and is led by it. Having nothing, this spirit hath all. It asks, with Marcus Aurelius, "What matter by whom the good is done?" It extols humility, — by every self-abasement lifted higher in the scale of being. It makes no stipulations for earthly felicity, — does not ask, in the absoluteness of its trust, even for the assurance of continued life.

ART. IV.—1. *The New York Herald*, from 1835 to 1866.

2. *The New York Tribune*, from 1841 to 1866.

3. *The New York Daily Times*, from 1852 to 1866.

4. *Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett and his Times*. By a Journalist. New York: Stringer and Townsend. 1855.

5. *The Fourth Estate: Contributions toward a History of Newspapers and of the Liberty of the Press*. By B. KNIGHT HUNT. London. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

A FEW years ago it seemed probable that the people of the United States would be supplied with news chiefly through the agency of newspapers published in the city of New York. We were threatened with a paper despotism similar to that formerly exercised in Great Britain by the London Times; since, when one city furnishes a country with newspapers, one newspaper is sure, at length, to gain such a predominance over others

that its proprietor, if he is equal to his position, wields a power greater than ought to be intrusted to an individual. There have been periods when the director of the London Times appeared to be as truly the monarch of Great Britain as Henry VIII. once was, or as William Pitt during the Seven Years' War. It was, we believe, the opinion of the late Mr. Cobden, which Mr. Kinglake confirms, that the editor of the London Times could have prevented the Crimean War. Certainly he conducted it. Demosthenes did not more truly direct the resources of Athens against Philip, than did this invisible and anonymous being those of the British empire against Russia. The first John Walter, who was to journalism what James Watt was to the steam-engine, had given this man daily access to the ear of England; and to that ear he addressed, not the effusions of his own mind, but the whole purchasable eloquence of his country. He had relays of Demosthenes. The man controlling such a press, and fit to control it, can bring the available and practised intellect of his country to bear upon the passions of his countrymen; for it is a fact, that nearly the whole literary talent of a nation is at the command of any honorable man who has money enough, with tact enough. The editor who expends fifty guineas a day in the purchase of three short essays can have them written by the men who can do them best. What a power is this, to say these things every morning to a whole nation,—to say them with all the force which genius, knowledge, and practice united can give,—and to say them without audible contradiction! Fortunate for England is it that this power is no longer concentrated in a single man, and that the mighty influence once wielded by an individual will henceforth be exerted by a profession.

We in America have escaped all danger of ever falling under the dominion of a paper despot. There will never be a Times Jupiter in America. Twenty years ago the New York news and the New York newspaper reached distant cities at the same moment; but since the introduction of the telegraph, the news outstrips the newspaper, and is given to the public by the local press. It is this fact which forever limits the circulation and national importance of the New York press. The New York

papers reach a village in Vermont late in the afternoon,—six, eight, ten hours after a carrier has distributed the Springfield Republican; and nine people in ten will be content with the brief telegrams of the local centre. At Chicago, the New York paper is forty hours behind the news; and at San Francisco, thirty days. Before California had been reached by the telegraph, the New York newspapers, on the arrival of a steamer, were sought with an avidity of which the most ludicrous accounts have been given. If the news was important and the supply of papers inadequate, nothing was more common than for a lucky newsboy to dispose of his last sheets at five times their usual price. All this is changed. A spirited local press has anticipated the substance of the news, and most people wait tranquilly for the same local press to spread before them the particulars when the tardy mail arrives. Even the weekly and semi-weekly editions issued by the New York daily press have probably reached their maximum of importance; since the local daily press also publishes weekly and semi-weekly papers, many of which are of high excellence and are always improving, and have the additional attraction of full local intelligence. If some bold Yankee should invent a method by which a bundle of newspapers could be shot from New York to Chicago in half an hour, it would certainly enhance the importance of the New York papers, and diminish that of the rapidly expanding and able press of Chicago. Such an invention is possible; nay, we think it a probability. But even in that case, the local news, and, above all, the local advertising, would still remain as the basis of a great, lucrative, honorable, and very attractive business.

We believe, however, that if the local press were annihilated, and this whole nation lived dependent upon the press of a single city, still we should be safe from a paper despotism; because the power of the editorial lessens as the intelligence of the people increases. The prestige of the editorial is gone. Just as there is a party in England who propose the omission of the sermon from the church service as something no longer needed by the people, so there are journalists who think the time is at hand for the abolition of editorials, and the concentration of the whole force of journalism upon presenting to the public

the history and picture of the day. The time for this has not come, and may never come; but our journalists already know that editorials neither make nor mar a daily paper, that they do not much influence the public mind, nor change many votes, and that the power and success of a newspaper depend wholly and absolutely upon its success in getting and its skill in exhibiting the news. The word *newspaper* is the exact and complete description of the thing which the true journalist aims to produce. The news is his work; editorials are his play. The news is the point of rivalry; it is that for which nineteen twentieths of the people buy newspapers; it is that which constitutes the power and value of the daily press; it is that which determines the rank of every newspaper in every free country.

No editor, therefore, will ever reign over the United States, and the newspapers of no one city will attain universal currency. Hence the importance of journalism in the United States. By the time a town has ten thousand inhabitants, it usually has a daily paper, and in most large cities there is a daily paper for every twenty thousand people. In many of the Western cities there are daily newspapers conducted with great energy, and on a scale of expenditure which enables them to approximate real excellence. Many of our readers will live to see the day when there will be in Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and San Francisco daily newspapers more complete, better executed, and produced at greater expense than any newspaper now existing in the United States. This is a great deal to say, in view of the fact, that, during the late war, one of the New York papers expended in war correspondence alone two thousand dollars a week. Nevertheless, we believe it. There will never be *two* newspapers in any one city that can sustain such an expenditure; but in fifteen years from to-day there will be one, we think, in each of our great cities, and besides that one there will be four or five struggling to supplant it, as well as one or two having humbler aims and content with a lowlier position.

It is plain that journalism will henceforth and forever be an important and crowded profession in the United States. The daily newspaper is one of those things which are rooted in the necessities of modern civilization. The steam-engine is

not more essential to us. The newspaper is that which connects each individual with the general life of mankind, and makes him part and parcel of the whole; so that we can almost say, that those who neither read newspapers nor converse with people who do read them are not members of the human *family*; — that is, not actually, not now; though, like the negroes of Guinea, they may become such in time. They are beyond the pale; they have no hold of the electric chain, and therefore do not receive the shock.

There are two mornings of the year on which newspapers have not hitherto been published in the city of New York, — the 5th of July, and the 2d of January. A shadow appears to rest on the world during those days, as when there is an eclipse of the sun. We are separated from our brethren, cut off, lost, alone; vague apprehensions of evil creep over the mind. We feel, in some degree, as husbands feel who, far from wife and children, say to themselves, shuddering, “What things *may* have happened, and I not know it!” Nothing quite dispels the gloom until the Evening Post — how eagerly seized — assures us that nothing very particular has happened since our last. It is amusing to notice how universal is the habit of reading a morning paper. A hundred vehicles and vessels convey the business men of New York to that extremity of Manhattan Island which may be regarded as the counting-house of the Western Continent. It is not uncommon for every individual in a cabin two hundred feet long to be sitting absorbed in his paper, like boys conning their lessons on their way to school. Still more striking is it to observe the torrent of workingmen pouring down town, many of them reading as they go, and most of them provided with a newspaper for dinner-time, not less as a matter of course than the tin kettle which contains the material portion of the repast. Notice, too, the long line of hackney-coaches on a stand, nearly every driver sitting on his box reading his paper. Many of our Boston friends have landed in New York at five o’clock in the morning, and ridden up town in the street cars, filled, at that hour, with women and boys, folding newspapers and throwing off bundles of them from time to time, which are caught by other boys and women in waiting. Carriers are flitting in

every direction, and the town is alive with the great business of getting two hundred thousand papers distributed before breakfast.

All this is new, but it is also permanent. Having once had daily papers, we can never again do without them; so perfectly does this great invention accord with the genius of modern life. The art of journalism is doubtless destined to continuous improvement for a long time to come; the newspapers of the future will be more convenient, and better in every way, than those of the present day; but the art remains forever an indispensable auxiliary to civilization. And this is so, not by virtue of editorial essays, but because journalism brings the events of the time to bear upon the instruction of the time. An editorial essayist is a man addressing men; but the skilled and faithful journalist, recording with exactness and power the thing that has come to pass, is Providence addressing men. The thing that has actually happened, — to know that is the beginning of wisdom. All else is theory and conjecture, which may be right and may be wrong.

While it is true that the daily press of the city of New York is limited by the telegraph, it has nevertheless a very great, an unapproached, national importance. We do not consider it certain that New York is always to remain the chief city of the United States; but it holds that rank now, and must for many years. Besides being the source of a great part of our news, it was the first city that afforded scope for papers conducted at the incredible expense which modern appliances necessitate. Consequently its daily papers reach the controlling minds of the country. They are found in all reading-rooms, exchanges, bank parlors, insurance-offices, counting-rooms, hotels, and wherever else the ruling men of the country congregate. But, above all, they are, and must be, in all newspaper offices, subject to the scissors. This is the chief source of their importance. Not merely that in this way their contents are communicated to the whole people. The grand reason why the New York papers have national importance is, that it is chiefly through them that the art of journalism in the United States is to be perfected. They set daily copies for all editors to follow. The expenditure necessary for the carrying on of a com-

plete daily newspaper is so immense, that the art can only be improved in the largest cities. New York is first in the field; it has the start of a quarter of a century or more; and it therefore devolves upon the journalists of that city to teach the journalists of the United States their vocation. It is this fact which invests the press of New York with such importance, and makes it so well worth considering.

It is impossible any longer to deny that the chief newspaper of that busy city is the *New York Herald*. No matter how much we may regret this fact, or be ashamed of it, no journalist can deny it. We do not attach much importance to the fact that Abraham Lincoln, the late lamented President of the United States, thought it worth while, during the dark days of the summer of 1864, to buy its support at the price of the offer of the French mission. He was utterly mistaken in supposing that this paper had any considerable power to change votes; which was shown by the result of the Presidential election in the city of New York, where General McClellan had the great majority of thirty-seven thousand. Influence over opinion no paper can have which has itself no opinion, and cares for none. It is not as a vehicle of opinion that the *Herald* has importance, but solely as a vehicle of news. It is for its excellence, real or supposed, in this particular, that eighty thousand people buy it every morning. Mr. Lincoln committed, as we cannot help thinking, a most egregious error and fault in his purchase of the editor of this paper, though he is in some degree excused by the fact that several leading Republicans, who were in a position to know better, advised or sanctioned the bargain; and leading journalists agreed not to censure it. Mr. Lincoln could not be expected to draw the distinction between the journalist and the writer of editorials. He perceived the strength of this carrier-pigeon's pinions, but did not note the trivial character of the message tied to its leg. Thirty or forty war correspondents in the field, a circulation larger than any of its rivals, an advertising patronage equalled only by that of the *London Times*, the popularity of the paper in the army, the frequent utility of its maps and other elucidations,—these things imposed upon his mind; and his wife could tell him from personal observation, that the proprietor of this

paper lived in a style of the most profuse magnificence, — maintaining costly establishments in town and country, horses, and yachts, to say nothing of that most expensive appendage to a reigning house, an heir apparent.

Our friends in the English press tell us, that the Herald was one of the principal obstacles in their attempts to guide English opinions aright during the late struggle. Young men in the press would point to its editorials and say: "This is the principal newspaper in the Northern States; this is the Times of America; can a people be other than contemptible who prefer such a newspaper as this to journals so respectable and so excellent as the Times and Tribune, published in the same city?" "As to (American) journalism," says Professor Goldwin Smith, "the New York Herald is always kept before our eyes." That is to say, the editorial articles in the Herald; not that amazing variety and fulness of intelligence which often compelled men who hated it most to get up at the dawn of day to buy it. A paper which can detach two or three men, after a battle, to collect the names of the killed and wounded, with orders to do only that, cannot lack purchasers in war time. Napoleon assures us that the whole art of war consists in having the greatest force at the point of contact. This rule applies to the art of journalism; the editor of the Herald knows it, and has the means to put it in practice.

Even here, at home, we find two opinions as to the cause of the Herald's vast success as a business. One of these opinions is this, — the Herald takes the lead because it is such a bad paper. The other opinion is, — the Herald takes the lead because it is such a good paper. It is highly important to know which of these two opinions is correct; or, in other words, whether it is the Herald's excellences as a newspaper, or its crimes as a public teacher, which give it such general currency. Such success as this paper has obtained is a most influential fact upon the journalism of the whole country, as any one can see who looks over a file of our most flourishing daily papers. It is evident that our daily press is rapidly becoming Heraldized; and it is well known that the tendency of imitation is to reproduce all of the copy excepting alone that which made it worth copying. It is honorable to the American press that

this rule has been reversed in the present instance. Some of the more obvious good points of the *Herald* have become universal, while as yet no creature has been found capable of copying the worst of its errors.

If there are ten bakers in a town, the one that gives the best loaf for sixpence is sure, at last, to sell most bread. A man may puff up his loaves to a great size, by chemical agents, and so deceive the public for a time; another may catch the crowd for a time by the splendor of his gilt sheaf, the magnitude of his signs, and the bluster of his advertising; and the intrinsically best baker may be kept down, for a time, by want of tact, or capital, or some personal defect. But let the competition last thirty years! The gilt sheaf fades, the cavities in the big loaf are observed; but the ugly little man round the corner comes steadily into favor, and all the town, at length, is noisy in the morning with the rattle of his carts. The particular caterer for our morning repast, now under consideration, has achieved a success of this kind, against every possible obstacle, and under every possible disadvantage. He had no friends at the start, he has made none since, and he has none now. He has had the support of no party or sect. On the contrary, he has won his object in spite of the active opposition of almost every organized body in the country, and the fixed disapproval of every public-spirited human being who has lived in the United States since he began his career. What are we to say of this? Are we to say that the people of the United States are competent to judge of bread, but not of newspapers? Are we to say that the people of the United States prefer evil to good? As good democrats we cannot assent to such propositions.

Let us go back to the beginning, and see how this man made his way to his present unique position. We owe his presence in this country, it seems, to Benjamin Franklin; and he first smelt printer's ink in Boston, near the spot where young Ben Franklin blackened his fingers with it a hundred years before. Born and reared on the northeastern coast of Scotland, in a Roman Catholic family of French origin, he has a French intellect and Scotch habits. Frenchmen residing among us can seldom understand why this man should be odious, so French

is he. A French naval officer was once remonstrated with for having invited him to a ball given on board a ship of war in New York harbor. "Why, what has he done?" inquired the officer. "Has he committed murder? Has he robbed, forged, or run away with somebody's wife?" "No." "Why then should we not invite him?" "He is the editor of the New York Herald." "Ah!" exclaimed the Frenchman,—"the Herald! it is a delightful paper,—it reminds me of my gay Paris." This, however, was thirty years ago, when Bennett was almost as French as Voltaire. He was a Frenchman also in this: though discarding, in his youth, the doctrines of his Church, and laughing them to scorn in early manhood, he still maintained a kind of connection with the Catholic religion. The whole of his power as a writer consists in his detection of the evil in things that are good, and of the falsehood in things that are true, and of the ridiculous in things that are important. He began with the Roman Catholic Church,—“the holy Roman Catholic Church,” as he once styled it,—adding in a parenthesis, “all of us Catholics are devilish holy.” Another French indication is, that his early passions were romantic literature *and* political economy,—a conjunction of tastes very common in France from the days of the “philosophers” to the present time. During our times of financial collapse, we have noticed, among the nonsense which he daily poured forth, some gleams of a superior understanding of the fundamental laws of finance. He appears to have understood 1837 and 1857 better than most of his contemporaries.

In a Catholic seminary he acquired the rudiments of knowledge, and advanced so far as to read Virgil. He also picked up a little French and Spanish in early life. The real instructors of his mind were Napoleon, Byron, and Scott. It was their fame, however, as much as their works, that attracted and dazzled him. It is a strange thing, but true, that one of the strongest desires of one of the least reputable of living men was, and is, to be admired and held in lasting honor by his fellow-men. Nor has he now the least doubt that he deserves their admiration, and will have it. In 1817, an edition of Franklin's Autobiography was issued in Scotland. It was his perusal of that little book that first directed his thoughts toward

America, and which finally decided him to try his fortune in the New World. In May, 1819, being then about twenty years of age, he landed at Halifax, with less than five pounds in his purse, without a friend on the Western Continent, and knowing no vocation except that of book-keeper.

Between his landing at Halifax and the appearance of the first number of the Herald sixteen years elapsed; during most of which he was a very poor, laborious, under-valued, roving writer for the daily press. At Halifax, he gave lessons in book-keeping for a few weeks, with little profit, then made his way along the coast to Portland, whence a schooner conveyed him to Boston. He was then, it appears, a soft, romantic youth, alive to the historic associations of the place, and susceptible to the varied, enchanting loveliness of the scenes adjacent, on land and sea. He even expressed his feelings in verse, in the Childe Harold manner,—verse which does really show a poetic habit of feeling, with an occasional happiness of expression. At Boston he experienced the last extremity of want. Friendless and alone he wandered about the streets, seeking work and finding none; until, his small store of money being all expended, he passed two whole days without food, and was then only relieved by finding a shilling on the Common. He obtained at length the place of salesman in a bookstore, from which he was soon transferred to the printing-house connected therewith, where he performed the duties of proof-reader. And here it was that he received his first lesson in the art of catering for the public mind. The firm in whose employment he was were more ambitious of glory than covetous of profit, and consequently published many works that were in advance of the general taste. Bankruptcy was their reward. The youth noted another circumstance at Boston. The newspaper most decried was Buckingham's *Galaxy*; but it was also the most eagerly sought and the most extensively sold. Buckingham habitually violated the traditional and established decorums of the press; he was familiar, chatty, saucy, anecdotal, and sadly wanting in respect for the respectabilities of the most respectable town in the universe. Every one said he was a very bad man, *but* every one was exceedingly curious every Saturday to see "what the fellow had

to say this week." If the youth could have obtained a sight of a file of James Franklin's *Courant*, of 1722, in which the youthful Benjamin first addressed the public, he would have seen a still more striking example of a journal generally denounced and universally read.

Two years in Boston. Then he went to New York, where he soon met the publisher of a Charleston paper, who engaged him as translator from the Spanish, and general assistant. During the year spent by him at Charleston he increased his knowledge of the journalist's art. The editor of the paper with which he was connected kept a sail-boat, in which he was accustomed to meet arriving vessels many miles from the coast, and bring in his files of newspapers a day in advance of his rivals. The young assistant remembered this, and turned it to account in after years. At Charleston he was confronted, too, with the late peculiar institution, and saw much to approve in it, nothing to condemn. From that day to this he has been but in one thing consistent, — contempt for the negro and for all white men interested in his welfare, approving himself in this a thorough Celt. If, for one brief period, he forced himself, for personal reasons, to veil this feeling, the feeling remained rooted within him, and soon resumed its wonted expression. He liked the South, and the people of the South, and had a true Celtic sympathy with their aristocratic pretensions. The salary of an assistant editor at that time was something between the wages of a compositor and those of an office boy. Seven dollars a week would have been considered rather liberal pay; ten, munificent; fifteen, immensely lavish.

Returning to New York, he endeavored to find more lucrative employment, and advertised his intention to open, near the site of the present *Herald* office, a "Permanent Commercial School," in which all the usual branches were to be taught "in the inductive method." His list of subjects was extensive, — "reading, elocution, penmanship, and arithmetic; algebra, astronomy, history, and geography; moral philosophy, commercial law, and political economy; English grammar and composition; and also, if required, the French and Spanish languages, by natives of *those countries*." Application was to be made to "J. G. B., 148 Fulton Street." Appli-

cations, however, were not made in sufficient number, and the school, we believe, never came into existence. Next, he tried a course of lectures upon Political Economy, at the old Dutch Church in Ann Street, then not far from the centre of population. The public did not care to hear the young gentleman upon that abstruse subject, and the pecuniary result of the enterprise was not encouraging. He had no resource but the ill-paid, unhonored drudgery of the press.

For the next few years he was a paragraphist, reporter, scissorer, and man-of-all-work for the New York papers, daily and weekly, earning but the merest subsistence. He wrote then in very much the same style as when he afterwards amused and shocked the town in the infant *Herald*; only he was under restraint, being a subordinate, and was seldom allowed to violate decorum. In point of industry, sustained and indefatigable industry, he had no equal, and has never since had but one. One thing is to be specially noted as one of the chief and indispensable causes of his success. *He had no vices.* He never drank to excess, nor gormandized, nor gambled, nor even smoked, nor in any other way wasted the vitality needed for a long and tough grapple with adverse fortune. What he once wrote of himself in the early *Herald* was strictly true: — “I eat and drink to live, — not live to eat and drink. Social glasses of wine are my aversion; public dinners are my abomination; all species of gormandizing, my utter scorn and contempt. When I am hungry, I eat; when thirsty, drink. Wine or viands taken for society, or to stimulate conversation, tend only to dissipation, indolence, poverty, contempt, and death.” This was an immense advantage, which he had in common with several of the most mischievous men of modern times, — Calhoun, George III., and others. Correct bodily habits are of themselves such a source of power, that the man who has them will be extremely likely to gain the day over competitors of ten times his general worth. Dr. Franklin used to say, that if Jack Wilkes had been as exemplary in this particular as George III., he would have turned the king out of his dominions. In several of the higher kinds of labor, such as law, physic, journalism, authorship, art, when the competition is close and keen, and many able men are near

the summit, the question who shall finally stand upon it often resolves itself into one of physical endurance. This man Bennett would have lived or died a hireling scribe, if he had had even one of the common vices. Everything was against his rising, except alone an enormous capacity for labor, sustained by strictly correct habits.

He lived much with politicians during these years of laborious poverty. Gravitating always towards the winning side, he did much to bring into power the worst set of politicians we ever had, — those who “availed” themselves of the popularity of Andrew Jackson, and who were afterwards used by him for the purpose of electing Martin Van Buren. He became perfectly familiar with all that was petty and mean in the political strifes of the day, but without ever suspecting that there was anything in politics not petty and mean. He had no convictions of his own, and therefore not the least belief that any politician had. If the people were in earnest about the affairs of their country, (*their* country, not his,) it was because the people were not behind the scenes, were dupes of their party leaders, were a parcel of fools. In short, he acquired his insight into political craft in the school of Tammany Hall and the Kitchen Cabinet. His value was not altogether unappreciated by the politicians. He was one of those whom they use and flatter during the heat of the contest, and forget in the distribution of the spoils of victory.

He made his first considerable hit as a journalist in the spring of 1828, when he filled the place of Washington correspondent of the *New York Enquirer*. In the Congressional Library, one day, he found an edition of Horace Walpole's *Letters*, which amused him very much. “Why not,” said he to himself, “try a few letters on a similar plan from this city, to be published in New York?” The letters appeared. Written in a lively manner, full of personal allusions, and describing individuals respecting whom the public are always curious, — free also from offensive personalities, — the letters attracted much notice, and were generally copied in the press. It is said that some of the ladies whose charms were described in those letters were indebted to them for husbands. Personalities of this kind were a novelty then, and mere novelty goes a great way

in journalism. At this period he produced almost every kind of composition known to periodical literature, — paragraphs and leading articles, poetry and love-stories, reports of trials, debates, balls, and police cases ; his earnings ranging from five dollars a week to ten or twelve. If there had been then in New York one newspaper publisher who understood his business, the immense possible value of this man as a journalist would have been perceived, and he would have been secured, rewarded, and kept under some restraint. But there was no such man. There were three or four forcible writers for the press, but not one journalist.

During the great days of "The Courier and Inquirer," from 1829 to 1832, when it was incomparably the best newspaper on the continent, James Gordon Bennett was its most efficient hand. It lost him in 1832, when the paper abandoned General Jackson and took up Nicholas Biddle ; and in losing him lost its chance of retaining the supremacy among American newspapers to this day. We can truly say, that at that time journalism, as a thing by itself and for itself, had no existence in the United States. Newspapers were mere appendages of party ; and the darling object of each journal was to be recognized as the organ of the party it supported. As to the public, the great public, hungry for interesting news, no one thought of it. Forty years ago, in the city of New York, a copy of a newspaper could not be bought for money. If any one wished to see a newspaper, he had either to go to the office and subscribe, or repair to a bar-room and buy a glass of something to drink, or bribe a carrier to rob one of his customers. The circulation of the Courier and Inquirer was considered something marvellous when it printed thirty-five hundred copies a day, and its business was thought immense when its daily advertising averaged fifty-five dollars. It is not very unusual for a newspaper now to receive for advertising, in one day, six hundred times that sum. Bennett, in the course of time, had a chance been given to him, would have made the Courier and Inquirer powerful enough to cast off all party ties ; and this he would have done merely by improving it as a vehicle of news. But he was kept down upon one of those ridiculous, tantalizing, corrupting salaries, which are

a little more than a single man needs, but not enough for him to marry upon. This salary was increased by the proprietors giving him a small share in the small profits of the printing-office; so that, after fourteen years of hard labor and Scotch economy, he found himself, on leaving the great paper, a capitalist to the extent of a few hundred dollars. The chief editor of the paper which he now abandoned sometimes lost as much in a single evening at the card-table. It probably never occurred to him that this poor, ill-favored Scotchman was destined to destroy his paper and all the class of papers to which it belonged. Any one who now examines a file of the *Courier and Inquirer* of that time, and knows its interior circumstances, will see plainly enough that the possession of this man was the vital element in its prosperity. He alone knew the rudiments of his trade. He alone had the physical stamina, the indefatigable industry, the sleepless vigilance, the dexterity, tact, and audacity, needful for keeping up a daily newspaper in the face of keen competition.

Unweaned yet from the politicians, he at once started a cheap party paper, "*The Globe*," devoted to Jackson and Van Buren. The party, however, did not rally to its support, and it had to contend with the opposition of party papers already existing, upon whose manor it was poaching. *The Globe* expired after an existence of thirty days. Its proprietor, still untaught by such long experience, invested the wreck of his capital in a Philadelphia Jackson paper, and struggled desperately to gain for it a footing in the party. He said to Mr. Van Buren and to other leaders, Help me to a loan of twenty-five hundred dollars for two years, and I can establish my Pennsylvanian on a self-supporting basis. The application was politely refused, and he was compelled to give up the struggle. The truth is, he was not implicitly trusted by the Jackson party. They admitted the services he had rendered; but, at the same time, they were a little afraid of the vein of mockery that broke out so frequently in his writings. He was restive in harness. He was devoted to the party, but he was under no party illusions. He was fighting in the ranks as an adventurer or soldier of fortune. He fought well; but would it do to promote a man to high rank who knew the game so well, and

upon whom no man could get any *hold*? To him, in his secret soul, Martin Van Buren was nothing (as he often said) but a country lawyer, who, by a dexterous use of the party machinery, the well-timed death of De Witt Clinton, and General Jackson's frenzy in behalf of Mrs. Eaton, had come to be the chosen successor of the fiery chieftain. The canny Scotchman saw this with horrid clearness, and saw nothing more. Political chiefs do not like subalterns of this temper. Underneath the politician in Martin Van Buren there was the citizen, the patriot, the gentleman, and the man, whose fathers were buried in American soil, whose children were to live under American institutions, who had, necessarily, an interest in the welfare and honor of the country, and whose policy, upon the whole, was controlled by that natural interest in his country's welfare and honor. To our mocking Celt nothing of this was apparent, nor has ever been.

His education as a journalist was completed by the failure of his Philadelphia scheme. Returning to New York, he resolved to attempt no more to rise by party aid, but henceforth have no master but the public. On the 6th of May, 1835, appeared the first number of the *Morning Herald*, price one cent. It was born in a cellar in Wall Street, — not a basement, but a veritable cellar. Some persons are still doing business in that region who remember going down into its subterranean office, and buying copies of the new paper from its editor, who used to sit at a desk composed of two flour-barrels and a piece of board, and who occupied the only chair in the establishment. For a considerable time his office contained absolutely nothing but his flour-barrel desk, one wooden chair, and a file of *Heralds*.

Everything appeared to be against his success. It was one poor man in a cellar against the world. Already he had failed three times; first, in 1825, when he attempted to establish a Sunday paper; next, in 1832, when he tried a party journal; recently, in Philadelphia. With great difficulty, and after many rebuffs, he had prevailed upon two young printers to print his paper and share its profits or losses, and he possessed about enough money to start the enterprise and sustain it ten days. The cheapness of his paper was no longer a novelty, for there

was already a penny paper with a paying circulation. He had cut loose from all party ties, and he had no influential friends except those who had an interest in his failure. The great public, to which he made this last desperate appeal, knew him not even by name. The newsboy system scarcely existed; and all that curious machinery by which, in these days, a "new candidate for public favor" is placed, at no expense, on a thousand news-stands, had not been thought of. There he was alone in his cellar, without clerk, errand-boy, or assistant of any kind. For many weeks he did with his own hands everything, — editorials, news, reporting, receiving advertisements, and even writing advertisements for persons "unaccustomed to composition." He expressly announced that advertisers could have their advertisements written for them at the office, and this at a time when there was no one to do it but himself. The extreme cheapness of the paper rendered him absolutely dependent upon his advertisers, and yet he dared not charge more than fifty cents for sixteen lines, and he offered to insert sixteen lines for a whole year for thirty dollars.

He at once produced an eminently salable article. If just such a paper were to appear to-day, or any day, in any large city of the world, it would instantly find a multitude of readers. It was a very small sheet, — four little pages of four columns each, — much better printed than the Herald now is, and not a waste line in it. Everything *drew*, as the sailors say. There was not much scissoring in it, — the scissors have never been much esteemed in the Herald office, — but the little that there was all told upon the general effect of the sheet. There is a story current in newspaper offices that the first few numbers of the Herald were strictly decorous and "respectable," but that the editor, finding the public indifferent and his money running low, changed his tactics, and filled his paper with scurrility and indecency, which immediately made it a paying enterprise. No such thing. The first numbers were essentially of the same character as the number published this morning. They had the same excellences and the same defects: in the news department, immense industry, vigilance, and tact; in the editorial columns, the vein of Mephistophelean mockery which

has puzzled and shocked so many good people at home and abroad. A leading topic then was a certain Matthias, one of those long-bearded religious impostors who used to appear from time to time. The first article in the first number of the *Herald* was a minute account of the origin and earlier life of the fellow, — just the thing for the paper, and the sure method of exploding *him*. The first editorial article, too, was perfectly in character: —

“In *débuts* of this kind,” said the editor, “many talk of principle — political principle, party principle — as a sort of steel-trap to catch the public. We mean to be perfectly understood on this point, and therefore openly disclaim all steel-traps, — all principle, as it is called, — all party, — all politics. Our only guide shall be good, sound, practical common-sense, applicable to the business and bosoms of men engaged in every-day life. We shall support no party, be the organ of no faction or coterie, and care nothing for any election or any candidate, from President down to constable. We shall endeavor to record facts on every public and proper subject, stripped of verbiage and coloring, with comments, when suitable, just, independent, fearless, and good-tempered. If the *Herald* wants the mere expansion which many journals possess, we shall try to make it up in industry, good taste, brevity, variety, point, piquancy, and cheapness.”

He proceeded immediately to give a specimen of the “comments” thus described, in the form of a review of an Annual Register just published. The Register informed him that there were 1492 “rogues in the State Prison.” His comment was: “But God only knows how many out of prison, preying upon the community, in the shape of gamblers, blacklegs, speculators, and politicians.” He learned from the Register that the poor-house contained 6,547 paupers; to which he added, “and double the number going there as fast as indolence and intemperance can carry them.” The first numbers were filled with nonsense and gossip about the city of New York, to which his poverty confined him. He had no boat with which to board arriving ships, no share in the pony express from Washington, and no correspondents in other cities. All he could do was to catch the floating gossip, scandal, and folly of the town, and present as much of them every day as one man could get upon paper by sixteen hours’ labor. He laughed

at everything and everybody, — not excepting himself and his squint eye, — and, though his jokes were not always good, they were generally good enough. People laughed, and were willing to expend a cent the next day to see what new folly the man would commit or relate. We all like to read about our own neighborhood: this paper gratified the propensity.

The man, we repeat, really had a vein of poetry in him, and the first numbers of the *Herald* show it. He had occasion to mention, one day, that Broadway was about to be paved with wooden blocks. This was not a very promising subject for a poetical comment; but he added: "When this is done, every vehicle will have to wear sleigh-bells as in sleighing times, and Broadway will be so quiet that you can pay a compliment to a lady, in passing, and she will hear you." This was nothing in itself; but here was a man wrestling with fate in a cellar, who could turn you out two hundred such paragraphs a week, the year round. Many men can growl in a cellar; this man could laugh, and keep laughing, and make the floating population of a city laugh with him. It must be owned, too, that he had a little real insight into the nature of things around him, — a little Scotch sense, as well as an inexhaustible fund of French vivacity. Alluding, once, to the "hard money" cry, by which the lying politicians of the day carried elections, he exploded that nonsense in two lines: "If a man gets the wearable or the eatable he wants, what cares he whether he has gold or paper-money?" He devoted two sentences to the Old School and New School Presbyterian controversy: "Great trouble among the Presbyterians just now. The question in dispute is, whether or not a man can do anything towards saving his own soul." He had, also, an article upon the Methodists, in which he said that the two religions nearest akin were the Methodist and the Roman Catholic. We should add to these trifling specimens the fact, that he uniformly maintained, from 1835 to the crash of 1837, that the prosperity of the country was unreal, and would end in disaster. Perhaps we can afford space for a single specimen of his way of treating this subject; although it can be fully appreciated only by those who are old enough to remember the rage for land speculation which prevailed in 1836: —

"THE RICH POOR — THE POOR RICH. — 'I have made \$ 50,000 since last January,' said one of these real-estate speculators to a friend.

"'The deuse you have,' said the other, looking up in astonishment. 'Why, last January you were not worth a twenty-dollar bill.'

"'I know that; but I now calculate I'm worth full \$ 50,000, if not \$ 60,000.'

"'How have you made it?'

"'By speculating in real estate. I bought three hundred lots at Goose Island at \$ 150 apiece, they are now worth \$ 400. I would not sell them for \$ 350 apiece, I assure you.'

"'Do you think so?'

"'Sartin. I have two hundred and fifty lots at Blockhead's Point, worth \$ 150 a piece; some on them are worth \$ 200. I have one hundred lots at Jackass Inlet, worth at least \$ 100, at the very lowest calculation. In short, I'm worth a hull \$ 60,000.'

"'Well, I'm glad to hear it. You can pay me now the \$ 500 you have owed me for these last four years. There's your note, I believe,' said he, handing the speculator a worn piece of paper that had a piece of writing upon it.

"The speculator looked blank at this. 'Oh! yes — my — now — I'd like — suppose,' but the words could not form themselves into a perfect sentence.

"'I want the money very much,' said the other; 'I have some payments to make to-morrow.'

"'Why, you don't want cash for it surely.'

"'Yes, but I do. You say you are worth \$ 60,000, — surely \$ 500 is but a trifle to pay; do let me have the cash on the nail, if you please.'

"'Oh! — by — well — now — do tell — really, I have not got the money at present.'

"'So you can't pay it, eh? A man worth \$ 60,000, and can't pay an old debt of \$ 500?'

"'Oh! yes I can — I'll — I'll — just give you my note for it at ninety days.'

"The D—l you will! A man worth \$ 60,000, and can't pay \$ 500 for ninety days! what do you mean?'

"'Well now, my dear sir, I'm worth what I say. I can pay you. There's my property,' spreading out half a dozen very beautiful lithographs; 'but really I can't raise that amount at present. Yesterday, I had to give three per cent a month for \$ 4,000 to save my whole fortune. I had to look out for the mortgages. Take my note; you can get it discounted for three per cent.'

“‘No, I can’t. If you will give me \$ 250 for the debt, I shall give the other half to pay the interest on your mortgages.’

“Whether the proposition has been accepted we shall know to-morrow; but we have many such rich people.” — *Herald*, Oct. 28, 1836.

But it was not such things as these that established the *Herald*. Confined as he was to the limits of a single town, and being compelled to do everything with his own hands, he could not have much in his columns that we should now call “news.” But what is news? The answer to that question involves the whole art, mystery, and history of journalism. The time was when news signified the doings of the king and his court. This was the staple of the first news-letter writers, who were employed by great lords, absent from court, to send them court intelligence. To this was soon added news of the doings of other kings and courts; and from that day to this the word *news* has been continually gaining increase of meaning, until now it includes all that the public are curious to know, which may be told without injury to the public or injustice to individuals. While this man was playing fantastic tricks before high Heaven, his serious thoughts were absorbed in schemes to make his paper the great vehicle of news. Early in the second month, while he was still losing money every day, he hit upon a new kind of news, which perhaps had more to do with the final success of the *Herald* than any other single thing. His working day, at that time, was sixteen or seventeen hours. In the morning, from five to eight, he was busy, in the quiet of his room, with those light, nonsensical paragraphs and editorials which made his readers smile in spite of themselves. During the usual business hours of the morning, he was in his cellar, over his flour-barrel desk, engaged in the ordinary routine of editorial work; not disdaining to sell the morning paper, write advertisements, and take the money for them. About one o’clock, having provided abundant copy for the compositors, he sallied forth into Wall Street, picking up material for his stock-tables and subjects for paragraphs. From four to six he was at his office again, winding up the business of the day. In the evening he was abroad, — at theatre, concert, ball, or public meeting, — absorbing fresh material for his paper. He converted himself, as it were,

into a medium through which the gossip, scandal, fun, and nonsense of this great town were daily conveyed back to it for its amusement; just as a certain popular preacher is reported to do, who spends six days in circulating among his parishioners, and on the seventh tells them all that they have taught him.

Now Wall Street, during the years that General Jackson was disturbing the financial system by his insensate fury against the United States Bank, was to journalism what the army of the Potomac was in the year 1864. The crash of 1837 was full two years in coming on, during which the money market was always deranged, and moneyed men were anxious and puzzled. The public mind, too, was gradually drawn to the subject, until Wall Street was the point upon which all eyes were fixed. The editor of the *Herald* was the first American journalist to avail himself of this state of things. It occurred to him, when his paper had been five weeks in existence, to give a little account every day of the state of affairs in Wall Street, — the fluctuations of the money market and their causes, — the feeling and gossip of the street. He introduced this feature at the moment when General Jackson's embroilment with the French Chambers was at its height, and when the return of the American Minister was hourly expected. Some of our readers may be curious to see the first "money article" ever published in the United States. It was as follows: —

"COMMERCIAL.

"Stocks yesterday maintained their prices during the session of the Board, several going up. Utica went up 2 per cent; the others stationary. Large quantities were sold. After the Board adjourned and the news from France was talked over, the fancy stocks generally went down 1 to 1½ per cent; other stocks quite firm. A rally was made by the bulls in the evening, under the trees, but it did not succeed. There will be a great fight in the Board to-day. The good people up town are anxious to know what the brokers think of Mr. Livingston. We shall find out, and let them know.

"The cotton and flour market rallied a little. The rise of cotton in Liverpool drove it up here a cent or so. The last shippers will make 2½ per cent. Many are endeavoring to produce a belief that there will be a war. If the impression prevails, naval stores will go up a

good deal. Every eye is outstretched for the Constitution. Hudson, of the Merchants' News Room, says he will hoist out the first flag. Gilpin, of the Exchange News Room, says he will have her name down in his Room one hour before his competitor. The latter claims having beat Hudson yesterday by an hour and ten minutes in chronicling the England." — *Herald*, June 13, 1835.

This was his first attempt. The money article constantly lengthened and increased in importance. It won for the little paper a kind of footing in brokers' offices and bank parlors, and provided many respectable persons with an excuse for buying it.

At the end of the third month, the daily receipts equalled the daily expenditures. A cheap police reporter was soon after engaged. In the course of the next month, the printing-office was burnt, and the printers, totally discouraged, abandoned the enterprise. The editor—who felt that he had caught the public ear, as he had—contrived, by desperate exertions, to “rake the Herald out of the fire,” as he said, and went on alone. Four months after, the great fire laid Wall Street low, and all the great business streets adjacent. Here was his first real opportunity as a journalist; and how he improved it!—spending one half of every day among the ruins, note-book in hand, and the other half over his desk, writing out what he had gathered. He spread before the public reports so detailed, unconventional, and graphic, that a reader sitting at his ease in his own room became, as it were, an eyewitness of those appalling scenes. His accounts of that fire, and of the events following it, are such as Defoe would have given if he had been a New York reporter. Still struggling for existence, he went to the expense (great then) of publishing a picture of the burning Exchange, and a map of the burnt district. American journalism was born amid the roaring flames of the great fire of 1835; and no true journalist will deny, that from that day to this, whenever any very remarkable event has taken place in the city of New York, the Herald reports of it have generally been those which cost most money and exhibited most of the spirit and detail of the scene. For some years every dollar that the Herald made was expended in news, and, to this hour, no other journal equals it in daily expenditure for

intelligence. If, to-morrow, we were to have another great fire, like that of thirty years ago, this paper would have twenty-five men in the streets gathering particulars.

But so difficult is it to establish a daily newspaper, that, at the end of a year, it was not yet certain that the Herald could continue. A lucky contract with a noted pill-vender gave it a great lift about that time; and, in the fifteenth month, the editor ventured to raise his price to two cents. From that day he had a business, and nothing remained for him but to go on as he had begun. He did so. The paper exhibits now the same qualities as it did then, — immense expenditure and vigilance in getting news, and a reckless disregard of principle, truth, and decency in its editorials.

Almost from the first month of its existence, this paper was deemed infamous by the very public that supported it. We can well remember when people bought it on the sly, and blushed when they were caught reading it, and when the man in a country place who subscribed for it intended by that act to distinctly enroll himself as one of the ungodly. Journalists should thoroughly consider this most remarkable fact. We have had plenty of infamous papers, but they have all been short-lived but this. This one has lasted. After thirty-one years of life, it appears to be almost as flourishing to-day as ever. The foremost of its rivals has a little more than half its circulation, and less than half its income. A marble palace is rising to receive it, and its proprietor fares as sumptuously every day as the ducal family who furnished him with his middle name.

Let us see how the Herald acquired its ill name. We shall then know why it is still so profoundly odious; for it has never changed, and can never change, while its founder controls it. Its peculiarities are *his* peculiarities.

He came into collision, first of all, with the clergy and people of his own Church, the Roman Catholic. Thirty years ago, as some of our readers may remember, Catholics and Protestants had not yet learned to live together in the same community with perfect tolerance of one another's opinions and usages; and there were still some timid persons who feared the rekindling of the fagot, and the supremacy of the Pope in the United

States. A controversy growing out of these apprehensions had been proceeding for some time in the newspapers when this impudent little Herald first appeared. The new-comer joined in the fray, and sided against the Church in which he was born; but laid about him in a manner which disgusted both parties. For example:—

“As a Catholic, we call upon the Catholic Bishop and clergy of New York to come forth from the darkness, folly, and superstition of the tenth century. They live in the nineteenth. There can be no mistake about it, — they will be convinced of this fact if they look into the almanac. . . .

“But though we want a thorough reform, we do not wish them to discard their greatest absurdities at the first breath. We know the difficulty of the task. Disciples, such as the Irish are, will stick with greater pertinacity to absurdities and nonsense than to reason and common sense. We have no objection to the doctrine of Transubstantiation being tolerated for a few years to come. We may for a while indulge ourselves in the delicious luxury of creating and eating our Divinity. A peculiar taste of this kind, like smoking tobacco or drinking whiskey, cannot be given up all at once. The ancient Egyptians, for many years after they had lost every trace of the intellectual character of their religion, yet worshipped and adored the ox, the bull, and the crocodile. They had not discovered the art, as we Catholics have done, of making a God out of bread, and of adoring and eating him at one and the same moment. This latter piece of sublimity or religious cookery (we don't know which) was reserved for the educated and talented clergy from the tenth up to the nineteenth century. Yet we do not advise the immediate disturbance of this venerable piece of rottenness and absurdity. It must be retained, as we would retain carefully the tooth of a saint or the jawbone of a martyr, till the natural progress of reason in the Irish mind shall be able, silently and imperceptibly, to drop it among the forgotten rubbish of his early loves, or his more youthful riots and rows.

“There must be a thorough reformation and revolution in the American Catholic Church. Education must be more attended to. We never knew one priest who believed that he ate the Divinity when he took the Eucharist. If we must have a Pope, let us have a Pope of our own, — an American Pope, an intellectual, intelligent, and moral Pope, — not such a decrepit, licentious, stupid, Italian blockhead as the College of Cardinals at Rome condescends to give the Christian world of Europe.”

This might be good advice; but no serious Protestant, at

that day, could relish the tone in which it was given. Threatening letters were sent in from irate and illiterate Irishmen; the Herald was denounced from a Catholic pulpit; its carriers were assaulted on their rounds; but the paper won no friends from the side which it affected to espouse. Every one felt that to this man *nothing* was sacred, or august, or venerable, or even serious. He was like an infidel in a party composed of men of various sects. The Baptist could fairly attack an Episcopalian, because he had convictions of his own that could be assaulted; but this stranger, who believed nothing and respected nothing, could not be hit at all. The result would naturally be, that the whole company would turn upon him as upon a common foe.

So in politics. Perhaps the most serious and sincere article he ever wrote on a political subject was one that appeared in November, 1836, in which he recommended the subversion of republican institutions and the election of an emperor. If he ever had a political conviction, we believe he expressed it then. After a rigmarole of Roman history and Augustus Cæsar, he proceeded thus:—

“Shall we not profit by these examples of history? Let us, for the sake of science, art, and civilization, elect at this election General Jackson, General Harrison, Martin Van Buren, Hugh White, or Anybody, we care not whom, the EMPEROR of this great REPUBLIC for life, and have done with this eternal turmoil and confusion. Perhaps Mr. Van Buren would be the best Augustus Cæsar. He is sufficiently corrupt, selfish, and heartless for that dignity. He has a host of favorites that will easily form a Senate. He has a court in preparation, and the Prætorian bands in array. He can pick up a Livia anywhere. He has violated every pledge, adopted and abandoned every creed, been for and against every measure, is a believer in all religions by turns, and, like the first Cæsar, has always been a republican and taken care of number one. He has called into action all the ragged adventurers from every class, and raised their lands, stocks, lots, and places without end. He is smooth, agreeable, oily, as Octavianus was. He has a couple of sons also, who might succeed him and preserve the imperial line. We may be better off under an Emperor,—we could not be worse off as a nation than we are now. Besides, who knows but Van Buren is of the blood of the great Julius himself? That great man conquered all Gaul and Helvetia, which in those days comprised Holland. Caius

Julius Cæsar may thus have laid the foundation of a royal line to be transmitted to the West. There is a prophecy in Virgil's 'Pollio' evidently alluding to Van. But of this another day."

A man who writes in this way may have readers, but he can have no friends. An event occurred in his first year which revealed this fact to him in an extremely disagreeable manner. There was then upon the New York stage a notoriously dissolute actor, who, after outraging the feelings of his wife in all the usual modes, completed his infamy by denouncing her from the stage of a crowded theatre. The Herald took her part, which would naturally have been the popular side. But when the actor retorted by going to the office of the Herald and committing upon its proprietor a most violent and aggravated assault, accompanying his blows with acts of peculiar indecency, it plainly appeared that the sympathies of the public were wholly with the actor, — not with the champion of an injured woman. His hand had been against every man, and in his hour of need, when he was greatly in the right, every heart was closed against him. Not the less, however, did the same public buy his paper, because it contained what the public wanted, i. e. the news of the day, vividly exhibited.

The course of this curious specimen of our kind during the late war was perfectly characteristic. During the first two years of the war he was inclined to think that the Rebels would be successful so far as to win over the Democratic party to their side, and thus constitute Jefferson Davis President of the United States. If he had any preference as to the result of the contest, it was probably this. If the flag of the United States had been trailed in the mud of Nassau Street, followed by hooting ruffians from the Sixth Ward, and the symbol of the Rebellion had floated in its stead from the cupola of the City Hall, saluted by Captain Rynders's gun, it would not have cost this isolated alien one pang, — unless, perchance, a rival newspaper had been the first to announce the fact. *That*, indeed, would have cut him to the heart. Acting upon the impression that the Rebellion, in some way, would triumph, he gave it all the support possible, and continued to do so until it appeared certain that, whatever the issue of the strife, the South was lost for a long time as a patron of New York papers.

The key to most of the political vagaries of this paper is given in a single sentence of one of its first numbers: "*We have never been in a minority, and we never shall be.*" In his endeavors to act upon this lofty principle, he was sadly puzzled during the war, — so difficult was it to determine which way the cat would finally jump. He held himself ready, however, to jump with it, whichever side the dubious animal might select. At the same time, he never for an instant relaxed his endeavors to obtain the earliest and fullest intelligence from the seat of war. Never did any journal in any country maintain so vast an expenditure for news. Every man in the field representing that paper was more than authorized — he was encouraged and commanded — to incur any expense whatever that might be necessary either in getting or forwarding intelligence. There were no rigid or grudging scrutiny of reporters' drafts; no minute and insulting inquiries respecting the last moments of a horse ridden to death in the service; no grumbling about the precise terms of a steamboat charter, or a special locomotive. A reporter returning from the army laden with information, procured at a lavish expense, was received in the office like a conqueror coming home from a victorious campaign, and he went forth again full of courage and zeal, knowing well that every man employed on the Herald was advancing himself when he served the paper well. One great secret of success the proprietor of the Herald knows better than most; — he knows how to get out of those who serve him all there is in them; he knows how to reward good service; he knows a man's value to him. There is no newspaper office in the world where real journalistic efficiency is more certain to meet prompt recognition and just reward than in this. Not much may be said to a laborious reporter about the hits he is making; but, on some Saturday afternoon, when he draws his salary, he finds in his hands a larger amount than usual. He hands it back to have the mistake corrected, and he is informed that his salary is raised.

The Herald, too, systematically prepares the way for its reporters. Some of our readers may remember how lavishly this paper extolled General McClellan during the time of his glory, and indeed as long as he held the chief command. One

of the results of this policy was, that, while the reporters of other papers were out in the cold, writing in circumstances the most inconvenient, those of the Herald, besides being supplied with the best information, were often writing in a warm apartment or commodious tent, not far from head-quarters or at head-quarters. As long as General Butler held a command which gave him control over one of the chief sources of news, the Herald hoarded its private grudge against him; but the instant he was removed from command, the Herald was upon him in full cry. If, to-morrow, the same General should be placed in a position which should render his office a source of important intelligence, we should probably read in the Herald the most glowing eulogiums of his career and character.

What are we to think of a man who is at once so able and so false? It would be incorrect to call him a liar, because he is wanting in that sense of truth by violating which a man makes himself a liar. We cannot call him a traitor, for his heart knows no country; nor an infidel, for all the serious and high concerns of man are to him a jest. *Defective* is the word to apply to such as he. As far as he goes, he is good; and if the commodity in which he deals were cotton or sugar, we could commend his enterprise and tact. He is like the steeple of a church in New York, which was built up to a certain height, when the material gave out, and it was hastily roofed in, leaving the *upper half* of the architect's design unexecuted. That region of the mind where conviction, the sense of truth and honor, public spirit, and patriotism have their sphere, is in this man mere vacancy. But, we repeat, as far as he *is* built up, he is very well constructed. Visit him: you see before you a quiet-mannered, courteous, and good-natured old gentleman, who is on excellent terms with himself and with the world. If you are a poor musician, about to give a concert, no editor is more likely than he to lend a favorable ear to your request for a few lines of preliminary notice. The persons about him have been very long in his employment, and to some of them he has been munificently liberal. The best of them appear to be really attached to his person, as well as devoted to his service, and they rely on him as sailors rely on a captain who has brought them safe through a thousand storms. He has

the Celtic virtue of standing by those who stand by him developed to the uttermost degree. Many a slight favor bestowed upon him in his days of obscurity he has recompensed a thousand-fold since he has had the power to do so. We cannot assign a very exalted rank in the moral scale to a trait which some of the lowest races possess in an eminent degree, and which easily runs into narrowness and vice; nevertheless, it is akin to nobleness, and is the nearest approach to a true generosity that some strong natures can attain.

What are we to say of the public that has so resolutely sustained this paper, which the outside world so generally condemns? We say this. Every periodical that thrives supplies the public with a certain description of intellectual commodity, which the public is willing to pay for. The New York Ledger, for example, exists by furnishing stories and poetry adapted to the taste of the greatest number of the people. Our spirited friends of The Nation and Round Table supply criticism and that portion of the news which is of special interest to the intellectual class. The specialty of the daily newspaper is to give that part of the news of the day which interests the whole public. A complete newspaper contains more than this; but it ranks in the world of journalism exactly in the degree to which it does *this*. The grand object of the true journalist is to be fullest, promptest, and most correct on the one uppermost topic of the hour. That secured, he may neglect all else. The paper that does this oftenest is the paper that will find most purchasers; and no general excellence, no array of information on minor or special topics, will ever atone for a deficiency on the subject of most immediate and universal interest. During the war this fundamental truth of journalism was apparent to every mind. In time of peace, it is less apparent, but not less a truth. In the absence of an absorbing topic, general news rises in importance, until, in the dearth of the dog-days, the great cucumber gets into type; but the great point of competition is still the same, — to be fullest, quickest, and most correct upon the subject *most* interesting at the moment.

But every periodical, besides its specialty on which it lives, gives its readers something more. It need not, but it does.

The universal Ledger favors its readers with many very excellent essays, written for it by distinguished clergymen, editors, and authors; and gives its readers a great deal of sound advice in other departments of the paper. It need not do this; these features do not materially affect the sale of the paper, as its proprietor well knows. The essays of such men as Mr. Everett and Mr. Bancroft do not increase the sale of the paper one hundred copies a week. Those essays are read and admired, and contribute their quota toward the education of the people, and reflect honor upon the liberal and enterprising man who publishes them; but scarcely any one buys the paper for their sake. People almost universally buy a periodical for the special thing which it has undertaken to furnish; and it is by supplying this special thing that an editor attains his glorious privilege and opportunity of addressing a portion of the people on other topics. This opportunity he may neglect; he may abuse it to the basest purposes, or improve it to the noblest; but whichever of these things he does, it does not materially affect the prosperity of his paper,—always supposing that his specialty is kept up with the requisite vigor. We have gone over the whole history of journalism, and we find this to be its Law of Nature, to which there are only apparent exceptions.

All points to this simple conclusion, which we firmly believe to be the golden rule of journalism,—that daily newspaper which has the best corps of reporters, and handles them best, *necessarily* takes the lead of all competitors.

There are journalists who say (we have often heard them in conversation) that this is a low view to take of their vocation. It is of no importance whether a view is high or low, provided it is correct. But we cannot agree with them that this is a low view. We think it the highest possible. Regarded as instructors of the people, they wield for our warning and rebuke, for our encouragement and reward, an instrument which is like the dread thunderbolt of Jove, at once the most terrible and the most beneficent,—*publicity*. Some years ago, a number of ill-favored and prurient women and a number of licentious men formed themselves into a kind of society for the purpose of devising and promulgating a theory to justify the gratification of unbridled lust. They were called Free-Lovers. To

have assailed their nightly gatherings in thundering editorial articles would have only advertised them; but a detailed *report* of their proceedings in the Tribune scattered these assemblies in a few days, to meet no more except in secret haunts. Recently, we have seen the Fenian wind-bag first inflated, then burst, by mere publicity. The Strong Divorce Case, last year, was a nauseous dose, which we would have gladly kept out of the papers; but since it had to appear, it was a public benefit to have it given Herald-fashion, with all its revolting particulars. What a punishment to the guilty! what a lesson to the innocent! what a warning to the undetected! How much beneficial reflection and conversation it excited! How necessary, in an age of sensation morals and free-love theories, to have self-indulgence occasionally exhibited in all its hideous nastiness, and without any of its fleeting, deceptive, imaginary charms! The instantaneous detection of the Otero murderers last autumn, and of the robbers of Adams's express-car last winter, as related in the daily papers, and the picture presented by them of young Ketchum seated at work in the shoe-shop of Sing-Sing Prison, were equivalent to the addition of a thousand men to the police force. Herein lies the power of such a slight person as the editor of the Herald. It is not merely that he impudently pulls your nose, but he pulls it in the view of a million people.

Nor less potent is publicity as a means of reward. How many brave hearts during the late war felt themselves far more than repaid for all their hardships in the field and their agony in the hospital by reading their names in despatches, or merely in the list of wounded, and thinking of the breakfast-tables far away at which that name had been spied out and read with mingled exultation and pity. "Those who love me know that I did my duty,—it is enough."

Our whole observation of the daily press convinces us that its power to do good arises chiefly from its giving the news of the day; and its power to do harm chiefly from its opportunity to comment upon the news. Viewed only as a vehicle of intelligence, the Herald has taught the journalists of the United States the greater part of all that they yet know of their profession; regarded as an organ of opinion, it has done all that

it was ever possible for a newspaper to do in perverting public opinion, debauching public taste, offending public morals, and dishonoring the national character.

The question arises, Why has not this paper been long ago outdone in giving the news? It has always been possible to suppress it by surpassing it. Its errors have given its rivals an immense advantage over it; for it has always prospered, not in consequence of its badness, but of its goodness. We are acquainted with two foolish young patriots who were wrought up to such a frenzy of disgust by its traitorous course during the first half of our late war, that they seriously considered whether there was any way in which they could so well serve their country in its time of need, as by slaying that pernicious and insolent man its editor; but both of those amiable lunatics were compelled occasionally to buy the paper. Of late, too, we have seen vast audiences break forth into wild hootings at the mention of its name; but not the less did the hooters buy it the next morning. Nevertheless, as soon as there exists a paper which to the *Herald's* good points adds the other features of a complete newspaper, and avoids its faults, from that hour the *Herald* wanes and falls speedily to the second rank.

Two men have had it in their power to produce such a newspaper, — Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond. In 1841, when the *Herald* was six years old, the *Tribune* appeared, edited by Mr. Greeley, with Mr. Raymond as his chief assistant. Mr. Greeley was then, and is now, the best writer of editorials in the United States; that is, he can produce a greater quantity of telling editorial per annum than any other individual. There never lived a man capable of working more hours in a year than he. Strictly temperate in his habits, and absolutely devoted to his work, he threw himself into this enterprise with an ardor never surpassed since Adam first tasted the sweets of honorable toil. Mr. Raymond, then recently from college, very young, wholly inexperienced, was endowed with an admirable aptitude for the work of journalism, and a power of getting through its routine labors, — a sustained, calm, swift industry, — unsurpassed at that time in the American press. The business of the paper was also well managed by Mr. McElrath. In the hands of these able

men, the new paper made such rapid advances, that, in the course of a few months, it was fairly established, and in a year or two it had reached a circulation equal to that of the Herald. One after another, excellent writers were added to its corps ; — the vigorous, prompt, untiring Dana ; George Ripley, possessing that blending of scholarship and tact, that wisdom of the cloister and knowledge of the world, which alone could fit a man of great learning and talent for the work of a daily newspaper ; Margaret Fuller, whose memory is still green in so many hearts ; and others, less universally known.

Why, then, did not this powerful combination supplant the Herald ? If mere ability in the writing of a newspaper ; if to have given an impulse to thought and enterprise ; if to have won the admiration and gratitude of a host of the best men and women in America ; if to have inspired many thousands of young men with better feelings and higher purposes than they would else have attained ; if to have shaken the dominion of superstition, and made it easier for men to think freely, and freely utter their thought ; if to have produced a newspaper more interesting than any other in the world to certain classes in the community ; — if all these things had sufficed to give a daily paper the first position in the journalism of a country, then the Tribune would long ago have attained that position ; for all these things, and many more, the Tribune did. But they do not suffice. Such things may be incidental to a great success : they cannot cause it. Great journalism — journalism pure and simple — alone can give a journal the first place. If Mr. Raymond had been ten years older, and had founded and conducted the paper, with Mr. Greeley as his chief writer of editorials, — that is, if the *journalist* had been the master of the journal, instead of the writer, the politician, and the philanthropist, — the Tribune might have won the splendid prize. Mr. Greeley is not a great journalist. He has regarded journalism rather as a disagreeable necessity of his vocation, and uniformly abandoned the care of it to others. An able man generally gets what he ardently seeks. Mr. Greeley produced just such a paper as he himself would have liked to take, but not such a paper as the public of the island of Manhattan prefers. He regards this as his glory. We cannot

argue with him, because his course of management left the field to the Herald, the suppression of which was required by the interests of civilization.

As there are many who cherish the opinion that it was the superiority of the Tribune to its rival which gave that rival the advantage over it, we will take the liberty of mentioning some features of its management which sufficiently account for its not winning the first prize in the journalism of New York. We ought not, perhaps, to call this taking a liberty, since the Tribune has habitually taken the public into its confidence, and opened its books for its inspection. Nor has any one a right to censure the conduct of a private enterprise, so long as it is conducted honestly and decently. We merely wish to maintain, that the position of chief newspaper in the United States is not attainable except by avoiding the system on which this able and powerful journal has been conducted.

Every properly organized establishment of much extent is so arranged as to leave the head of it nothing to do; — a man-of-war, for example; a regiment; a great mercantile house. It is so also that the organism called a Man is arranged; his hands and his feet labor, his heart beats, and his blood courses swiftly in his veins; but the brain, the master of the whole, reposes in still seclusion. There must be somewhere in a complicated system one untrammelled mind, without any routine duty, free to come, to go, to suggest, to oversee, to inspire the whole. There has been such a mind in the Herald office ever since it was firmly established; but, until recently, in no other newspaper office in New York. There have been periods of many months' continuance, when the editor of the Tribune has written three columns, answered fifteen letters, and made from one to three speeches every day. Industry like this is a virtue just as long as it is necessary; the moment the necessity ceases, it ceases to be a virtue.

Error second. From the time the Tribune was started until two years ago, all the papers of its class were sold at about the cost of the paper on which they were printed; which threw the burden of supporting them upon advertisers. By slow degrees, all the leading publishers discovered that this was an error, excepting alone the editor of the Tribune, who suffered

from it most. Actuated by an eminently proper ambition for an American editor, he desired, above all things, an *extensive* circle of readers; and this was the reason why for so many years he set his face like a flint against every proposition for an increase of price. The motive was excellent; but this excessive cheapness tended directly to frustrate the object. The Herald, with its torrent of advertising, could stand the cheapness, and still have income enough to indulge in the most lavish expenditure for news. The daily Tribune, on the other hand, until the recent rise in price, never made any money at all; the entire profits of the establishment being derived from the weekly and semi-weekly editions. Now it is a law of periodicals, that the matter which brings money costs money, and brings money in proportion to its cost. To this law, no real exception can be produced. It may, therefore, be laid down as a rule, that the sale of the daily papers in a town will be in proportion to the amount daily spent by each in getting intelligence. We need not tell journalists how *exactly* this rule has held good in New York during the last five years. To all this Mr. Greeley would reply, that cheapness promotes circulation, circulation brings advertising, advertising brings money, and money brings news. But the facts refute this plausible reasoning. This extreme cheapness made it impossible for the Tribune to compete in expenditure with a paper that had the cream of the advertising.

Error third was a too intimate connection with party. The mere fact that a newspaper supports a political party in its editorial columns does not materially injure its business, provided its partisanship is not allowed to invade or influence the news. But every journalist knows that the party aims of an editor do usually injure and limit his paper as a vehicle of news. Space demanded by the journalist is occupied by the partisan, and valuable intelligence is excluded because of its tendency, real or supposed, to make against the party. The Tribune, perhaps, has avoided this error more than any other leading journal, but it has not entirely avoided it. The political opinions of its editor are exceedingly strong, and it is wholly impossible for him to refrain from using every means in his power to secure their predominance. Nothing is more certain than this: that the

newspaper (where the press is free) which attains the indisputably *first* position, in point of circulation, income, and power, wins and holds that position by surpassing its rivals in *journalism pure and simple*. We have gone carefully over the history of the English press, and find this truth everywhere apparent. The most successful series of political articles ever published in a newspaper were those of Junius; but an examination of Woodfall's books has shown that their effect on the permanent circulation of his paper was scarcely perceptible. Every step in the progress of the London Times was won by purely journalistic triumphs. There was a period during the Napoleonic wars when all the great news reached London just in time for the evening papers. Instantly the evening papers rose in importance; and they held the first position in journalism exactly as long as the great express arrived at noon; and when that exceptional state of things ceased, they sank immediately into their former insignificance. Our own evening papers present similar facts. Their life consists in their continuing the news from the point where the morning journals are compelled to break off; and their circulation, beyond a certain fixed number, increases in exact proportion to the interest of that news. It was not unusual during the war for the Evening Post to sell five times its average number when the details of a great battle were coming over the wires. All of which shows that one of the great points for a journalist to aim at is a position that will leave him absolutely free to tell the public all it is curious to know. Alone among the leading journals of America, the Herald conquered such a position. It makes a vile use of its power; but to acquire such power is the proper aim of the journalist.

Error fourth. In a work of the first difficulty, such as the winning of a great campaign, or conducting a daily paper to the first rank, one man is a power, two men *may* be half a power, three men may, in certain rare circumstances, be some small fraction of a power; but an association is no power at all. Partnership and association are excellent things, destined, doubtless, to further development; but the most difficult feats always have been, and always will be, done by One Man. That an association is competent to maintain an exceedingly inter-

esting, able, and influential newspaper, cannot be denied ; for the Tribune Association has done this for many years. We only contend that, to compete successfully with so energetic, vigilant, and unscrupulous a despot as the proprietor of the Herald, controlling an income of three thousand dollars a day, required an untrammelled despot. When an association can successfully command an army or a fleet, then we may believe it competent to conduct the leading newspaper of a free country.

The Tribune has done great and glorious things for us. Not free, of course, from the errors which mark all things human, it has been, and is, a civilizing power in this land. We hope to have the pleasure of reading it every day for the rest of our lives. One thing it has failed to do,—to reduce the Herald to insignificance by surpassing it in the particulars in which it is excellent. We have no right to complain. We only regret that the paper representing the civilization of the country should not have attained the position which would have given it the greatest power.

Mr. Raymond, also, has had it in his power to render this great service to the civilization and credit of the United States. He has it still ; and if any newspaper now in existence is destined to supplant the Herald, it is probably the one founded and conducted by him. The Daily Times, started in 1852, retarded for a while by a financial error, has made such progress toward the goal of its proprietors' ambition, that it is now on the home stretch, only a length or two behind. The editor of this paper is a journalist ; he sees clearly the point of competition ; he knows the great secret of his trade. The prize within his reach is splendid. The position of chief journalist gives power enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition, wealth enough to glut the grossest avarice, and opportunity of doing good sufficient for the most public-spirited citizen. What is there in political life equal to it ? We have no right to remark upon any man's choice of a career ; but this we may say,—that the man who wins the first place in the journalism of a free country must concentrate all his powers upon that one work, and, as an editor, owe no allegiance to party. He must stand above all parties, and serve all parties, by spreading before the public that full and exact information upon which sound legislation is based.

During the present session of Congress we have had daily illustration of this truth. The great question has been, What is the condition of the Southern States and the feeling of the Southern people? All the New York morning papers have expended money and labor, each according to its means and enterprise, in getting information from the South. This was well. But every one of these papers has had some party or personal bias, which has given it a powerful interest to make out a case. The *World* and *News* excluded everything which tended to show the South dissatisfied and disloyal. The *Tribune*, on the other hand, diligently sought testimony of that nature. The *Times*, also, being fully committed to a certain theory of reconstruction, naturally gave prominence to every fact which supported that theory, and was inclined to suppress information of the opposite tendency. The consequence was, that an inhabitant of the city of New York who simply desired to know the truth was compelled to keep an eye upon four or five papers, lest something material should escape him. This is pitiful. This is utterly beneath the journalism of 1866. The final pre-eminent newspaper of America will soar far above such needless limitations as these, and present the truth in *all* its aspects, regardless of its effects upon theories, parties, factions, and Presidential campaigns.

Presidential campaigns, — that is the real secret. The editors of most of these papers have selected their candidate for 1868; and, having done that, can no more help conducting their journals with a view to the success of that candidate, than the needle of a compass can help pointing awry when there is a magnet hidden in the binnacle. Here, again, we have no right to censure or complain. Yet we cannot help marvelling at the hallucination which can induce able men to prefer the brief and illusory honors of political station to the substantial and lasting power within the grasp of the successful journalist. He, if any one, — he more than any one else, — is the master in a free country. Have we not seen almost every man who has held or run for the Presidency during the last ten or fifteen years paying assiduous and servile court, directly or indirectly, or both, to the editor of the *Herald*? If it were proper to relate to the public what is known on this subject to a few

individuals, the public would be exceedingly astonished. And yet this reality of power an editor is ready to jeopard for the sake of gratifying his family by exposing them in Paris! Jeopard, do we say? He has done more: he has thrown it away. He has a magnet in his binnacle. He has, for the time, sacrificed what it cost him thirty years of labor and audacity to gain. Strange weakness of human nature!

The daily press of the United States has prodigiously improved in every respect during the last twenty years. To the best of our recollection, the description given of it, twenty-three years ago, by Charles Dickens, in his *American Notes*, was not much exaggerated; although that great author did exaggerate its effects upon the morals of the country. His own amusing account of the rival editors in *Pickwick* might have instructed him on this latter point. It does not appear that the people of Eatanswill were seriously injured by the fierce language employed in "that false and scurrilous print, the *Independent*," and in "that vile and slanderous calumniator, the *Gazette*." Mr. Dickens, however, was too little conversant with our politics to take the atrocious language formerly so common in our newspapers "in a *Pickwickian* sense"; and we freely confess that in the alarming picture which he drew of our press there was only too much truth.

"The foul growth of America," wrote Mr. Dickens, "strikes its fibres deep in its licentious press.

"Schools may be erected, east, west, north, and south; pupils be taught, and masters reared, by scores upon scores of thousands; colleges may thrive, churches may be crammed, temperance may be diffused, and advancing knowledge in all other forms walk through the land with giant strides; but while the newspaper press of America is in or near its present abject state, high moral improvement in that country is hopeless. Year by year it must and will go back; year by year the tone of public feeling must sink lower down; year by year the Congress and the Senate must become of less account before all decent men; and, year by year, the memory of the great fathers of the Revolution must be outraged more and more in the bad life of their degenerate child.

"Among the herd of journals which are published in the States, there are some, the reader scarcely need be told, of character and credit. From personal intercourse with accomplished gentlemen con-

nected with publications of this class I have derived both pleasure and profit. But the name of these is Few, and of the others Legion; and the influence of the good is powerless to counteract the mortal poison of the bad.

"Among the gentry of America, among the well-informed and moderate, in the learned professions, at the bar and on the bench, there is, as there can be, but one opinion in reference to the vicious character of these infamous journals. It is sometimes contended—I will not say strangely, for it is natural to seek excuses for such a disgrace—that their influence is not so great as a visitor would suppose. I must be pardoned for saying that there is no warrant for this plea, and that every fact and circumstance tends directly to the opposite conclusion.

"When any man, of any grade of desert in intellect or character, can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity; when any private excellence is safe from its attacks, and when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency and honor is held in the least regard; when any man in that free country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, and speak for himself, without humble reference to a censorship which, for its rampant ignorance and base dishonesty, he utterly loathes and despises in his heart; when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach it casts upon the nation, and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon and crush it openly, in the sight of all men,—then I will believe that its influence is lessening, and men are returning to their manly senses. But while that Press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a President to a postman,—while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all,—so long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works be plainly visible in the Republic.

"To those who are accustomed to the leading English journals, or to the respectable journals of the Continent of Europe, to those who are accustomed to anything else in print and paper, it would be impossible, without an amount of extract for which I have neither space nor inclination, to convey an adequate idea of this frightful engine in America. But if any man desire confirmation of my statement on this head, let him repair to any place in this city of London where scattered numbers of these publications are to be found, and there let him form his own opinion."

From a note appended to this passage, we infer that the newspaper which weighed upon the author's mind when he wrote it was the *New York Herald*. The direct cause, however, of the general license of the press at that time, was not the *Herald's* bad example, but Andrew Jackson's debauching influence. The same man who found the government pure, and left it corrupt, made the press the organ of his own malignant passions by bestowing high office upon the editors who lied most recklessly about his opponents. In 1843 the press had scarcely begun to recover from this hateful influence, and was still the merest tool of politicians. The *Herald*, in fact, by demonstrating that a newspaper can flourish in the United States without any aid from politicians, has brought us nearer the time when no newspaper of any importance will meddle in party conflicts, which have been the principal cause of the indecencies of the press.

The future is bright before the journalists of America. The close of the war, by increasing their income and reducing their expenses, has renewed the youth of several of our leading journals, and given them a better opportunity than they have ever had before. The great error of the publishers of profitable journals hitherto has been the wretched compensation paid to writers and reporters. To this hour there is but one individual connected with the daily press of New York, not a proprietor, who receives a salary sufficient to keep a tolerable house and bring up a family respectably and comfortably; and if any one would find that individual, he must look for him, alas! in the office of the *Herald*. To be plainer, decent average housekeeping in the city of New York now costs a hundred dollars a week; and there is but one salary of that amount paid in New York to a journalist who owns no property in his journal. The consequence is, that there is scarcely an individual connected with a daily paper who is not compelled or tempted to eke out his ridiculous salary by other writing, to the injury of his health and the constant deterioration of his work. Every morning the public comes fresh and eager to the newspaper: fresh and eager minds should alone minister to it. No work done on this earth consumes vitality so fast as carefully executed composition, and consequently one

of the main conditions of a man's writing his best is that he should write little and rest often. A good writer, moreover, is one of Nature's peculiar and very rare products. There is a mystery about the art of composition. Who shall explain to us why Charles Dickens can write about a three-legged stool in such a manner that the whole civilized world reads with pleasure; while another man of a hundred times his knowledge and five times his quantity of mind cannot write on any subject so as to interest anybody? The laws of supply and demand do not apply to this rarity; for one man's writing cannot be compared with another's, there being no medium between valuable and worthless. How many over-worked, under-paid men have we known in New York, really gifted with this inexplicable knack at writing, who, well commanded and justly compensated, lifted high and dry out of the slough of poor-devilism in which their powers were obscured and impaired, could almost have made the fortune of a newspaper! Some of these Reporters of Genius are mere children in all the arts by which men prosper. A Journalist of Genius would know their value, understand their case, take care of their interest, secure their devotion, restrain their ardor, and turn their talent to rich account. We are ashamed to say, that for example of this kind of policy we should have to repair to the office named a moment since.

This subject, however, is beginning to be understood, and of late there has been some advance in the salaries of members of the press. Just as fast as the daily press advances in real independence and efficiency, the compensation of journalists will increase, until a great reporter will receive a reward in some slight degree proportioned to the rarity of the species and to the greatness of the services of which he is the medium. By reporters, we mean, of course, the entire corps of news-givers, from the youth who relates the burning of a stable, to the philosopher who chronicles the last vagary of a German metaphysician. These laborious men will be appreciated in due time. By them all the great hits of journalism have been made, and the whole future of journalism is theirs.

So difficult is the reporter's art, that we can call to mind only two series of triumphant efforts in this department, — Mr.

Russell's letters from the Crimea to the London Times, and N. P. Willis's "Pencillings by the Way," addressed to the New York Mirror. Each of these masters chanced to have a subject perfectly adapted to his taste and talents, and each of them made the most of his opportunity. Charles Dickens has produced a few exquisite reports. Many ignorant and dull men employed on the New York Herald have written good reports *because* they were dull and ignorant. In fact, there are two kinds of good reporters, — those who know too little, and those who know too much, to wander from the point and evolve a report from the depths of their own consciousness. The worst possible reporter is one who has a little talent, and depends upon that to make up for the meagreness of his information. The best reporter is he whose sole object is to relate his event exactly as it occurred, and describe his scene just as it appeared; and this kind of excellence is attainable by an honest plodder, and by a man of great and well-controlled talent. If we were forming a corps of twenty-five reporters, we should desire to have five of them men of great and highly trained ability, and the rest indefatigable, unimaginative, exact short-hand chroniclers, caring for nothing but to get their fact and relate it in the plainest English.

There is one custom, a relic of the past, still in vogue in the offices of daily papers, which is of an absurdity truly exquisite. It is the practice of paying by the column, or, in other words, paying a premium for verbosity, and imposing a fine upon conciseness. It will often happen that information which cost three days to procure can be well related in a paragraph, and which, if related in a paragraph, would be of very great value to the newspaper printing it. But if the reporter should compress his facts into that space, he would receive for his three days' labor about what he expended in omnibus fare. Like a wise man, therefore, he spreads them out into three columns, and thus receives a compensation upon which life can be supported. If matter must be paid for by the column, we would respectfully suggest the following rates: — For half a column, or less, twenty dollars; for one column, ten dollars; for two columns, five dollars; for three columns, nothing; for any amount beyond three columns, no insertion.

To conclude with a brief recapitulation : —

The commodity in which the publishers of daily newspapers deal is news, i. e. information respecting recent events in which the public take an interest, or in which an interest can be excited.

Newspapers, therefore, rank according to their excellence as *newspapers* ; and no other kind of excellence can make up for any deficiency in the one thing for which they exist.

Consequently, the art of editorship consists in forming, handling, and inspiring a corps of reporters ; for inevitably that news paper becomes the chief and favorite journal which has the best corps of reporters, and uses them best.

Editorial articles have their importance. They can be a powerful means of advancing the civilization of a country, and of hastening the triumph of good measures and good men ; and upon the use an editor makes of his opportunity of addressing the public in this way depends his title to our esteem as a man and fellow-citizen. But, in a mere business point of view, they are of inferior importance. The best editorials cannot make, nor the worst editorials mar, the fortune of a paper. Burke and Macaulay would not add a tenth part as many subscribers to a daily paper as the addition to its corps of two well-trained, ably-commanded reporters.

It is not law which ever renders the press free and independent. Nothing is free or independent in this world which is not powerful. Therefore, the editor who would conquer the opportunity of speaking his mind freely, must do it by making his paper so excellent as a vehicle of news that the public will buy it though it is a daily disgust to them.

The Herald has thriven beyond all its competitors, because its proprietor comprehended these simple but fundamental truths of his vocation, and, upon the whole, has surpassed his rivals both in the getting and in the display of intelligence. We must pronounce him the best journalist and the worst editorialist this continent has ever known ; and accordingly his paper is generally read and its proprietor universally disapproved.

And finally, this bad, good paper cannot be reduced to secondary rank except by being outdone in pure journalism. The interests of civilization and the honor of the United States

require that this should be done. There are three papers now existing—the Times, the Tribune, and the World—which ought to do it; but if the conductors of neither of these able and spirited papers choose to devote themselves absolutely to this task, then we trust that soon another competitor may enter the field, conducted by a journalist proud enough of his profession to be satisfied with its honors. There were days last winter on which it seemed as if the whole force of journalism in the city of New York was expended in tingeing and perverting intelligence on the greatest of all the topics of the time. We have read numbers of the World (which has talent and youthful energy enough for a splendid career) of which almost the entire contents—correspondence, telegrams, and editorials—were spoiled for all useful purposes by the determination of the whole corps of writers to make the news tell in favor of a political party. We can truly aver, that journalism, pure and simple,—journalism for its own sake,—journalism, the dispassionate and single-eyed servant of the whole public,—does not exist in New York during a session of Congress. It ought to exist.

ART. V.—*History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great*. By THOMAS CARLYLE. London: Chapman and Hall. 1865. Vols. V., VI. 8vo. pp. 639, 781.

A FEELING of comical sadness is likely to come over the mind of any middle-aged man who sets himself to recollecting the names of different authors that have been famous, and the number of contemporary immortalities whose end he has seen since coming to manhood. Many a light, hailed by too careless observers as a fixed star, has proved to be only a short-lived lantern at the tail of a newspaper kite. That literary heaven which our youth saw dotted thick with rival glories, we find now to have been a stage-sky merely, artificially enkindled from behind; and the cynical daylight which is sure to follow all theatrical enthusiasms shows us ragged holes where once were luminaries, sheer vacancy instead of lustre. Our earthly repu-

tations, says a great poet, are the color of grass, and the same sun that makes the green bleaches it out again. But next morning is not the time to criticise the scene-painter's firmament, nor is it quite fair to examine coldly a part of some general illusion in the absence of that sympathetic enthusiasm, that self-surrender of the fancy, which made it what it was. It would not be safe for all neglected authors to comfort themselves in Wordsworth's fashion, inferring genius in an inverse proportion to public favor, and a high and solitary merit from the world's indifference. On the contrary, it would be more just to argue from popularity to a certain amount of real value, though it may not be of that permanent quality which insures enduring fame. The contemporary world and Wordsworth were both half right. He undoubtedly owned and worked the richest vein of his period ; but he offered to his contemporaries a heap of gold-bearing quartz where the baser mineral made the greater show, and the purchaser must do his own crushing and smelting, with no guaranty but the bare word of the miner. It was not enough that certain bolder adventurers should now and then show a nugget in proof of the success of their venture. The gold of the poet must be refined, moulded, stamped with the image and superscription of his time, but with a beauty of design and finish that are of no time. The work must surpass the material. Wordsworth was wholly void of that shaping imagination which is the highest criterion of a poet.

Immediate popularity and lasting fame, then, would seem to be the result of different qualities, and not of mere difference in degree. It is safe to prophesy a certain durability of recognition for any author who gives evidence of intellectual force, in whatever kind, above the average amount. There are names in literary history which are only names ; and the works associated with them, like acts of Congress already agreed on in debate, are read by their titles and passed. What is it that insures what may be called living fame, so that a book shall be at once famous and read ? What is it that relegates divine Cowley to that remote, uncivil Pontus of the "British Poets," and keeps garrulous Pepys within the cheery circle of the evening lamp and fire ? Originality, eloquence, sense, imagination, not one of them is enough by itself, but only in some

happy mixture and proportion. Imagination seems to possess in itself more of the antiseptic property than any other single quality ; but, without less showy and more substantial allies, it can at best give only deathlessness, without the perpetual youth that makes it other than dreary. It were easy to find examples of this Tithonus immortality, setting its victims apart from both gods and men ; helpless duration, undying, to be sure, but sapless and voiceless also, and long ago deserted by the fickle Hemera. And yet chance could confer that gift on Glaucus, which love and the consent of Zeus failed to secure for the darling of the dawn. Is it mere luck, then ? Luck may, and often does, have some share in ephemeral successes, as in a gambler's winnings spent as soon as got, but not in any lasting triumph over time. Solid success must be based on solid qualities and the honest culture of them.

The first element of contemporary popularity is undoubtedly the power of entertaining. If a man have anything to tell, the world cannot be expected to listen to him unless he have perfected himself in the best way of telling it. People are not to be argued into a pleasurable sensation, nor is taste to be compelled by any syllogism, however stringent. An author may make himself very popular, however, and even justly so, by appealing to the passion of the moment, without having anything in him that shall outlast the public whim which he satisfies. Churchill is a remarkable example of this. He had a surprising extemporary vigor of mind ; his phrase carries great weight of blow ; he undoubtedly surpassed all contemporaries, as Cowper says of him, in a certain rude and earth-born vigor ; but his verse is dust and ashes now, solemnly inurned, of course, in the Chalmers columbarium, and without danger of violation. His brawn and muscle are fading traditions now, while the fragile, shivering genius of Cowper is still a good life on the books of the Critical Insurance Office. "Is it not, then, loftiness of mind that puts one by the side of Virgil ?" cries poor old Cavalcanti at his wits' end. Certainly not altogether that. There must be also the great Mantuan's art ; his power, not only of being strong in parts, but of making those parts coherent in an harmonious whole, and tributary to it. Gray, if we may believe the commentators, has not an idea, scarcely an

epithet, that he can call his own ; and yet he is, in the best sense, one of the classics of English literature. He had exquisite felicity of choice ; his dictionary had no vulgar word in it, no harsh one, but all culled from the luckiest moods of poets, and with a faint but delicious aroma of association ; he had a perfect sense of sound, and one idea without which all the poetic outfit (*si absit prudentia*) is of little avail, — that of combination and arrangement, in short, of art. The poets from whom he helped himself have no more claim to any of his poems as wholes, than the various beauties of Greece (if the old story were true) to the Venus of the artist.

Imagination, as we have said, has more virtue to keep a book alive than any other single faculty. Burke is rescued from the usual doom of orators, because his learning, his experience, his sagacity are rimmed with a halo by this bewitching light behind the intellectual eye from the highest heaven of the brain. Shakespeare has impregnated his common sense with the steady glow of it, and answers the mood of youth and age, of high and low, immortal as that dateless substance of the soul he wrought in. To have any chance of lasting, a book must satisfy, not merely some fleeting fancy of the day, but a constant longing and hunger of human nature ; and it needs only a superficial study of literature to be convinced that real fame depends rather on the sum of an author's powers than on any brilliancy of special parts. There must be wisdom as well as wit, sense no less than imagination, judgment in equal measure with fancy, and the fiery rocket must be bound fast to its poor wooden stick if it would mount and draw all eyes. There are some who think that the brooding patience which a great work calls for belonged exclusively to an earlier period than ours. Others lay the blame on our fashion of periodical publication, which necessitates a sensation and a crisis in every number, and forces the writer to strive for startling effects, instead of that general lowness of tone which is the last achievement of the artist. The simplicity of antique passion, the homeliness of antique pathos, seem not merely to be gone out of fashion, but out of being as well. Modern poets appear rather to tease their words into a fury, than to infuse them with the deliberate heats of their matured conception, and strive to replace the rapture of

the mind with a fervid intensity of phrase. Our reaction from the decorous platitudes of the last century has no doubt led us to excuse this, and to be thankful for something like real fire, though of stubble ; but our prevailing style of criticism, which regards parts rather than wholes, which dwells on the beauty of passages, and, above all, must have its languid nerves pricked with the expected sensation at whatever cost, has done all it could to confirm us in our evil way. Passages are good when they lead to something, when they are necessary parts of the building, but they are not good to dwell in. This taste for the startling reminds us of something which happened once at the burning of a country meeting-house. The building stood on a hill, and, apart from any other considerations, the fire was as picturesque as could be desired. When all was a black heap, licking itself here and there with tongues of fire, there rushed up a farmer gasping anxiously, "Hez the bell fell yit?" An ordinary fire was no more to him than that on his hearthstone ; even the burning of a meeting-house, in itself a volcanic rarity, (so long as he was of another parish,) could not tickle his outworn palate ; but he had hoped for a certain *tang* in the down-come of the bell that might recall the boyish flavor of conflagration. There was something dramatic, no doubt, in this surprise of the brazen sentinel at his post, but the breathless rustic has always seemed to us a type of the prevailing delusion in æsthetics. Alas ! if the bell must fall in every stanza or every monthly number, how shall an author contrive to stir us at last, unless with whole Moscovs, crowned with the tintinnabulary crash of the Kremlin ? For ourselves, we are glad to feel that we are still able to find contentment in the more conversational and domestic tone of our old-fashioned wood-fire. No doubt a great part of our pleasure in reading is unexpectedness, whether in turn of thought or of phrase ; but an emphasis out of place, an intensity of expression not founded on sincerity of moral or intellectual conviction, remind one of the underscorings in young ladies' letters, a wonder even to themselves under the colder north-light of matronage. It is the part of the critic, however, to keep cool under whatever circumstances, and to reckon that the excesses of an author will be at first more attractive to the many than that average power which shall win

him attention with a new generation of men. It is seldom found out by the majority, till after a considerable interval, that he was the original man who contrived to be simply natural,—the hardest lesson in the school of art and the latest learned, if, indeed, it be a thing capable of acquisition at all. The most winsome and wayward of brooks draws now and then some lover's foot to its intimate reserve, while the spirt of a bursting water-pipe gathers a gaping crowd forthwith.

Mr. Carlyle is an author who has now been so long before the world, that we may feel toward him something of the unprejudice of posterity. It has long been evident that he had no more ideas to bestow upon us, and that no new turn of his kaleidoscope would give us anything but some variation of arrangement in the brilliant colors of his style. It is perhaps possible, then, to arrive at some not wholly inadequate estimate of his place as a writer, and especially of the value of the ideas whose advocate he makes himself, with a bitterness and violence that increase, as it seems to us, in proportion as his inward conviction of their truth diminishes.

The leading characteristics of an author who is in any sense original, that is to say, who does not merely reproduce, but modifies the influence of tradition, culture, and contemporary thought upon himself by some admixture of his own, may commonly be traced more or less clearly in his earliest works. This is more strictly true, no doubt, of poets, because the imagination is a fixed quantity, not to be increased by any amount of study and reflection. Skill, wisdom, and even wit are cumulative; but that diviner faculty, which is the spiritual eye, though it may be trained and sharpened, cannot be added to by taking thought. This has always been something innate, unaccountable, to be laid to a happy conjunction of the stars. Goethe, the last of the *great* poets, accordingly takes pains to tell us under what planets he was born; and in him it is curious how uniform the imaginative quality is from the beginning to the end of his long literary activity. His early poems show maturity, his mature ones a youthful freshness. The apple already lies potentially in the blossom, as that may be traced also in the ripened fruit. With a mere change of

emphasis, Goethe might be called an old boy at both ends of his career.

In the earliest authorship of Mr. Carlyle we find some not obscure hints of the future man. Nearly fifty years ago he contributed a few literary and critical articles to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. The outward fashion of them is that of the period; but they are distinguished by a certain security of judgment remarkable at any time, remarkable especially in one so young. British criticism has been always more or less parochial; has never, indeed, quite freed itself from sectarian cant, and planted itself honestly on the æsthetic point of view. It cannot quite persuade itself that truth is of immortal essence, totally independent of all assistance from quarterly journals or the British army and navy. Carlyle, in these first essays, already shows the influence of his master, Goethe, the most widely receptive of critics. In a compact notice of Montaigne, there is not a word as to his religious scepticism. The character is looked at purely from its human and literary sides. As illustrating the bent of the author's mind, the following passage is most to our purpose: "A modern reader will not easily cavil at the patient and good-natured, though exuberant egotism which brings back to our view 'the form and pressure' of a time long past. *The habits and humors, the mode of acting and thinking, which characterized a Gascon gentleman in the sixteenth century, cannot fail to amuse an inquirer of the nineteenth; while the faithful delineation of human feelings, in all their strength and weakness, will serve as a mirror to every mind capable of self-examination.*" We find here no uncertain indication of that eye for the moral picturesque, and that sympathetic appreciation of character, which within the next few years were to make Carlyle the first in insight of English critics and the most vivid of English historians. In all his earlier writing he never loses sight of his master's great rule, *Den Gegenstand fest zu halten*. He accordingly gave to Englishmen the first humanly possible likeness of Voltaire, Diderot, Mirabeau, and others, who had hitherto been measured by the usual British standard of their respect for the geognosy of Moses and the historic credibility of the Books of Chronicles. What was the real meaning of this phenomenon? what the amount of this man's honest per-

formance in the world? and in what does he show that family-likeness, common to all the sons of Adam, which gives us a fair hope of being able to comprehend him? These were the questions which Carlyle seems to have set himself honestly to answer in the critical writings which fill the first period of his life as a man of letters. In this mood he rescued poor Boswell from the unmerited obloquy of an ungrateful generation, and taught us to see something half-comically beautiful in the poor, weak creature, with his pathetic instinct of reverence for what was nobler, wiser, and stronger than himself. Everything that Mr. Carlyle wrote during this first period thrills with the purest appreciation of whatever is brave and beautiful in human nature, with the most vehement scorn of cowardly compromise with things base; and yet, immitigable as his demand for the highest in us seems to be, there is always something reassuring in the humorous sympathy with mortal frailty which softens condemnation and consoles for shortcoming. The remarkable feature of Mr. Carlyle's criticism (see, for example, his analysis and exposition of Goethe's "Helena") is the sleuth-hound instinct with which he presses on to the *matter* of his theme,—never turned aside by a false scent, regardless of the outward beauty of form, sometimes almost contemptuous of it, in his hunger after the intellectual nourishment which it may hide. The delicate skeleton of admirably articulated and related parts which underlies and sustains every true work of art, and keeps it from sinking on itself a shapeless heap, he would crush remorselessly to come at the marrow of meaning. With him the ideal sense is secondary to the ethical and metaphysical, and he has but a faint conception of their possible unity.

By degrees the humorous element in his nature gains ground, till it overmasters all the rest. Becoming always more boisterous and obtrusive, it ends at last, as such humor must, in cynicism. In "Sartor Resartus" it is still kindly, still infused with sentiment; and the book, with its mixture of indignation and farce, strikes one as might the prophecies of Jeremiah, if the marginal comments of the Rev. Dr. Sterne in his wildest mood had by some accident been incorporated with the text. In "Sartor" the marked influence of Jean Paul is undeniable, both in matter and manner. It is curious for one who studies

the action and reaction of national literatures on each other, to see the humor of Swift and Sterne and Fielding, after filtering through Richter, reappear in Carlyle with a tinge of Germanism that makes it novel, alien, or even displeasing, as the case may be, to the English mind. Unhappily the bit of *mother* from Swift's vinegar-barrel has had strength enough to sour all the rest. The whimsicality of "Tristram Shandy," which, even in the original, has too often the effect of forethought, becomes a deliberate artifice in Richter, and at last a mere mannerism in Carlyle.

Mr. Carlyle in his critical essays had the advantage of a well-defined theme, and of limits both in the subject and in the space allowed for its treatment, which kept his natural extravagance within bounds, and compelled some sort of discretion and compactness. The great merit of these essays lay in a criticism based on wide and various study, which, careless of tradition, applied its standard to the real and not the contemporary worth of the literary or other performance to be judged, and in an unerring eye for that fleeting expression of the moral features of character, a perception of which alone makes the drawing of a coherent likeness possible. Their defect was a tendency, gaining strength with years, to confound the moral with the æsthetic standard, and to make the value of an author's work dependent on the general force of his nature rather than on its special fitness for a given task. In proportion as his humor gradually overbalanced the other qualities of his mind, his taste for the eccentric, amorphous, and violent in men became excessive, disturbing more and more his perception of the more commonplace attributes which give consistency to portraiture. His "French Revolution" is a series of lurid pictures, unmatched for vehement power, in which the figures of such sons of earth as Mirabeau and Danton loom gigantic and terrible as in the glare of an eruption, their shadows swaying far and wide grotesquely awful. But all is painted by eruption-flashes in violent light and shade. There are no half-tints, no gradations, and we find it impossible to account for the continuance in power of less Titanic actors in the tragedy like Robespierre, on any theory whether of human nature or of individual character supplied by Mr. Carlyle. Of his success, however, in accomplishing what he aimed at, which was to haunt the mind with

memories of a horrible political nightmare, there can be no doubt.

Goethe says, apparently thinking of Richter, "The worthy Germans have persuaded themselves that the essence of true humor is formlessness." Heine had not yet shown that a German might combine the most airy humor with a sense of form as delicate as Goethe's own, and that there was no need to borrow the bow of Philoctetes for all kinds of game. Mr. Carlyle's own tendency was toward the lawless, and the attraction of Jean Paul made it an overmastering one. Goethe, we think, might have gone farther, and affirmed that nothing but the highest artistic sense can prevent humor from degenerating into the grotesque, and thence downwards to utter formlessness. Rabelais is a striking example of it. The moral purpose of his book cannot give it that unity which the instinct and forethought of art only can bring forth. Perhaps we owe the masterpiece of humorous literature to the fact that Cervantes had been trained to authorship in a school where form predominated over substance, and the most convincing proof of the supremacy of art at the highest period of Greek literature is to be found in Aristophanes. Mr. Carlyle has no artistic sense of form or rhythm, scarcely of proportion. Accordingly he looks on verse with contempt as something barbarous, — a savage ornament which a higher refinement will abolish, as it has tattooing and nose-rings. With a conceptive imagination vigorous beyond any in his generation, with a mastery of language equalled only by the greatest poets, he wants altogether the plastic imagination, the shaping faculty, which would have made him a poet in the highest sense. He is a preacher and a prophet, — anything you will, — but an artist he is not, and never can be. It is always the knots and gnarls of the oak that he admires, never the perfect and balanced tree.

It is certainly more agreeable to be grateful for what we owe an author, than to blame him for what he cannot give us. But it is the business of a critic to trace faults of style and of thought to their root in character and temperament, — to show their necessary relation to, and dependence on, each other, — and to find some more trustworthy explanation than mere wantonness of will for the moral obliquities of a man so largely

moulded and gifted as Mr. Carlyle. So long as he was merely an exhorter or dehorter, we were thankful for such eloquence, such humor, such vivid or grotesque images, and such splendor of illustration as only he could give; but when he assumes to be a teacher of moral and political philosophy, when he himself takes to compounding the social panaceas he has made us laugh at so often, and advertises none as genuine but his own, we begin to inquire into his qualifications and his defects, and to ask ourselves whether his patent pill differ from others except in the larger amount of aloes, or have any better recommendation than the superior advertising powers of a mountebank of genius. Comparative criticism teaches us that moral and æsthetic defects are more nearly related than is commonly supposed. Had Mr. Carlyle been fitted out completely by nature as an artist, he would have had an ideal in his work which would have lifted his mind away from the muddier part of him, and trained him to the habit of seeking and seeing the harmony rather than the discord and contradiction of things. His innate love of the picturesque, (which is only another form of the sentimentalism he so scoffs at, perhaps as feeling it a weakness in himself,) once turned in the direction of character, and finding its chief satisfaction there, led him to look for that ideal of human nature in individual men which is but fragmentarily represented in the entire race, and is rather divined from the aspiration, forever disenchanted to be forever renewed, of the immortal part in us, than found in any example of actual achievement. A wiser temper would have found something more consoling than disheartening in the continual failure of men eminently endowed to reach the standard of this spiritual requirement, would perhaps have found in it an inspiring hint that it is mankind, and not special men, that are to be shaped at last into the image of God, and that the endless life of the generations may hope to come nearer that goal of which the short-breathed threescore years and ten fall too unhappily short.

But Mr. Carlyle has invented the Hero-cure, and all who recommend any other method, or see any hope of healing elsewhere, are either quacks and charlatans or their victims. His lively imagination conjures up the image of an impossible he,

as contradictorily endowed as the chief personage in a modern sentimental novel, and who, at all hazards, must not lead mankind like a shepherd, but bark, bite, and otherwise worry them toward the fold like a truculent sheep-dog. If Mr. Carlyle would only now and then recollect that men are men, and not sheep, — nay, that the farther they are from being such, the more well grounded our hope of one day making something better of them! It is indeed strange that one who values Will so highly in the greatest, should be blind to its infinite worth in the least of men; nay, that he should so often seem to confound it with its irritable and purposeless counterfeit, Wilfulness. The natural impatience of an imaginative temperament, which conceives so vividly the beauty and desirableness of a nobler manhood and a diviner political order, makes him fret at the slow moral processes by which the All-Wise brings about his ends, and turns the very foolishness of men to his praise and glory. Mr. Carlyle is for calling down fire from Heaven whenever he cannot readily lay his hand on the match-box. No doubt it is somewhat provoking that it should be so easy to build castles in the air, and so hard to find tenants for them. It is a singular intellectual phenomenon to see a man, who earlier in life so thoroughly appreciated the innate weakness and futile tendency of the “storm and thrust” period of German literature, constantly assimilating, as he grows older, more and more nearly to its principles and practice. It is no longer the sagacious and moderate Goethe who is his type of what is highest in human nature, but far rather some Götz of the Iron Hand, some assertor of the divine legitimacy of *Faustrecht*. It is odd to conceive the fate of Mr. Carlyle under the sway of any of his heroes, — how Cromwell would have scorned him as a babbler more long-winded than Prynne, but less clear and practical, — how Friedrich would have scoffed at his tirades as *dummes Zeug* not to be compared with the romances of Cr billon *fiils*, or possibly have clapped him in a marching regiment as a fit subject for the cane of the sergeant. Perhaps something of Mr. Carlyle's irritability is to be laid to the account of his early schoolmastership at Ecclefechan. This great booby World is such a dull boy, and will not learn the lesson we have taken such pains in expounding for the fiftieth time. Well, then, if

eloquence, if example, if the awful warning of other little boys who neglected their accidence and came to the gallows, if none of these avail, the birch at least is left, and we will try that. The dominie spirit has become every year more obtrusive and intolerant in Mr. Carlyle's writing, and the rod, instead of being kept in its place as a resource for desperate cases, has become the alpha and omega of all successful training, the one divinely-appointed means of human enlightenment and progress, — in short, the final hope of that absurd animal who fancies himself a little lower than the angels. Have we feebly taken it for granted that the distinction of man was reason? Never was there a more fatal misconception. It is in the gift of unreason that we are unenviably distinguished from the brutes, whose nobler privilege of instinct saves them from our blunders and our crimes.

But since Mr. Carlyle has become possessed with the hallucination that he is head-master of this huge boys' school which we call the world, his pedagogic birch has grown to the taller proportions and more ominous aspect of a gallows. His article on Dr. Francia was a panegyric of the halter, in which the gratitude of mankind is invoked for the self-appointed dictator who had discovered in Paraguay a tree more beneficent than that which produced the Jesuits' bark. Mr. Carlyle seems to be in the condition of a man who uses stimulants, and must increase his dose from day to day as the senses become dulled under the spur. He began by admiring strength of character and purpose, and the manly self-denial which makes a humble fortune great by steadfast loyalty to duty. He has gone on till mere strength has become such washy weakness that there is no longer any titillation in it; and nothing short of downright violence will rouse his nerves now to the needed excitement. At first he made out very well with remarkable men; then, lessening the water and increasing the spirit, he took to Heroes; and now he must have downright *inhumanity*, or the draught has no savor; — so he gets on at last to Kings, types of remorseless Force, who maintain the political views of Berserkers by the legal principles of Lynch. Constitutional monarchy is a failure, representative government is a gabble, democracy a birth of the bottomless pit; there is no hope for mankind

except in getting themselves under a good driver who shall not spare the lash. And yet, unhappily for us, these drivers are providential births not to be contrived by any cunning of ours, and Friedrich II. is hitherto the last of them. Meanwhile the world's wheels have got fairly stalled in mire and other matter of every vilest consistency and most disgusting smell. What are we to do? Mr. Carlyle will not let us make a lever with a rail from the next fence, or call in the neighbors. That would be too commonplace and cowardly, too anarchical. No; he would have us sit down beside him in the slough, and shout lustily for Hercules. If that indispensable demigod will not or cannot come, we can find a useful and instructive solace, during the intervals of shouting, in a hearty abuse of human nature, which, at the long last, is always to blame.

Since "Sartor Resartus" Mr. Carlyle has done little but repeat himself with increasing emphasis and heightened shrillness. Warning has steadily heated toward denunciation, and remonstrance soured toward scolding. The image of the Tartar prayer-mill, which he borrowed from Richter and turned to such humorous purpose, might be applied to himself. The same phrase comes round and round, only the machine, being a little crankier, rattles more, and the performer is called on for a more visible exertion. If there be not something very like cant in Mr. Carlyle's later writings, then cant is not the repetition of a creed after it has become a phrase by the cooling of that white-hot conviction which once made it both the light and warmth of the soul. We do not mean intentional and deliberate cant, but neither is that which Mr. Carlyle denounces so energetically in his fellow-men of that conscious kind. We do not mean to blame him for it, but mention it rather as an interesting phenomenon of human nature. The stock of ideas which mankind has to work with is very limited, like the alphabet, and can at best have an air of freshness given it by new arrangements and combinations, or by application to new times and circumstances. Montaigne is but Ecclesiastes writing in the sixteenth century, Voltaire but Lucian in the eighteenth. Yet both are original, and so certainly is Mr. Carlyle, whose borrowing is mainly from his own former works. But he does this so often and so openly, that we may at least be

sure that he ceased growing a number of years ago, and is a remarkable example of arrested development.

The cynicism, however, which has now become the prevailing temper of his mind, has gone on expanding with unhappy vigor. In Mr. Carlyle it is not, probably, as in Swift, the result of personal disappointment, and of the fatal eye of an accomplice for the mean qualities by which power could be attained that it might be used for purposes as mean. It seems rather the natural corruption of his exuberant humor. Humor in its first analysis is a perception of the incongruous, and in its highest development, of the incongruity between the actual and the ideal in men and life. With so keen a sense of the ludicrous contrast between what men might be, nay, wish to be, and what they are, and with a vehement nature that demands the instant realization of his vision of a world altogether heroic, it is no wonder that Mr. Carlyle, always hoping for a thing and always disappointed, should become bitter. Perhaps if he expected less he would find more. Saul seeking his father's asses found himself turned suddenly into a king; but Mr. Carlyle, on the lookout for a king, always seems to find the other sort of animal. He sees nothing on any side of him but a procession of the Lord of Misrule, in gloomier moments, a Dance of Death, where everything is either a parody of whatever is noble, or an aimless jig that stumbles at last into the annihilation of the grave, and so passes from one nothing to another. Is a world, then, which buys and reads Mr. Carlyle's works distinguished only for its "fair, large ears"? If he who has read and remembered so much would only now and then call to mind the old proverb, *Nec deus, nec lupus, sed homo!* If he would only recollect that, from the days of the first grandfather, everybody has remembered a golden age behind him!

The very qualities, it seems to us, which came so near making a great poet of Mr. Carlyle, disqualify him for the office of historian. The poet's concern is with the appearances of things, with their harmony in that whole which the imagination demands for its satisfaction, and their truth to that ideal nature which is the proper object of poetry. History, unfortunately, is very far from being ideal, still farther from an exclusive in-

terest in those heroic or typical figures which answer all the wants of the epic and the drama and fill their utmost artistic limits. Mr. Carlyle has an unequalled power and vividness in painting detached scenes, in bringing out in their full relief the oddities or peculiarities of character; but he has a far feebler sense of those gradual changes of opinion, that strange communication of sympathy from mind to mind, that subtile influence of very subordinate actors in giving a direction to policy or action, which we are wont somewhat vaguely to call the progress of events. His scheme of history is purely an epical one, where only leading figures appear by name and are in any strict sense operative. He has no conception of the people as anything else than an element of mere brute force in political problems, and would sniff scornfully at that unpicturesque common-sense of the many, which comes slowly to its conclusions, no doubt, but compels obedience even from rulers the most despotic when once its mind is made up. His history of Frederick is, of course, a *Fritziad*; but next to his hero, the cane of the drill-sergeant and iron ramrods appear to be the conditions which to his mind satisfactorily account for the result of the Seven Years War. It is our opinion, which subsequent events seem to justify, that, had there not been in the Prussian people a strong instinct of nationality, Protestant nationality too, and an intimate conviction of its advantages, the war might have ended quite otherwise. Frederick II. left the machine of war which he received from his father even more perfect than he found it, yet within a few years of his death it went to pieces before the shock of French armies animated by an idea. Again a few years, and the Prussian soldiery, inspired once more by the old national fervor, were victorious. Were it not for the purely picturesque bias of Mr. Carlyle's genius, for the necessity which his epical treatment lays upon him of always having a protagonist, we should be astonished that an idealist like him should have so little faith in ideas and so much in matter.

Mr. Carlyle's style is not so well suited to the historian as to the essayist. He is always great in single figures and detached scenes, but there is neither gradation nor continuity. He has extraordinary patience and conscientiousness in the gathering

and sifting of his material, but is scornful of commonplace facts and characters, impatient of whatever will not serve for one of his clever sketches, or group well in a more elaborate figure-piece. He sees history, as it were, by flashes of lighting. A single scene, whether a landscape or an interior, a single figure or a wild mob of men, whatever may be snatched by the eye in that instant of intense illumination, is minutely photographed upon the memory. Every tree and stone, almost every blade of grass; every article of furniture in a room; the attitude or expression, nay, the very buttons and shoe-ties of a principal figure; the gestures of momentary passion in a wild throng,—everything leaps into vision under that sudden glare with a painful distinctness that leaves the retina quivering. The intervals are absolute darkness. Mr. Carlyle makes us acquainted with the isolated spot where we happen to be when the flash comes, as if by actual eyesight, but there is no possibility of a comprehensive view. No other writer compares with him for vividness. He is himself a witness, and makes us witnesses of whatever he describes. This is genius beyond a question, and of a very rare quality, but it is not history. He has not the cold-blooded impartiality of the historian; and while he entertains us, moves us to tears or laughter, makes us the unconscious captives of his ever-changeable mood, we find that he has taught us comparatively little. His imagination is so powerful that it makes him the contemporary of his characters, and thus his history seems to be the memoirs of a cynical humorist, with hearty likes and dislikes, with something of acridity in his partialities whether for or against, more keenly sensitive to the grotesque than the simply natural, and who enters in his diary, even of what comes within the range of his own observation, only so much as amuses his fancy, is congenial with his humor, or feeds his prejudice. Mr. Carlyle's method is accordingly altogether descriptive, his hasty temper making narrative wearisome to him. In his *Friedrich*, for example, we get very little notion of the civil administration of Prussia; and when he comes, in the last volume, to his hero's dealings with civil reforms, he confesses candidly that it would tire him too much to tell us about it, even if he knew anything at all satisfactory himself.

Mr. Carlyle's historical compositions are wonderful prose poems, full of picture, incident, humor, and character, where we grow familiar with his conception of certain leading personages, and even of subordinate ones, if they are necessary to the scene, so that they come out living upon the stage from the dreary limbo of names; but this is no more history than the historical plays of Shakespeare. There is nothing in imaginative literature superior in its own way to the episode of Voltaire in the *Fritziad*. It is delicious in humor, masterly in minute characterization. We feel as if the principal victim (for we cannot help feeling all the while that he is so) of this mischievous genius had been put upon the theatre before us by some perfect mimic like Foote, who had studied his habitual gait, gestures, tones, turn of thought, costume, trick of feature, and rendered them with the slight dash of caricature needful to make the whole composition tell. It is in such things that Mr. Carlyle is beyond all rivalry, and that we must go back to Shakespeare for a comparison. But the mastery of Shakespeare is shown perhaps more strikingly in his treatment of the ordinary than of the exceptional. His is the gracious equality of Nature herself. Mr. Carlyle's gift is rather in the representation than in the creation of character; and it is a necessity of his art, therefore, to exaggerate slightly his heroic, and to caricature in like manner his comic parts. His appreciation is less psychological than physical and external. Grimm relates that Garrick, riding once with Prévile, proposed to him that they should counterfeit drunkenness. They rode through Passy accordingly, deceiving all who saw them. When beyond the town Prévile asked how he had succeeded. "Excellently," said Garrick, "as to your body; but your legs were not tipsy." Mr. Carlyle would be as exact in his observation of nature as the great actor, and would make us *see* a drunken man as well; but we doubt whether he could have conceived that unmatchable scene in Antony and Cleopatra, where the tipsiness of Lepidus pervades the whole metaphysical no less than the physical part of the triumvir. If his sympathies bore any proportion to his instinct for catching those traits which are the expression of character, but not character itself, we might have had a great historian in him instead of a history painter.

But that which is a main element in Mr. Carlyle's talent, and does perhaps more than anything else to make it effective, is a defect of his nature. The cynicism which renders him so entertaining precludes him from any just conception of men and their motives, and from any sane estimate of the relative importance of the events which concern them. We remember a picture of Hamon's, where before a Punch's theatre are gathered the wisest of mankind in rapt attention. Socrates sits on a front bench, absorbed in the spectacle, and in the corner stands Dante entering his remarks in a note-book. Mr. Carlyle as an historian leaves us in somewhat such a mood. The world is a puppet-show, and when we have watched the play out, we depart with a half-comic consciousness of the futility of all human enterprise, and the ludicrousness of all man's action and passion on the stage of the world. Simple, kindly, blundering Oliver Goldsmith was after all wiser, and his Vicar, ideal as Hector and not less immortal, is a demonstration of the perennial beauty and heroism of the homeliest human nature. The cynical view is congenial to certain moods, and is so little inconsistent with original nobleness of mind, that it is not seldom the acetous fermentation of it; but it is the view of the satirist, not of the historian, and takes in but a narrow arc in the circumference of truth. Cynicism in itself is essentially disagreeable. It is the intellectual analogue of the truffle; and though it may be very well in giving a relish to thought for certain palates, it cannot supply the substance of it. Mr. Carlyle's cynicism is not that polished weariness of the outsides of life which we find in Ecclesiastes. It goes much deeper than that to the satisfactions, not of the body or the intellect, but of the very soul itself. It vaunts itself; it is noisy and aggressive. What the wise master puts into the mouth of desperate ambition, thwarted of the fruit of its crime, as the fitting expression of passionate sophistry, seems to have become an article of his creed. With him

"Life is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

He goes about with his Diogenes dark-lantern, professing to seek a man, but inwardly resolved to find a monkey. He loves

to flash it suddenly on poor human nature in some ridiculous or degrading posture. He admires still, or keeps affirming that he admires, the doughty, silent, hard-working men who go honestly about their business; but when we come to examples, we find that it is not loyalty to duty or to an inward ideal of high-mindedness that he finds admirable in them, but a blind unquestioning vassalage to whomsoever it has pleased him to set up for a hero. He would fain replace the old feudalism with a spiritual counterpart, in which there shall be an obligation to soul-service. He who once popularized the word *flunkey* by ringing the vehement changes of his scorn upon it, is at last forced to conceive an ideal flunkeyism to squire the hectoring Don Belianises of his fancy about the world. Failing this, his latest theory of Divine government seems to be the cudgel. Poets have sung all manner of vegetable loves; Petrarch has celebrated the laurel, Chaucer the daisy, and Wordsworth the gallows-tree; it remained for the ex-pedagogue of Ecclefechan to become the volunteer laureate of the rod, and to imagine a world created and directed by a divine Dr. Busby. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Carlyle might have learned something to his advantage by living a few years in the democracy which he scoffs at as heartily *a priori* as if it were the demagogism which Aristophanes derided from experience. The Hero, as Mr. Carlyle understands him, was a makeshift of the past; and the ideal of manhood is to be found hereafter in free communities, where the state shall at length sum up and exemplify in itself all those qualities which poets were forced to imagine and typify because they could not find them in the actual world.

In the earlier part of his literary career, Mr. Carlyle was the denouncer of shams, the preacher up of sincerity, manliness, and of a living faith, instead of a droning ritual. He had intense convictions, and he made disciples. With a compass of diction unequalled by any other public performer of the time, ranging as it did from the unbooked freshness of the Scottish peasant to the most far-sought phrase of literary curiosity, with humor, pathos, and eloquence at will, it was no wonder that he found eager listeners in a world longing for a sensation, and forced to put up with the West-End gospel of

"Pelham." If not a profound thinker, he had what was next best, — he felt profoundly, and his cry came out of the depths. The stern Calvinism of his early training was rekindled by his imagination to the old fervor of Wishart and Brown, and became a new phenomenon as he reproduced it subtilized by German transcendentalism and German culture. Imagination, if it lays hold of a Scotchman, possesses him in the old demoniac sense of the word, and that hard logical nature, if the Hebrew fire once gets fair headway in it, burns unquenchable as an anthracite coal-mine. But to utilize these sacred heats, to employ them, as a literary man is always tempted, to keep the domestic pot a-boiling, — is such a thing possible? Only too possible, we fear; and Mr. Carlyle is an example of it. If the languid public long for a sensation, the excitement of making one becomes also a necessity of the successful author, as the intellectual nerves grow duller and the old inspiration that came unbidden to the bare garret grows shier and shier of the comfortable parlor. As he himself said thirty years ago of Edward Irving, "Unconsciously, for the most part in deep unconsciousness, there was now the impossibility to live neglected, — to walk on the quiet paths where alone it is well with us. Singularity must henceforth succeed singularity. O foulest Circean draught, thou poison of Popular Applause! madness is in thee and death; thy end is Bedlam and the grave." Mr. Carlyle won his first successes as a kind of preacher in print. His fervor, his oddity of manner, his pugnacious paradox, drew the crowd; the truth, or, at any rate, the faith that underlay them all, brought also the fitter audience, though fewer. But the curse was upon him; he must attract, he must astonish. Thenceforth he has done nothing but revamp his telling things; but the oddity has become always odder, the paradoxes more paradoxical. No very large share of truth falls to the apprehension of any one man; let him keep it sacred, and beware of repeating it till it turn to falsehood on his lips by becoming ritual. Truth always has a bewitching savor of newness in it, and novelty at the first taste recalls that original sweetness to the tongue; but alas for him who would make the one a substitute for the other! We seem to miss of late in Mr. Carlyle the old sincerity. He has become the purely literary man, less con-

cerned about what he says than about how he shall say it to best advantage. The Muse should be the companion, not the guide, says he whom Mr. Carlyle has pronounced "the wisest of this generation." What would be a virtue in the poet is a vice of the most fatal kind in the teacher, and, alas that we should say it! the very Draco of shams, whose code contained no penalty milder than capital for the most harmless of them, has become at last something very like a sham himself. Mr. Carlyle continues to be a voice crying in the wilderness, but no longer a voice with any earnest conviction behind it. Hearing him rebuke us for being humbugs and impostors, we are inclined to answer, with the ambassador of Philip II., when his master reproached him with forgetting substance in ceremony, "Your Majesty forgets that you are only a ceremony yourself." And Mr. Carlyle's teaching, moreover,—if teaching we may call it,—belongs to what the great German, whose disciple he is, condemned as the "literature of despair." An apostle to the gentiles might hope for some fruit of his preaching; but of what avail an apostle who shouts his message down the mouth of the pit to poor lost souls, whom he can positively assure only that it is impossible to get out? Mr. Carlyle lights up the lanterns of his Pharos after the ship is already rolling between the tongue of the sea and the grinders of the reef. It is very brilliant, and its revolving flashes touch the crests of the breakers with an awful picturesqueness; but in so desperate a state of things, even Dr. Syntax might be pardoned for being forgetful of the picturesque. The Toryism of Scott sprang from love of the past; that of Carlyle is far more dangerously infectious, for it is logically deduced from a deep disdain of human nature.

Browning has drawn a beautiful picture of an old king sitting at the gate of his palace to judge his people in the calm sunshine of that past which never existed outside a poet's brain. It is the sweetest of waking dreams, this of absolute power and perfect wisdom in one supreme ruler; but it is as pure a creation of human want and weakness, as clear a witness of mortal limitation and incompleteness, as the shoes of swiftness, the cloak of darkness, the purse of Fortunatus, and the *elixir vitæ*. It is the natural refuge of imaginative tem-

peraments impatient of our blunders and shortcomings, and, given a complete man, all would submit to the divine right of his despotism. But alas! to every the most fortunate human birth hobbles up that malign fairy who has been forgotten, with her fatal gift of imperfection! So far as our experience has gone, it has been the very opposite of Mr. Carlyle's. Instead of finding men disloyal to their natural leader, nothing has ever seemed to us so touching as the gladness with which they follow him, when they are sure they have found him at last. But a natural leader of the ideal type is not to be looked for *nisi dignus vindice nodus*. The Divine Forethought had been cruel in furnishing one for every petty occasion, and thus thwarting in all inferior men that priceless gift of reason, to develop which, and to make it one with free-will, is the highest use of our experience on earth. Mr. Carlyle was hard bestead and very far gone in his idolatry of mere *pluck*, when he was driven to choose Friedrich as a hero. A poet — and Mr. Carlyle is nothing else — is unwise who yokes Pegasus to a prosaic theme which no force of wing can lift from the dull earth. Charlemagne would have been a wiser choice, far enough in the past for ideal treatment, more manifestly the Siegfried of Anarchy, and in his rude way the refounder of that empire which is the ideal of despotism in the Western world.

Friedrich was doubtless a remarkable man, but surely very far below any lofty standard of heroic greatness. He was the last of the European kings who could look upon his kingdom as his private patrimony; and it was this estate of his, this piece of property, which he so obstinately and successfully defended. He had no idea of country as it was understood by an ancient Greek or Roman, as it is understood by a modern Englishman or American; and there is something almost pitiful in seeing a man of genius like Mr. Carlyle fighting painfully over again those battles of the last century which settled nothing but the continuance of the Prussian monarchy, while he saw only the "burning of a dirty chimney" in the war which a great people was waging under his very eyes for the idea of nationality and orderly magistrature, and which fixed, let us hope forever, a boundary-line on the map of history and man's advancement toward self-conscious and responsible freedom.

The true historical genius, to our thinking, is that which can see the nobler meaning of events that are near him, as the true poet is he who detects the divine in the casual; and we somewhat suspect the depth of his insight into the past, who cannot recognize the godlike of to-day under that disguise in which it always visits us. Shall we hint to Mr. Carlyle that a man may look on an heroic age, as well as an heroic master, with the eyes of a valet, as misappreciative certainly, though not so ignoble?

What Goethe says of a great poet, that he must be a citizen of his age as well as of his country, may be said inversely of a great king. He should be a citizen of his country as well as of his age. Friedrich was certainly the latter in its fullest sense; whether he was, or could have been, the former, in any sense, may be doubted. The man who spoke and wrote French in preference to his mother-tongue, who, dying when Goethe was already drawing toward his fortieth year, Schiller toward his thirtieth, and Lessing had been already five years in his grave, could yet see nothing but barbarism in German literature, had little of the old Teutonic fibre in his nature. The man who pronounced the Nibelungen Lied not worth a pinch of priming, had little conception of the power of heroic traditions in making heroic men, and especially in strengthening that instinct made up of so many indistinguishable associations which we call love of country. Charlemagne, when he caused the old songs of his people to be gathered and written down, showed a truer sense of the sources of national feeling and a deeper political insight. This want of sympathy points to the somewhat narrow limits of Friedrich's nature. In spite of Mr. Carlyle's adroit statement of the case, and the whole book has an air of being the plea of a masterly advocate in mitigation of sentence, we feel that his hero was essentially hard, narrow, and selfish. His popularity will go for little with any one who has studied the trifling and often fabulous elements that make up that singular compound. A bluntness of speech, a shabby uniform, a frugal camp equipage, a timely familiarity, may make a man the favorite of an army or a nation, — above all, if he have the knack of success. Moreover, popularity is much more easily won from above downward, and is bought at a better bargain by kings and generals than by other men. We

doubt if Friedrich would have been liked as a private person, or even as an unsuccessful king. He apparently attached very few people to himself, fewer even than his brutal old Squire Western of a father. His sister Wilhelmina is perhaps an exception. We say perhaps, for we do not know how much the heroic part he was called on to play had to do with the matter, and whether sisterly pride did not pass even with herself for sisterly affection. Moreover she was far from him; and Mr. Carlyle waves aside, in his generous fashion, some rather keen comments of hers on her brother's character when she visited Berlin after he had become king. Indeed, he is apt to deal rather contemptuously with all adverse criticism of his hero. We sympathize with his impulse in this respect, agreeing heartily as we do in Chaucer's scorn of those who "*gladlie demen to the baser end*" in such matters. But we are not quite sure if this be a safe method with the historian. He must doubtless be the friend of his hero if he would understand him, but he must be more the friend of truth if he would understand history. Mr. Carlyle's passion for truth is intense, as befits his temper, but it is that of a lover for his mistress. He would have her all to himself, and has a lover's conviction that no one is able, or even fit, to appreciate her but himself. He does well to despise the tittle-tattle of vulgar minds, but surely should not ignore *all* testimony on the other side. For ourselves, we think it not unimportant that Goethe's friend Knebel, a man not incapable of admiration, and who had served a dozen years or so as an officer of Friedrich's guard, should have bluntly called him "the tyrant."

Mr. Carlyle's history traces the family of his hero down from its beginnings in the picturesque *chiaro-scuro* of the Middle Ages. It was an able and above all a *canny* house, a Scotch version of the word *able*, which implies thrift and an eye to the main chance, the said main chance or chief end of man being altogether of this world. Friedrich, inheriting this family faculty in full measure, was driven, partly by ambition, partly by necessity, to apply it to war. He did so, with the success to be expected where a man of many expedients has the good luck to be opposed by men with few. He adds another to the many proofs that it is possible to be a great general without

a spark of that divine fire which we call genius, and that good fortune in war results from the same prompt talent and unbending temper which lead to the same result in the peaceful professions. Friedrich had certainly more of the temperament of genius than Marlborough or Wellington; but not to go beyond modern instances, he does not impress us with the massive breadth of Napoleon, nor attract us with the climbing ardor of Turenne. To compare him with Alexander or Cæsar were absurd. The kingship that was in him, and which won Mr. Carlyle to be his biographer, is that of will merely, of rapid and relentless command. For organization he had a masterly talent; but he could not apply it to the arts of peace, both because he wanted experience and because the rash decision of the battle-field will not serve in matters which are governed by natural laws of growth. He seems, indeed, to have had a coarse, soldier's contempt for all civil distinction, altogether unworthy of a wise king, or even of a prudent one. He confers the title of Hofrath on the husband of a woman with whom his General Walrave is living in what Mr. Carlyle justly calls "brutish polygamy," and this at Walrave's request, on the ground that "a general's drab ought to have a handle to her name." Mr. Carlyle murmurs in a mild parenthesis that "we rather regret this"! (Vol. III. p. 559.) This is his usual way of treating unpleasant matters, sidling by with a deprecating shrug of the shoulders. Not that he ever wilfully suppresses anything. On the contrary, there is no greater proof of his genius than the way in which, while he seems to paint a character with all its disagreeable traits, he contrives to win our sympathy for it, nay, almost our liking. This is conspicuously true of his portrait of Friedrich's father; and that he does not succeed in making Friedrich himself attractive is a strong argument with us that the fault is in the subject and not the artist.

The book, we believe, has been comparatively unsuccessful as a literary venture. Nor do we wonder at it. It is disproportionately long, and too much made up of those descriptions of battles to read which seems even more difficult than to have won the victory itself, more disheartening than to have suffered the defeat. To an American, also, the warfare seemed Liliputian in the presence of a conflict so much larger in its propor-

tions and significant in its results. The interest, moreover, flags decidedly toward the close, where the reader cannot help feeling that the author loses breath somewhat painfully under the effort of so prolonged a course. Mr. Carlyle has evidently devoted to his task a labor that may be justly called prodigious. Not only has he sifted all the German histories and memoirs, but has visited every battle-field, and describes them with an eye for country that is without rival among historians. The book is evidently an abridgment of even more abundant collections, and yet as it stands the matter overburdens the work. It is a bundle of lively episodes rather than a continuous narrative. In this respect it contrasts oddly with the concinnity of his own earlier *Life of Schiller*. But the episodes *are* lively, the humor and pathos spring from a profound nature, the sketches of character are masterly, the seizure of every picturesque incident infallible, and the literary judgments those of a thorough scholar and critic. There is, of course, the usual amusing objurgation of Dryasdust and his rubbish-heaps, the usual assumption of omniscience, and the usual certainty of the lively French lady of being always in the right; yet we cannot help thinking that a little of Dryasdust's plodding exactness would have saved Fouquet eleven years of the imprisonment to which Mr. Carlyle condemns him, would have referred us to St. Simon rather than to Voltaire for the character of the brothers Belle-Ile, and would have kept clear of a certain ludicrous etymology of the name Antwerp, not to mention some other trifling slips of the like nature. In conclusion, after saying, as honest critics must, that "*The History of Friedrich II. called Frederick the Great*" is a book to be read in with more satisfaction than to be read through, after declaring that it is open to all manner of criticism, especially in point of moral purpose and tendency, we must admit with thankfulness, that it has the one prime merit of being the work of a man who has every quality of a great poet except that supreme one of rhythm which shapes both matter and manner to harmonious proportion, and that where it is good, it is good as only genius knows how to be.

ART. VI. — 1. *Diplomatic Correspondence for the Years 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1864.* Washington. 9 vols. 8vo.

2. *Documents relating to Mexican Affairs.* 1862, 1863, and 1865. Washington. 3 vols. 8vo.

It is now more than fifteen years since Secretary Seward, then a United States Senator, in a speech which deserves to be remembered for its masterly grasp of the slavery problem, met the threats of Southern disunionists with the warning, that, if they should bring on civil war, a violent but complete emancipation of the negro race would follow, and that the day when the fountains of popular contentment should be broken up would bring forth the highest illustration of the excellence of our system of government. "Then it will be seen," said he, "how calmly, how firmly, how nobly a great people can act in preserving their Constitution,—whom 'love of country moveth, example teacheth, company comforteth, emulation quickeneth, and glory exalteth.'"

In the revolution through which we have lately passed,—wherein Mr. Seward himself has borne no light part,—these words have proved prophetic; and not only is the land freed from a social curse, but popular institutions have endured the severest test, and come forth from the contest strong and vigorous, without the loss of a single prerogative. De Tocqueville's theory that democracy is incapable of sustained effort stands controverted by an historical fact; and while similar struggles to our own have generally resulted in anarchy or military despotism, the singular spectacle of a law-loving people growing wiser as the strife grows hotter, becoming revolutionists in self-defence, drawing upon their resources with care and moderation, now following up an advantage, now retrieving an error, patient in tribulation and magnanimous in the flush of victory,—all this has been reserved for America and for these latter days.

The foreign no less than the domestic policy of President Lincoln was marked by certain leading traits,—patience, good judgment, forbearance almost unparalleled, and a faith in the final triumph of republican principles which could not be

shaken. Those who look for subtilties, finesse, and strategical combinations, such as are too often displayed on the chessboard of European politics, will be disappointed. The late administration, in its intercourse with other nations, chose to consider that governments are subject to the same rules of morality as individuals. The spirit manifested was frank, generous, and consistent. The policy was simple and thoroughly American, based upon the Jeffersonian maxim of good faith and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none. Of necessity it was a defensive policy; and while some important treaties were negotiated, its chief merit is not in what it developed, but in what it prevented. It was, however, the policy for the times; and if the national pride was sometimes wounded, the country's honor was never surrendered.

We purpose in this article to touch upon some of the leading points in the diplomatic history of the late Rebellion, as illustrated in the volumes of correspondence issued by the State Department. Diplomacy is not a favorite word with Americans, eager for results and impatient of delays; and we are apt to consider the management of foreign relations as a system of political chicanery, a science of prudent delays adopted by nations seeking to outwit one another while each pursues its secret schemes of aggrandizement. That this is a partial and illiberal view of the subject need not here be argued; but no candid person can read these volumes without feeling that the history of our foreign relations during the last four years is closely identified with the cause of civilization,—that it is America's complete vindication pronounced before the assembled powers of the earth, that most solemn of human tribunals. We should feel proud of the record. It exhibits an enlarged and comprehensive statesmanship. And surely, when we consider that from the outset the two leading powers of Europe, jealous of our growth and hostile to democratic principles, persisted in a course of action which aimed at our dissolution; that they concerted schemes for the encouragement of the disloyal, so far as might conduce to this result; that nevertheless they were for four years constrained to postpone the question of recognition, and to respect a blockade not at all times complete, from which they suffered greatly;—

when we consider that a single indiscreet act, an official despatch arrogant or tamely submissive in its tone, might have involved us in a hopeless war; that no opportunity was afforded them of intervention, either as open enemies or under the guise of a friendly mediation; that as neutrals they were held to observance of the laws of neutrality, and at last compelled to withdraw their concession of belligerent rights and to acknowledge the supremacy of the Union of these States,—surely the foreign policy of President Lincoln may be pronounced no less successful than honorable.

When President Lincoln's term commenced, our foreign relations were in a pitiable state, and all things seemed hastening to destruction. The friends of the Union abroad were lukewarm and divided, while the new Confederacy was vigorously urging its claims. Influential partisans of the latter had already been secured in England and France. The insurgents expected material assistance from abroad; and with the conviction that cotton was king, they appealed not altogether in vain to the jealousy and cupidity of our commercial rivals. Our new tariff, already unpopular in England and France, was made doubly odious through their efforts. The new President was assailed with coarse abuse and ridicule, as the vulgar leader of a root-and-branch party. The monarchical tendencies of the Southern planters found favor with the cabinets of Europe, and their doctrines of Secession and State Rights had been so generally accepted that the sources of public opinion were poisoned. Meantime the diplomatic and consular agents of the United States were remiss in their duties. Some secretly favored the Confederates, others manifested an indifference scarcely less injurious to the national cause. Mr. Faulkner, Minister to France, and Mr. Preston, to Spain, had the insolence, in their official despatches, to warn the Executive, with threats, against what they termed "coercion"; while the former, as there is reason to believe, was treacherous enough to lend his official influence in procuring arms to be used for insurrectionary purposes.

An entire change was made in the foreign appointments under the new administration; and although the leading missions were filled before the necessity of civil war had deter-

mined the President's policy, scarcely an important change has since been made. The nation was fortunate in securing Mr. Seward as Secretary of State. Charles Francis Adams, at the Court of St. James, stands deservedly first among our ministers, and has attained the highest diplomatic honors. Mr. Dayton performed his duties with dignity and ability to the day of his death. Mr. Corwin, by reason of his course in Congress relative to the last war, had a strong personal hold upon the feelings of the Mexican people. Some of the less important missions were admirably conducted. Nor should the consuls at Liverpool and London be forgotten, who watched with sleepless vigilance the British privateers and collected important information as to their movements.

The instructions issued by Mr. Seward to the new ministers set forth the general principles of the foreign policy to be pursued by our government. The Union at all hazards was the key-note of this policy. The idea of a dissolution, or even of a compromise, was not to be entertained for a moment. It was announced that the chief duty of our diplomatic agents would be to counteract the schemes of Rebels abroad. Foreign nations were to be assured of our determination and ability to maintain our own cause without their assistance. So long as they should abstain from encouraging the insurgents, we desired and courted their alliance, but they could not favor our enemies and remain our friends. The merits of the controversy between North and South, as though it was a question admitting of argument, were not to be discussed; and that strength might not be wasted on side issues, the topic of slavery was to be avoided. Some of the commercial advantages resulting from a continuance of this Union were suggested, especially with reference to England and France; but no promises of special favors were held out as arguments for our side. As to the dissatisfaction existing in England on the subject of the tariff, it might be said, that, if ruinous to her interests, it was likely to prove injurious to us as well, and that after all a tariff could easily be modified by Congress whenever change should be shown desirable. Above all, the duty of generous forbearance was urged; and the representatives of the Union were directed not to indulge in expressions of harsh-

ness, or even of impatience, concerning their misguided countrymen. "If the scourge of civil war for the first time in our history must fall upon our country during the term of this administration," is the admirable language of Secretary Seward to Mr. Adams, "that calamity will then have come through the agency, not of the government, but of those who shall have chosen to be its armed, open, and irreconcilable enemies; and the President will not suffer himself to doubt that, when the value of the imperilled Union shall be brought in that fearful manner home to the business and the bosoms of the American people, they will, with an unanimity that shall vindicate their wisdom and their virtue, rise up and save it." *

Our relations with Great Britain and France were from the first of absorbing importance. The former saw in the approaching conflict the possible annihilation of her commercial rival, and, with "Divide and conquer" for her motto, shaped her course accordingly. The latter, projecting brilliant schemes of conquest, and aiming to secure a foothold on the Western continent, pursued, but with far more stealth and caution, a similar policy. Had either of these nations manifested a just and liberal spirit, civil war might have been speedily crushed, and certainly some of its greatest evils would have been avoided. But although we had maintained peaceful relations with them for half a century, it soon became apparent that their moral support would be wanting. The Confederates drew "the very breath of life" (as Mr. Adams termed it) from the belief of a speedy recognition and the ambiguous expressions of Earl Russell and M. Thouvenel. The disposition of the former to hold unofficial intercourse with the Southern commissioners, and the secret engagement between France and England to act together in American affairs, of which other European powers were notified, indicated a hostile spirit even before the fall of Fort Sumter.

Scarcely had the first note of war sounded, however, before that policy of neutrality was proclaimed which has since proved fruitful of disaster. Great Britain led off, France followed; Spain and most of the smaller European powers brought up the rear. They neither waited for official information of the

* Diplomatic Correspondence, 1861, p. 59.

blockade, nor allowed our ministers time to present their credentials and explain the purposes of the new administration. They hastened to welcome an insurgent faction, struggling to perpetuate the worn-out system of negro slavery, before it had exhibited an armed vessel on the ocean, or achieved a single victory save that of starving into surrender a handful of brave men who would not betray their country's flag. The practical effect of this policy was to encourage Rebel depredations on the ocean, to resolve the war for maintaining the integrity of this Union into a mere contention of two parties, and to protect piracy on the high seas under the name of privateering. President Lincoln pressed earnestly, whenever there was an opportunity, for the withdrawal of the belligerent rights so hastily and so unjustly conferred; but Great Britain and France would not yield, until Grant had given the death-blow to the Rebellion; and even then, on the part of Great Britain, there were such qualifications as allowed the Shenandoah to harass American shipping for months after the restoration of peace.

In another point of view this conduct was extraordinary. By their accession to the convention of Paris these two nations had committed themselves to the abolition of privateering, as a practice contrary to the spirit of civilized warfare. But with such professions of humanity they countenanced and encouraged an application of the old rule beyond example harsh and violent. It is true that our government, under Presidents Pierce and Buchanan, had not acceded to this convention; but Secretary Seward, on receiving intelligence of the Queen's proclamation, anticipated foreign complications which the Rebels would seek in every method to turn to their advantage, and instructed our ministers to resume negotiations, with the view of making the United States a party to the new principles of international law; but Great Britain and France refused to admit our accession to the treaty of Paris,—which would have bound them to aid in sweeping American privateers from the ocean,—except with the distinct stipulation that its provisions should have no bearing, direct or indirect, upon the war then existing. Here the subject dropped, and simultaneously with this failure on our part the work of the Southern cruisers began.

The relations of the United States with Great Britain during the Rebellion have been so fully discussed, that we seem, in considering them, to be entering territory already occupied. Earl Russell's diplomacy exhibited little reserve, while the pulse of the English nation was steadily held by Mr. Adams, and each vibration promptly recorded. Bound to us by ties of a common lineage, language, and literature, Great Britain nevertheless chose to be the most conspicuous of our antagonists. Privateers were sheltered in the British colonial ports, while other nations excluded them. The British press was subservient to the interests of Secessionists; blockade-running was almost exclusively a British diversion, the risks being taken by British insurance companies; British capitalists invested in the Southern loans; British subjects in the United States were Rebel agents and emissaries; British merchants furnished ammunition and supplies. More than this. Great Britain was for two years the naval base of Rebel operations. Piratical vessels built and equipped in British ports, and manned with British gunners, issued forth one by one and roamed at large upon the ocean to prey upon our commerce, seldom anchoring in a Southern harbor, and never bringing in their captures for judicial proceedings. While the national cause appeared to falter, the clamor was loud for intervention; when each new campaign brought fresh hopes of success, the cry was fainter; when the glorious victories of Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson were announced, it finally died away.

The late administration has sometimes been censured for holding out false hopes as to the speedy termination of the war; and more especially have the "ninety-days" predictions of Secretary Seward exposed him to reproach and ridicule. So far as the published volumes of correspondence show, such announcements were based upon the contingency that England and France should discountenance the schemes of the insurgents. Granting, however, that the military strength of the Rebellion was underrated,—which is simply to admit that man is fallible,—it may be doubted whether anything short of absolute faith in our ultimate success would have brought about our ultimate triumph. *Possunt quia posse videntur.* Our strength lay in our confidence of strength. Lord Bacon, if we

mistake not, regards it as the maxim of a wise statesman in time of danger to lead the people from hope to hope. Would America have undertaken with zeal the salvation of this Union, believing that the contest would last four weary and painful years? Or would Europe have hovered in anxiety over the battle-field so long, and not pounced down upon her coveted prey?

Twice were matters brought to a crisis between the two countries: first, by Earl Russell after the capture of Mason and Slidell; secondly, by Secretary Seward, when that decision was rendered in the *Alexandra* case which practically annulled the Enlistment Act, and protected the equipment of hostile vessels in neutral ports.

The skill with which our government handled so delicate a topic of controversy as the Trent affair, and turned Great Britain's weapon against herself, has called forth the general tribute of respect and admiration. If ever silence on the part of the Executive was golden, it was at that moment when Captain Wilkes arrived in port with the Rebel envoys. The spontaneous impulse of the people, already sensitive to English affronts, was to adopt, without regard to consequences, an act appealing strongly to the sentiment of national pride by its very audacity. Congress was in session, and the House of Representatives passed a vote of thanks to the commander of the *San Jacinto*. Statesmen were carried away by their feelings in the midst of the general excitement. But, uninfluenced by prejudice or passion, the President and Secretary of State stood firm. The ground was calmly surveyed, and the subject viewed in its future as well as its present bearings. There was no necessity of raising a point of honor; nothing had been said or done to commit the government; the recreant knights-errant of diplomacy were to be held in custody until the case was decided, and principles of international law should determine our course of action. Were Mason and Slidell included as Rebel envoys under the term "contraband of war," and therefore subject to capture? Granting that such was the case, was the method of their capture justifiable? Was not the right of search strenuously resisted by America in 1812? Would our interests as a commercial power be promoted by the

adoption of a precedent which allows a belligerent commander to settle questions of confiscation on the deck of a neutral steamer? If not, was it wise to plunge into a foreign war, while the national resources were strained in suppressing domestic insurrection? Such were the considerations, and the conclusion was irresistible. "If I decide this case in favor of my own government," wrote Secretary Seward in that remarkable letter which proclaimed the liberation of the prisoners, "I must disavow its most cherished principles, and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy. The country cannot afford the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles and adhere to that policy, I must surrender the case itself." *

Had President Lincoln, catching the breeze of popular favor, accepted the challenge of Great Britain, and gone to war for the sake of gratifying a false sense of national honor, the consequences must have been disastrous. All Europe protested against the seizure of the Trent as illegal, — which fact, however, was not known at the time of his decision, and had no influence upon it. Southern disloyalists, according to their historian, Mr. Pollard, looked upon the Trent affair as a special dispensation, and their friends in Congress, under the lead of Vallandigham, attempted to force a war by legislative enactment. But pursuing the path of safety, the administration brought to its support the sober second-thought of the people. Europe, so far from looking upon this decision as a weak surrender, accepted it as the strongest indication of our good judgment and honest intentions. In Great Britain there was a temporary reaction in our favor. The opponents of the Union were baffled; the question of recognition was postponed; and the North found time for developing its resources. The British government stood committed to a precedent which tended to restrain the proverbial tendencies of England on the ocean; while America gave more convincing proof than ever before that the difficult lesson of self-government had been mastered.

Our second crisis came nearly two years later. There was then a better feeling in the British community. The war to suppress insurrection had in the fulness of time become a

* Diplomatic Correspondence, 1861, p. 425, et seq.

moral revolution; the idea of a restoration of the Union with its Constitution unchanged and unimpaired had been slowly abandoned; and freedom was at length inscribed on the banners of the Republic. This change of policy was not without its effects on a nation which had professed a stolid indifference to the merits of the original controversy, and had stigmatized the war on our part as a contest for empire, taking the view that a certain number of States sought to be released from a burdensome compact, while the others would not suffer them to depart in peace. The decree of emancipation called out the friends of freedom and reform,—a party always strong and vigorous; and numerous addresses of sympathy were issued by the anti-slavery societies and trades' unions in England, and forwarded to President Lincoln through Mr. Adams. The poorer classes turned their thoughts to a home in the New World; and emigration was stimulated and encouraged by this government as part of the regenerating work of its new career. Lord Palmerston's Ministry, which, despite its aristocratic bearing, leaned to the popular and liberal side, now softened its tone, and a better spirit toward the United States was indicated in the spring of 1863 by Earl Russell's speeches in Parliament, and still more by the seizure of the *Alexandra*. But the relations of the two countries were by no means satisfactory. It was now our turn to complain. We had tasted the sweets of British neutrality, and scarcely a week passed without bringing home to our merchants the news of some fresh spoliation on the high seas. American shipping was seeking protection under a foreign flag. Congress had authorized the President to issue letters of marque and reprisal. Mr. Adams had been promptly instructed to present the Alabama claims to the British government, and to press them discreetly; but Earl Russell repudiated all responsibility for our wrongs. The wealthy and conservative classes were still bitterly hostile. The Confederate cotton loan had been entirely taken up by them. New privateers were on the stocks, and the Lairds had commenced two formidable iron rams for operations against Northern cities. In Parliament a violent party, under Mr. Roebuck, sought to compel the immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy. The Alabama controversy had drawn

out the suggestion from the British Secretary, that mutual amendments might be made so as to render the enlistment laws of the two countries more effective; but when Secretary Seward acceded to the proposal, it appeared that the Lord Chancellor considered the present act already sufficient, and that the Cabinet would consent to no change. Five months later, a fitting commentary upon this vacillating conduct was furnished by the decision of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer in the *Alexandra* case, to the effect that fitting out vessels and selling them for hostile purposes was no breach of the Enlistment Act. This last piece of jugglery was not to be endured. The tide of military success had turned in our favor; and Secretary Seward now plainly declared, that, if the *Alexandra* doctrine should be sustained in the higher court, one of two things remained,—either that Great Britain should remedy the defects of the existing laws by additional legislation, or that the United States would protect its commerce against Liverpool armed cruisers as against the naval forces of a public enemy, and would claim and insist upon indemnity for its injuries.*

This last appeal, strengthened as it was by the announcement of the July victories, and the perilous situation of European politics, brought the Palmerston Ministry to a better comprehension of its duties. Henceforth there was a disposition to maintain neutral obligations, and avoid rupture with a government which had so formidable a navy to enforce its demand. The tone of Parliament changed. The iron rams were detained by order of the crown, and held for trial. But in the courts justice was not swift-footed. The *Alexandra* case, like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length up to the House of Lords, and was lost in its own convolutions; and to relieve themselves of a dilemma, the officers of government were obliged to purchase the iron-clads. Only one case, that of the *Pampero*, was prosecuted to a successful issue in the Scotch courts, and the sentence of condemnation actually pronounced. The struggle rapidly degenerated into a mere effort on the weaker side to do all the mischief possible; and while the rescue of Semmes at the sinking of the *Alabama* and the *St.*

* Diplomatic Correspondence, 1863, p. 308.

Albans raid, showed that British friendship was the result of expediency rather than conviction, the danger of foreign war was over.

That sort of *laissez-faire* policy which the Palmerston Ministry early adopted in American matters, and which indirectly abetted the enemies of this Union, contrasts strongly with the vigilance and activity of late displayed in suppressing Fenianism. No one can doubt that a vigorous enforcement of the Enlistment Act would have prevented England from becoming the modern rival of the Barbary powers; and in spite of a jealous aristocracy, avaricious traders, and obsequious judges, the Southern cause would have withered for want of root. It is the duty of neutral nations to protect their good faith against the efforts of all ill-disposed subjects; and if a conviction cannot always be procured, prompt legal prosecution will sometimes clear the atmosphere wonderfully. When the French Revolution was at its height, and Minister Genet, with the prestige of his government to aid him, undertook to launch privateers from American ship-yards against the proud mistress of the seas, Washington resented it as a national insult. "Is the Minister of the French Republic to set the acts of this government at defiance with impunity?" was his indignant exclamation. Not long after, he signed a treaty which provided indemnity for the losses sustained by Great Britain through the remissness of subordinate officers, deeming it not derogatory to his country's dignity to remove a blemish from its fair name. How has this conduct been rewarded? British neutrality during the Rebellion was a gilded fraud. There was no strong arm to interpose the law between popular sympathy and public duty. Judicial decisions were invariably inspired by the desires of the hour. Our minister and consuls made the complaints, collected the evidence, and put the wheels of justice in motion; the crown officers, the customs commissioners, — whose "wilful blindness and credulous partiality" were well understood by Mr. Adams, — the judiciary itself, interposed delays and impediments. The United States, in such cases as the Trent, Perthshire, and Labuan, manifested respect for the principles of international law, even when it conflicted with our interests; but Great Britain made her own opinion her law, and, blindly

pursuing a selfish policy, founded her justification on the maxim, "The king can do no wrong," or, as modern authority has it, "Her Majesty's government are the sole custodians of their own honor."

We have not touched upon the Alabama controversy, because it has been exhausted by others, and is well understood by our readers. Mr. Adams has ably argued the case for this government; and the British nation can hardly suffer the subject to rest where Earl Russell, in his obstinacy and ill-temper, has seen fit to place it. We cannot retrace our steps; the time may come when the British government will wish to retrace theirs. Let reparation be made quickly, that it may be made honorably, before British merchants find their traffic given over to savage corsairs,—before it is too late to wipe out an infamous precedent,—before experience teaches that the Alabama lesson has a twofold application. Then we trust that privateering will take its place with piracy, and be at once and forever abolished from the code of civilized and Christian nations.

Neutral precedents have sometimes been adduced in defence of this covert war upon American commerce. Questions of international policy must be determined by broader considerations; and a case precisely analogous to our own cannot be found in history. The rogue sometimes goes unwhipt of justice, because the law is of limited application and cannot reach him; but nations, in their mutual intercourse, are not hampered by narrow rules or technical constructions. If existing laws are insufficient, the remedy is at hand. If officials are remiss in their duties, they can be removed. There is a philosophy, as well as a law, in politics, which cannot safely be disregarded. To sum up the case, no language can be more forcible than that of the statesman at the Court of St. James: "That Great Britain did, in the most terrible moment of our domestic trial in struggling with a monstrous social evil she had earnestly professed to abhor, coldly and at once assume our inability to master it, and then become the only foreign nation steadily contributing, in every indirect way possible, to verify its prejudgment." *

* Diplomatic Correspondence, 1862, p. 53.

The conduct of the Emperor Napoleon during the Rebellion was not such as to inspire confidence in either his wisdom or integrity. There was a certain show of fairness in his neutral policy, which contrasted favorably with the demeanor of his neighbors across the Channel; but while professing the most earnest solicitude for our welfare, he was secretly developing schemes, which, as he well knew, depended for their success upon the downfall of our Republic. France, "our earliest friend and only ally," whose sword was drawn in the cause of American independence, and whose name was once a talisman to the oppressed, little resembled that imperial nursling which to-day rears its head among the nations, begotten, bred, and brought up by the heir of a great name, who,

"Having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear."

The Mexican policy of the Emperor, not yet fully understood, and still looming up dark and doubtful in the horizon, aroused the alarm and suspicion of our government at an early day, and now deserves especial consideration.

At the outbreak of the Southern insurrection, Mexico was in an exhausted condition, after a long war of factions. Scarcely the shadow of a republic remained. The Juarez administration had neither sufficient force nor hold on the public confidence to maintain order. Guerilla bands infested the mountain passes; the transportation of the mails was irregular and uncertain; highway robberies were of frequent occurrence; and a member of the American legation, journeying from the capital to Vera Cruz, had been waylaid and murdered. The archives at Washington were filled with complaints of rapacity, cruelties, and violation of contracts. European residents in Mexico suffered wrongs similar to our own; and so serious had this chaotic condition of affairs become, that the establishment of a protectorate of some sort was held under consideration on both sides of the Atlantic when Buchanan's term of office expired.

But President Lincoln favored neither intervention nor the peaceable annexation of Mexico. His policy was humane, generous, and disinterested. Recognizing the duty which rested

upon the United States, in common with the Spanish-American republics, of protecting constitutional liberty on this continent, so far as comported with the sovereignty of independent governments, — willing, moreover, to refrain, for the time being, from pressing our indemnity claims, — he desired that Mexico should retain its integrity, unimpaired by external influences, and by a prudent course of conduct should avoid the danger of Southern, no less than European aggression. Mr. Corwin, before setting out, was instructed to keep this object in view, to cultivate friendly relations with the Juarez government, to gain the confidence of the Mexican people, and to show that his mission was characterized by a spirit “earnestly American, in the continental sense of the word, and fraternal in no affected or mere diplomatic meaning of the term.”*

But the impending storm was ready to burst upon this unhappy people, and the impolicy of the ruling administration hastened their calamities. On the 17th of July, 1861, a law was passed suspending for two years the payment of interest on the foreign debt, which was held chiefly by Spain and Great Britain. A quarrel immediately ensued. France and England suspended diplomatic intercourse with the Mexican republic, and entered into negotiations for a joint expedition. Spain also became a party to their agreement, having wrongs of her own to settle. On the 31st of October a treaty was ratified at London, by which the contracting powers bound themselves to send a naval and military force to Mexico, for the alleged purpose of demanding more efficient protection for the persons and properties of their subjects and the fulfilment of obligations. A clause, which was inserted through the persistent efforts of Great Britain, contrary to the wishes of her colleagues, provided that the allied powers should not seek “any acquisition of territory nor special advantage,” and that no influence should be exerted “of a nature to prejudice the right of the Mexican nation to choose and constitute freely the form of its government.”†

President Lincoln was notified of this alliance, and invited to become a party to it; but it had been arranged that there should be no delay for his reply. He declined the proposition,

* Mexican Affairs, 1862, p. 5.

† Ibid., p. 136.

admitting the right of these powers to judge for themselves the propriety of war, but expressing the hope that, in accordance with their own solemn declarations, they would refrain from attempts to subvert existing institutions in Mexico. A plan was submitted at the same time, suggested by Mr. Corwin and approved by the Secretary of State, providing that the United States should advance the interest on the Mexican debt on proper security given by that government, and thus avert the necessity of foreign invasion. This proposal was unsatisfactory to the triple alliance; and although a treaty was negotiated with Mexico on this basis, the Senate objected on general principles to its ratification, and the project was finally abandoned.*

Spain took the initiative, eager for military glory. In the latter part of December her fleet appeared off the Mexican coast. Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa surrendered without firing a gun, and in the name of the allies were held as security for their demands. Napoleon, fearful of losing control of the movement, despatched, on learning this news, a larger force of French troops than had been originally contemplated, as an offset to the Spanish contingent. Great Britain, lukewarm and not over sanguine as to results, sent only seven hundred marines, who were soon recalled.

President Juarez wished for a peaceful settlement with the allies. The obnoxious law of repudiation — justified only by reason of the general impoverishment of the country — had already been repealed. The Commissioners under the treaty were received with courtesy, and allowed to advance towards the interior. At Soledad, on the 19th of February, 1862, preliminaries were signed which recognized the sovereignty of the existing government and pledged the good faith of the allies. The latter on landing had proclaimed to the Mexican people the honesty of their intentions.† Orizaba was fixed upon as

* Mexican Affairs, 1862, p. 187; *Ibid.*, 1863, p. 8 et seq. Earl Russell states that he proposed making the United States a party to the triple alliance, and that France acceded, *but not without hesitation*. M. Thouvenel, on the other hand, contradicts the assertion, and says that France first suggested the invitation. The correspondence with Spain seems to confirm Earl Russell's statement.

† "They deceive you who would make you believe that behind our pretensions, as just as they are legitimate, come enveloped plans of conquest and restoration, and of interfering in your politics and government." See Mexican Affairs, 1862, p. 177.

the place of meeting for adjustment of mutual difficulties, and the day named was the 1st — afterwards the 15th — of April. But in the mean time a controversy sprung up. Almonte, a Mexican refugee, picked up in Europe by the Emperor Napoleon and used as a tool for his ambitious designs, landed at Vera Cruz, and, claiming the protection of the French flag, entered into correspondence with the enemies of the administration. President Juarez demanded that he should leave the country. This seemed right to the English and Spanish Commissioners, but those of France refused to give him up. So gross and wanton a violation of the treaty of London and the Soledad preliminaries could not be countenanced. The triple alliance was dissolved. Great Britain and Spain withdrew their forces; and France was left, as General Prim declared on parting from the country, to erect an imperial throne for the Archduke Maximilian.*

The mask was now thrown off. The French Commissioners, pretending that fresh insults had been offered them, joined hands with the Almonte revolutionists, and proclaimed war against the constituted authorities of Mexico. They appealed to the people to shake off the yoke of an oppressive minority, — as they termed the Juarez administration, — and to elect a government for themselves. “The banner of France has been planted on the Mexican soil,” was the language of the invaders; “and that banner will not retreat. Let all honest men receive it as a friendly banner: let only madmen dare to attack it.”

Great Britain doubtless joined the expedition simply to secure her material interests. She took care to hamper her dangerous colleagues with restrictions, and extricated herself from the embroilment as soon as possible. A fair adjustment of the British claims might have prevented the joint invasion; for liberal terms were proposed at an early day, which the Mexican Congress rejected. Spain in all probability contemplated conquest; but afterwards, perceiving her own plan impracticable, swung round to the side of Great Britain, through jealousy of the Maximilian movement. But France

* Mexican Affairs, 1863, p. 42 et seq.

from the outset had sinister designs, and resolved to force a quarrel. A random shot fired during a drunken brawl in the streets of Mexico was magnified into the attempted assassination of the French Minister, M. Saligny. While the treaty of London was under consideration, the Mexican Ambassador sought an interview with the French government, and made overtures for reconciliation in accordance with his instructions. He was interrupted hastily by M. Thouvenel: "We will not allow any explanation. We have given our orders in concert with England; and you will know through our Minister and our Admiral what are the demands of France." When the allies made up their accounts, the French claims were stated at the exorbitant estimate of twelve millions, including matters not specified by treaties, while their portion of the Mexican loan was only two hundred thousand dollars; and when the allies remonstrated, the reply was, "Each nation is the sole umpire of its demands." War was therefore the object and the necessary result of the French policy.

The bold words of the invaders were not borne out by their first acts. General Lorencez advanced with his forces upon Puebla, but was repulsed and forced to retire. The summer was passed in idleness at Orizaba. The initiative could not be resumed without fresh troops; Mexican guerillas cut off communication with the sea-coast, and the situation of the French army became perilous. In Europe the news of this disaster strengthened the general impression that the foolhardy enterprise would be abandoned, and the Mexican people left to pull down and build up their own institutions. Not such was Napoleon's purpose. He determined to send reinforcements, and asked of the legislative body an additional credit of fifteen million francs, which was unanimously voted. General Forey was appointed to the chief command, and invested with diplomatic powers superior to those of the French Commissioners. Almonte, who had assumed the title of supreme chief of the Mexican Republic, was ordered to dissolve his ministry, to abstain from issuing decrees, and to follow strictly further orders, placing himself under the new commander. General Forey, upon his arrival at Vera Cruz, proclaimed that the object of the French government was to liberate the Mexican

people, and then allow them to select freely their form of government. The grievances of France were no longer the pretext for war. It was to be a mission of civilization, in the Napoleonic sense, the propagation of monarchy and the Catholic faith by fire and sword. Before the month of November ended, about forty-two thousand French troops had landed on the Gulf coast, and General Forey took up his line of march for Puebla.*

The mystic autograph letter of Napoleon to Forey, written before the latter departed from France, throws considerable light on the imperial designs in America. The plan of establishing a strong government of the Latin race in Mexico to counterpoise the great Republic — this government to be, if possible, a monarchy — is set forth in unmistakable terms. It is not for the interest of France, the Emperor argues, that the United States shall seize all the Mexican Gulf, and thence command the Antilles as well as South America, and dispense the products of the New World. "If, on the other hand, Mexico maintains her independence and the integrity of her territory, if a stable government be there constituted with the assistance of France, we shall have restored to the Latin race on the other side of the Atlantic all its strength and its prestige; we shall have guaranteed security to our West India colonies and to those of Spain; we shall have established our friendly influence in the centre of America; and that influence, by creating immense markets for our commerce, will procure us the raw materials indispensable for our manufactures."† Such was the brilliant picture conjured up by the imperial fancy. Europe was to regenerate the New World; the course of empire was in a literal sense to take its way westward; and Napoleon was to be the Columbus of the enterprise.

The conquest of Mexico was thus the primary object of the Emperor's policy. The dismemberment of the Federal Union was secondary, but none the less necessary. So far as we were

* Mexican Affairs, 1863, pp. 194, 341. Great credit is due M. Romero, the Mexican Minister at Washington, for furnishing such documents to our government from time to time as enables a succinct account of this extraordinary invasion to be drawn up.

† Mexican Affairs, 1865, p. 190.

concerned, France (to use the language of one of her Ministers) waited upon events. In spite of that fanaticism which is a distinguishing trait of his character, Napoleon was not the man to commit himself. He did not often reduce his plans to writing, nor, having done so, suffer them to be divulged. No one could be more prudent in his means or selfish in his ends. He was a master of words, an adept in ambiguities. Cold, crafty, and unscrupulous, gracious in his manners, but of impenetrable reserve, he excelled in that dissimulation which misleads without falsifying, and that duplicity which passes with the simple for diplomacy. He was the master spirit of European politics. Intrigue was his weapon; his movements were covered by throwing forward his allies; and if necessary to beat a retreat, he contrived to cast the odium upon others. The imperial policy must be studied, therefore, rather in the light of deeds than of words.

Suspicion was soon directed to the French designs in Mexico, and the progress of events carefully watched. Prudence suggested that we should not rush into foreign war while suppressing a domestic insurrection of vast proportions; and the Juarez government had not exhibited such proof of skill or stability as to encourage the hope that open interference in its behalf would result favorably. Mr. Dayton was instructed to ascertain the Emperor's intentions as early as September, 1861, and to acquaint him with our express desire that Mexico should remain independent. M. Thouvenel replied, with emphasis, that France and England meant merely to realize their money debt.* The same assurances were given repeatedly, as Mr.

* And yet at this time, as appears from a despatch of M. Thouvenel, dated October 11, 1861, he was urging upon Earl Russell that the proposed treaty should be so worded as not to prevent the exercise eventually of a "legitimate participation" in the events which their operations might originate in Mexico. These are his words: "It is evidently the interest both of France and England to see there established such a state of things as will secure the interest existing already, and favor the development of our exchanges with a country so richly endowed. The events just taking place in the United States add new importance and urgency to these considerations. In fact, we are led to suppose that, *if the issue of the American crisis were to accomplish the definitive separation of the South from the North*, both confederations would soon look after compensations, which the territory of Mexico, going to a social dissolution, would offer to their competition. . . . If the Mexicans themselves, being tired of their trials and decided to react against the disasters of

Dayton's despatches show, while the triple alliance lasted. The Emperor had no desire, it was said, to interfere in any way with the internal government of Mexico. Even when reinforcements under General Forey were sent forward, so earnest was the French government in disclaiming sinister designs, that no issue could fairly be made without raising a question of veracity. "If we must err at all," writes Secretary Seward, "it is safest to err on the side of sincere faith." The conduct of the President was frank, honorable, and at the same time discreet. France was notified that our sympathies were with Mexico; that we believed that no monarchical government founded by European intervention would have any prospect of security or permanency; that we were opposed to all schemes which threatened to overthrow the Mexican Republic and the Juarez administration; but that, at the same time, relying on the assurances of the Emperor Napoleon, we should pursue a policy of strict neutrality until it seemed proper to make a change, in which case he would be duly informed. This attitude of our government was displeasing to a large body in Congress, who considered that the Monroe doctrine, so called, should be strongly enforced; and an altercation arose in the spring of 1864 between the House of Representatives and the Secretary of State; but the latter maintained that, while the sentiment of Congress was the unanimous sentiment of the country, the question as to the policy to be pursued was a purely executive one; and his course remained as before.*

the past, should draw a new vitality from the dangers which threaten them; if, coming back and consulting the instincts of their race, for instance, they should find in the establishment of a monarchy the repose and prosperity which in vain they have looked for in republican institutions, I did not think we ought absolutely to refuse to aid them, if there was a chance; bearing, nevertheless, in mind, that they were perfectly free to choose whatever means they might think best to attain their object. . . . I added, that, in case my prevision were to be realized, the government of the Emperor, free from all preoccupation, rejected in advance the candidature for any prince of the imperial house; and that, desirous to treat gently all susceptibilities, it would see with pleasure *that the election of the Mexicans and the assent of the powers should fall upon some prince of the house of Austria.*" See Mexican Affairs, 1865, p. 170. It need hardly be added, that this "prevision" was fulfilled to the letter.

* Mexican Affairs, 1862, p. 216 et seq.; Ibid., 1863, p. 530 et seq.; McPherson's History of the Rebellion, p. 349 et seq. It is proper to add, that some of the facts connected with the Mexican policy above mentioned did not come to light

We may now understand why Napoleon was so anxious to become the great pacificator in the struggle between North and South. That ill-favored apparition of a friendly mediation, which stalked upon the stage at regular intervals, as if to intimidate us into compliance, was part of the Mexican drama. It need not excite surprise that the Emperor tendered his first services just after he had given belligerent rights to the Southern malecontents; that, while pouring ruin and desolation into Mexico, he deplored most deeply our devastating strife; that just after Forey's troops had set sail he proposed another triple alliance, for bringing about an armistice of six months between "the Federal government and the Confederates of the South"; that, failing in this, he unbosomed himself of his sentiments to the Cabinet at Washington, and entreated that commissioners should be appointed from the contending sections to ascertain whether separation was an extreme which could be no longer avoided; * that after his persistent officiousness had been rebuked by Congress in resolutions declaring that foreign mediation was unreasonable and inadmissible, and that any further attempt in that direction would be regarded as an unfriendly act, he informed the leaders of the Secession cause in Parliament of his readiness to recognize the South if Great Britain would take the first step. So far as related to European arbitrament in our disturbances, President Lincoln was steadfast and immovable; he was not to be duped by honeyed words or soft explanations; and although the timorous, as well as the treacherous, had sometimes the folly to suggest mediation as the panacea of the national ills, he was not so foolish as to take the medicine.

After numerous delays General Forey effected the capture of Puebla in May, 1863, and immediately ordered the wholesale confiscation of the estates of such of its inhabitants as still resisted. This cruel and impolitic measure was disapproved

for a considerable time; so that our government was often groping in the dark as to the mysterious designs of the Emperor.

* "The sentiment to which we have yielded is too sincere for indifference to find a place in our thoughts, and that we should cease to be painfully affected whilst the war continues to rage." See M. Drouyn de Lhuys's letter to M. Mercier, Jan. 9, 1863.

by the French government, but was only partially revoked. The Church party, which had favored the invading army, now gave in their allegiance. Juarez and his Cabinet fled from the capital, and on the 10th of June the tri-colored flag waved over its deserted halls. Another decree of confiscation followed. Six days afterwards General Forey organized the provisional government of Mexico. This consisted of a junta of thirty-five, named by him, who, with two hundred and fifteen others chosen by themselves, constituted an Assembly of Notables, for the purpose of indicating the will of the people. The executive authority was committed to a council of three, with Almonte at the head. As the work for the Assembly was already laid out, it took them but one day to adopt unanimously the resolve which abolished the commonwealth and substituted a monarchical form of government; and, not to leave any doubt of their allegiance to the French rule, they offered the imperial crown to the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, and, in case of his refusal, to such other Catholic prince as his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon might indicate. So badly played was this farce, however, that, in order to save appearances, before his acceptance of the crown the Archduke requested that this election should be ratified by the suffrage of the Mexican people. The ratification was effected at the point of the bayonet; and the formalities were at length complete. No one could manage such matters better than the Emperor of the French; for in his own interest he had managed a similar experiment of popular suffrage.*

After sundry impediments had been removed, the Archduke Maximilian, on the 10th day of April, 1864, formally accepted the sway of the new empire. The Mexican deputation were received at his palace of Miramar, and laid their symbol of fidelity at his feet. Amidst the shouts of an Austrian populace and the roar of Austrian artillery Maximilian was proclaimed Emperor of Mexico, and a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral at Trieste. Nor was the Papal benediction wanting; though this had not sufficed to keep the fabric of Jefferson Davis from tottering towards its destruction. A convention

* Mexican Affairs, 1865, pp. 251, 373.

between Napoleon and Maximilian, now entered into, provided that the French troops should remain in Mexico until native forces could be organized to supply their place; that in the mean time the French commander should have equal authority with the Emperor in determining all movements and points of occupation; that the expenses of the French invasion, fixed at the sum of two hundred and seventy million francs, and all future expenses of a standing army, should be assumed by the new empire; and that the French indemnities, for which the war was originally undertaken, should likewise be paid. Under such auspices, oppressed with this millstone of obligations, Maximilian took his departure for his new dominions, having renounced all right to the throne of Austria so long as the Mexican dynasty should endure; and for him remained the discouraging task of planting a throne where he had found only a crown.*

In the last chapter of the Mexican struggle, fact and rumor are strangely blended. Direct negotiations between the Emperor Napoleon and leading Southern Confederates for the disintegration of the Federal Union, a proposed cession of Texas and Louisiana to France, the formation of imperial states on the Western frontier to seduce California and New Mexico from loyalty, — these are among the floating reports of the last two years. A most palpable fact, however, is the late attempt of Maximilian to introduce a system of peonage within his borders, similar to the slavery which we have lately overthrown, and thus to open an asylum for our discontented fellow-citizens, where they may live in peace by the sweat of other men's brows. The policy of the United States since the Rebellion has also been more sharply defined. Napoleon is now informed that the new government is not likely to be recognized as the ruling power *de facto* of Mexico under any circumstances, and that it is time for him to withdraw his troops and abandon his foolish experiment to its fate.

We do not desire war with France or any other nation. We seek not the annexation of Mexico, with its ignorant population and quarrelsome factions. We are not advocates of that mis-

* Diplomatic Correspondence, 1864, Vol. III. pp. 67, 74.

interpretation of the Monroe doctrine which compels the United States to fight the battles of other nations. At the same time we cannot but feel how important it is to the interest and welfare of America to perpetuate democratic institutions on this continent, and to maintain a community of republics, united in principle and feeling. The advantages, not so apparent to this generation, are for the millions yet unborn. This at least is certain, — monarchy and democracy cannot grow up and flourish side by side. One or the other must finally yield. Napoleon's mission may be that of a civilization which centralizes power by making one man the vicegerent of God on earth, while consigning the mass of humanity to a hopeless vassalage; ours is the higher mission of peace and good-will to all mankind, — a civilization which seeks to raise the poor and down-trodden, and to secure to all the greatest share of liberty consistent with public safety. To us is committed the ark of a chartered freedom; and unless we are cheated by delusive hopes or yield to cowardly fears, the Man of Destiny must withdraw to his legitimate field, and sooner or later "this imperial exotic, planted by foreign care and propped by foreign bayonets," must vanish like chaff before the whirlwind.

Little remains to be said of our foreign relations during the war. Spain generally sided with England and France, sharing the responsibility of their schemes, although possibly not the confidence of the schemers. Switzerland and Italy sympathized with us, but their influence was not sensibly felt. The European states generally echoed the sentiments of the two leading sovereigns, but more feebly as our cause gained strength. Russia alone of the great powers heartily supported us throughout the bitter strife, and our relations were of the most cordial nature. An inter-oceanic telegraph, which has already been commenced on the Pacific side, will doubtless knit us yet closer in bonds of sympathy. China and Japan have also favored the United States. The former forbade Rebel cruisers to enter her ports or receive supplies, and both of them have lately extended commercial facilities to our merchants. Among the most important treaties negotiated by President Lincoln and ratified by the Senate are the treaties with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave-trade, and

for the settlement of certain claims of the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Companies ; with Mexico, for extradition of criminals, and postal facilities ; with Bolivia concerning navigation ; with Liberia to secure commercial privileges ; with the Ottoman Empire, for facilities in trade ; with Ecuador, for the mutual adjustment of claims ; with Peru, for the settlement of claims ; with Belgium, for the extinguishment of the Scheldt dues, and commercial facilities ; besides numerous treaties with the Indian tribes. Congress by joint resolution has also given notice of the termination of the reciprocity treaty with Great Britain regulating the naval force on the Great Lakes, by reason of the hostile expeditions prepared on the Canada frontiers.

Secretary Seward's services as a diplomatist deserve more than a passing notice. To his admirable skill, foresight, and good judgment the country owes its deliverance from perils and embarrassments such as it never before encountered. His fairness and good temper have been more than a match for the plausible insincerity of Thouvenel and Drouyn de Lhuys, and the haughty arrogance of Earl Russell. If he is prone to indulge in philosophical dissertation, yet the philosophy is sound ; if his style is sometimes that of the schoolmaster, it must be remembered that he had pupils who required constant drilling in the rudiments of American constitutional law and free institutions. Some of his despatches, especially that relating to the Trent case, have a world-wide renown, and there are sentences scattered through his published volumes which deserve to live forever. Above all, his correspondence is pervaded with an enlarged and enlightened spirit of Christianity free from cant or bigotry, a genuine love of country, and a just comprehension of those principles of international law which shape and direct American policy as distinguished from the European system. He brought to his work the leading qualities requisite for a successful diplomatist ; not the least of which is self-control. We should not forget the circumstances under which he accepted his present situation ; those long services as the pilot of reform which placed him at the head of his party, and made him its most prominent candidate for the Presidency ; the calmness with which he bore his disappointment ; the gen-

erous support which he gave to his almost unknown rival; his efforts to give confidence to public sentiment during that fearful winter when men were discussing compromises and sacrifices as the condition of the existence of the Union; and his devotion to the work of maintaining, as the head of the new Cabinet, the just balance of our foreign relations during a stormy period,—never swayed by passion or prejudice, never temporizing to gain personal popularity.

Mr. Seward will rank rather as a progressive statesman than as a radical reformer; but of the former class he is, to our mind, the greatest since the days of Jefferson. His recent efforts in the labor of reconstruction will not, we fear, add to his reputation for wisdom. But no statesman has more clearly forecast the years, or, with so little display of merely personal ambition, accomplished so much in revolutionizing public sentiment. He has been true to his convictions, and at the same time liberal in the application of a principle; his position has generally been in advance of his party, and the people have steadily drawn to his support. Twice at least, while in his present position, has he checked the current of popular opinion, and won applause at the end. He has lived to see the success of his labors. The Constitution no longer is in opposition to the “higher law”; the “irrepressible conflict” has become a matter of the past; and the national cause was victorious, if not within “ninety days,” at least within the good time of Providence. His course is nearly run. His way has led him through a cloud “not of war only, but detractions rude”; yet if he conducts the Mexican problem to a peaceful solution, his fame as a diplomatist will be almost unrivalled; and he will bear to his retirement, not only the consciousness of duty well performed, but that reward which is the highest an American statesman can obtain,—the lasting gratitude of his countrymen.

ART. VII.—*Diplomatic Correspondence between MR. ADAMS, Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James, and EARL RUSSELL and EARL CLARENDON, Her Majesty's Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs.* 1863–1866.

GREAT BRITAIN having refused to submit to arbitration the claims of our government for damages done to the commerce of the United States by the *Alabama* and vessels like her, the subject of arbitration between nations is invested with new interest. Is arbitration a new or an old method of settling international differences? What rules govern the parties to it? What disputes have been referred, and with what results? These and other questions are suggested as we read the correspondence between Mr. Adams and Earl Russell.

Those books to which we commonly go when in doubt on questions of international law help us little. They all speak of arbitration as one method by which international difficulties are settled; Wheaton and Halleck dismiss the subject with a section, Phillimore and Twiss with a few pages. When we look through these volumes, we are struck by the fact that they devote so many chapters to the rules of war, and have so little to say of peaceful umpirage. But war needs to be restrained. Belligerents cannot injure each other unless they do it by rule, and they cannot injure neutrals unless for violation of rules. War, then, is governed by law, and so also is arbitration. Both war and arbitration consider in theory that all nations are equal, with the same rights and the same duties. When war attempts to enforce these equal rights and duties it expects to succeed, because nations are unequal in might. To reconcile a theory so inconsistent with the practice, war requires many rules both for the protection of the parties and of neutrals. Arbitration needs no rules for this purpose, for it regards nations as equal both in right and might. Arbitration, settling international disputes by a method known to individuals, is governed by rules found in the common and civil law; while war, employing its own peculiar means, needs its own peculiar laws. For this reason the writers on international law have labored principally to define the

leges belli, and have given but little space to the laws of arbitration.

“An arbitrator is a person selected by the mutual consent of the parties to determine the matters in controversy between them, whether they be matters of law or fact.”

An arbitrator “is a person authorized by the parties in difference to decide what shall be done with regard to the matters submitted to his judgment.”

The above are definitions, one from Russell on Arbitration, and the other from Wildman on International Law. In the first quotation the parties are men, and in the second they are nations. The consent in one case is shown by a writing, known as the submission, stating the matter in controversy and the points on which the decision of the arbitrator is desired. A treaty, or convention, in which the parties agree to be bound by the award of an arbiter in certain matters of difference between them, gives the authority named in the second definition. Nations may submit any questions they choose to whomsoever they choose. When they have submitted any question, and the award has been given, that award must be conclusive.

“Although the civil law may decide upon the conduct of arbitrators to whom a compromise is referred, so as to allow an appeal from their decision or complaints against their injustice, this can never take place between kings and nations. For here there is no superior power that can rivet or relax the bonds of an engagement. The decree, therefore, of such an arbiter must be final and without appeal.”*

These are the words of Grotius, and would seem to indicate that a nation would never be justified in refusing to accept the conclusions of an arbitrator; but later writers state distinctly that no state is bound to abide by an award presenting a clear departure from the terms of the reference, an absolute conflict with justice, or resulting from fraud and connivance.

An arbitrator, as known to nations, need not be a monarch, or possessed of any political power, nor is it necessary that the power to award should be in one person. We shall find that three methods of arbitration have been practised. Some nations have settled their disputes by referring them to a con-

* Grotius, Book III. Chap. 20.

gress made up of representatives from each nation, as the Greek cities in some instances referred matters in dispute to the Amphictyonic Council, and abided by its decision. Others have trusted their differences to the chief of some friendly nation, as when the United States and Great Britain invited the King of the Netherlands to settle a line of boundary. And others have preferred the award of a commission composed of an equal number of citizen arbitrators chosen by each state, and an umpire selected by lot or agreement, or, in later cases, appointed by some friendly sovereign, like the commission now sitting in Washington to settle claims between our government and Colombia.

Arbitration as a means of preventing war has long been practised. Grotius says: "'Tis barbarous and abominable to fall upon him as an enemy who is willing to put his case to reference."* And then reminds us that the Greeks and Romans submitted to the opinion of an arbitrator, and that even Cyrus, Philip of Macedon, and Pompey desired to have an award. Strabo writes, that in former times the Druids in Gaul were the umpires between nations at war, and had often accommodated matters upon the point of an engagement. A treaty between the Lacedæmonians and the Argives provided that, if any dispute should happen between two states in alliance, they should refer their cause to some other state that was indifferent to them both.

Bynkershoek wrote only of the law of war, and so gave us no method to avoid it. In Vattel we read that arbitration is a method very reasonable, and very conformable to the law of nature, in determining all differences that do not directly interest the safety of a nation.†

Grotius wished something more than that the future writer on international law should be able, as he had done, to chronicle individual cases of successful arbitration. He advised that nations should unite in sending representatives to a general congress, which should settle whatever differences arose between the states represented. For such a proposition he was thought rash and visionary; but this plan was not without its

* Book II. Chap. 23, sec. 8.

† Book II. Chap. 18, sec. 329.

advocates. In France, during the next century, Nicole, and, later, the Abbé Saint Pierre and Rousseau, advocated plans for universal peace. In Germany, Leibnitz, Kant, and Fichte seconded the suggestions of the French philosophers, while Penn and Jeremy Bentham, in England, endeavored to cause nations, like individuals, to settle their difficulties by right, not might. Whether or not the plan for a congress of nations would be a practical one, it is not our present purpose to inquire; and we have only considered it so far, that we might show the form which the idea of arbitration took among writers till about the time of our Revolution.

We find that our fathers had no sooner ended the war which had been forced upon them, than they began to talk of the advantages of settling international difficulties by some more satisfactory method. Jefferson asked: "Will nations never devise a more rational umpire of differences than force? War is an instrument entirely inefficient towards redressing wrongs, and multiplies instead of indemnifying losses." Madison expressed the same thought. Franklin, having asserted that there never was a good war or a bad peace, asks, "When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their difficulties by arbitration?" In an address of Mr. Sumner, delivered before the American Peace Society on its anniversary in 1849, we find a letter of Samuel Adams written to the delegates in Congress from Massachusetts, at some time before 1789. It is in the form of a letter of instructions.

"You are, therefore, hereby instructed and urged to move the United States, in Congress assembled, to take into their deep and most earnest consideration whether any measures can by them be used, through their influence with such of the nations in Europe with whom they are united by treaties of amity or commerce, that national differences may be settled and determined without the necessity of war, in which the world has too long been deluged, to the destruction of human happiness and the disgrace of human reason and government."

It does not appear that this letter led to any legislative act, but the words quoted show how strongly one of the leading minds of the country desired to substitute arbitration for war.

With such men directing the policy of the new state, we are not surprised to find that various questions between the United

States and Great Britain, France, and Spain were referred to commissioners, by whose award the parties agreed to abide. Several cases of arbitration occurred before 1812, when came the war with Great Britain to decide a question which after the war was still undecided; for the treaty of Ghent said not a word about the right of impressment, though it provided that certain claims existing before the war, together with some questions of boundary, should be referred to different boards of commissioners. Though the United States were thus enabled to settle some disputes, yet all the friends of peace were not satisfied. By the efforts of Noah Webster, William Ellery Channing, William Ladd, and others like them, the idea contained in the letter of Samuel Adams was kept before the people.

In 1828 several small societies united to form the American Peace Society. The members of this society desired to bring about a congress of nations, to which all differences between nations should be referred. As they did not expect to accomplish this general congress at first, they labored to induce the government to settle each particular difficulty, as it arose, by arbitration. To give legislative sanction to their endeavors they petitioned Congress; and in the session of 1837-38 Mr. Legaré reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House of Representatives, "recommending the reference to a third power of all such controversies as can safely be confided to any tribunal unknown to the Constitution of our country. Such a practice will be followed by other powers, and will soon grow up into the customary law of civilized nations."

But not alone in the United States were the advocates of peace at work. A Peace Society had been formed in London in 1816; similar societies afterwards came into existence in France and Germany. Urged on by Elihu Burritt, the representatives of these and other societies held a Peace Congress at Brussels in 1848.

The following resolution was passed by this Congress: "It is of the utmost importance to urge upon the different governments of Europe and America the necessity of introducing into all international treaties an arbitration clause, by which war shall be avoided in the settlement of disputes." In this resolution we have embodied what is known as stipulated arbi-

tration. Mr. Cobden wrote to the President of this meeting, "I most heartily approve of this proposition"; for which he recommended a separate treaty.

In this same year the United States House of Representatives again considered this question. In 1849, another Peace Congress, held at Paris, declared that it was "the duty of all governments to submit to arbitration all differences that arise between them." At a third Congress, held at London in 1851, it was resolved, "that it is the duty of governments to refer to the decision of competent and impartial arbitrators such differences arising between them as cannot be amicably settled."

These last resolutions only advised arbitration in individual cases; but the friends of peace in the United States went further, and each year presented petitions asking for stipulated arbitration. Mr. Foote, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, said in the Senate, in 1851, that the measure was perfectly reasonable, and presented the unanimous report of the Committee, "that it would be proper and desirable for the government of these United States, whenever practicable, to secure, in its treaties with other nations, a provision for referring to the decision of umpires all misunderstandings that cannot be satisfactorily adjusted by amicable negotiation, in the first instance, before a resort to hostilities shall be had."

From another long and very able Report from the same Committee, by Mr. Underwood, in 1853, we make an extract which is also valuable for its opinions on some questions to be hereafter considered.

"All that the Committee are willing to advise and recommend for the present is, that, in the treaties which are hereafter made with foreign nations, it shall be stipulated between the contracting parties that all differences which may arise shall be referred to arbitrators for adjustment. Under such stipulation, the board of arbitrators, or the single arbitrator, would be selected after the occurrence of the difficulty. Each party would be careful to select impartial persons, distinguished for their virtues and talents, and each would have the opportunity of objecting to any one proposed who might not possess these high qualifications. In the opinion of the Committee, the arbitrators should be eminent jurists, having little or no connection with political affairs."

Several of the State legislatures had passed resolutions in-

structing their Senators to favor stipulated arbitration; and there is no doubt that, if a treaty embracing a provision to this effect had been presented to the Senate, it would have been ratified by them. At this very time a treaty was pending with Great Britain, and the President and Secretary of State expressed their willingness to insert such a proposition if the British Minister would assent to it; but though Mr. Crampton intimated that he would be glad to put his name to such a treaty, yet for some reason, when the treaty was ratified by the Senate, there was no article providing for the submission of all differences between the parties to a board of arbitrators, but only of those which should arise under the treaty.

The British government were not so favorably inclined to stipulated arbitration as was the government of the United States, as appears from the report of a debate in the House of Commons, on June 12th, 1849,* when Mr. Cobden moved,

"That an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she will be graciously pleased to direct her principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to enter into communications with foreign powers, inviting them to concur in treaties binding the respective parties, in the event of any future misunderstanding which cannot be arranged by amicable negotiation, to refer the matter in dispute to the decision of arbitrators."

In opening the debate Mr. Cobden said: —

"By arbitration I do not mean necessarily crowned heads or neutral states. I do not confine myself to the plan of referring disputes to neutral powers. I see the difficulty of two independent states like England and France doing so; as one might prefer a republic for an arbitrator, and the other a monarchy. I should prefer to see these disputes referred to individuals, whether designated commissioners or plenipotentiaries, or arbitrators appointed from one country to meet men appointed from another country, to inquire into the matter and decide upon it; or, if they cannot do so, to have the power of calling in an umpire as is done in all arbitrations. I propose that these individuals should have absolute power to dispose of the questions submitted to them."

To show that his plan is practicable he cites successful instances of arbitration between the United States and England,

* Hansard, CVL 52.

and then goes on to strengthen his position by argument, answering by anticipation the objection that a treaty by which two nations agreed to arbitrate all their disputes would be violated. He finds no more difficulty in trusting individuals as arbitrators than as negotiators.

Lord Palmerston, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, after some debate by other members, spoke at length, maintaining that private individuals were even less to be trusted than crowned heads, and that the cases cited by Mr. Cobden were insufficient to prove the plan practical. In conclusion he said : —

“I do not quarrel with the principle upon which the proposition is founded; but I think its practical effect would be dangerous to this country, and that its practical adoption by other countries would be impossible. Indeed, I believe that no country would agree to such a proposal. No country would consent blindfold to submit its interests and its rights on all future occasions to the decision of any third party, whether public or private, whether governments or men of science; and I think, therefore, the proposition is one which would be attended with no possible result as regards foreign countries.”

He then showed that such treaties would be likely to be especially unjust and injurious to England. To avoid a direct negative on the proposition the Foreign Secretary then moved the previous question, which, when lost, is by the custom of the House of Commons equivalent to an indefinite postponement.

Before the question was put, Lord John Russell spoke in opposition to the proposition of Mr. Cobden; and that we may compare his position then with that now taken in regard to the Alabama claims, we quote as follows : —

“I think there may be some questions intricate and difficult in themselves, in which neither party may be willing to give way, but in which either party may give way without any sacrifice of honor or of the vital interests of the country. On such a question it may be very fit that two powers should agree that arbitration should be resorted to. But, on the other hand, there are other questions that occur between nations that cannot well or fitly be submitted to arbitrators, — questions involving the dearest interests, the honor or safety of a country, which, if a government proposed to submit to an arbitrator, the force of public opinion and popular feeling would render it impossible for the government to carry out such a purpose.”

In regard, however, to the difficulties which caused the war of 1812 he says : " There were grave and serious questions, which, if they ever were to be brought into a dispute again, might be arranged by arbitration."

On the vote the previous question was lost by a vote of 79 to 176, and so the subject rested.

In France there was also a movement in favor of arbitration. A proposition was made in the National Assembly during this same year, 1849, that the French Republic should propose to the governments of Europe and America to unite by their representatives in a congress which " should substitute an arbitral jurisdiction for the barbarous usage of war." The Committee on Foreign Affairs, having considered the question, declined for the time to recommend the proposition, though they distinctly sanctioned its object. Thus we see that in the United States, Great Britain, and France a considerable movement had been made in favor of arbitration.

The next step in the matter was taken in 1856 by the Congress of Paris, at which all the great states of Europe were represented. The twenty-third article adopted by the Congress was in the following terms : —

" The plenipotentiaries do not hesitate to express, in the name of their governments, the wish that states between which any serious misunderstanding may arise should, before appealing to arms, have recourse, as far as circumstances might allow, to the good offices of a friendly power."

This article was proposed by Lord Clarendon, now her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Count Walewski, speaking in behalf of France, said that it was fully in accordance with the tendency of the epoch. If we rightly understand the debate and the resolution, they advise, not mediation, but arbitration. A mediator gives his advice, and the parties may or may not accept it. An arbitrator gives his opinion by which the two nations have agreed to be bound. " Good offices" is the phrase commonly used to express the offer made by a mediator; but here the plenipotentiaries advise that nations should have recourse to the good offices, that is, should agree to abide by the opinion, of a mediator invited to

settle their differences. Between such mediation and arbitration there is little or no difference.

Even now, as we write, a petition from the American Peace Society is on its way to Washington, praying that the United States propose to other nations that measures be mutually taken with a view to calling a grand convention or congress of nations, "for providing," among other objects, "a general tribunal, composed not of princes and sovereigns, but of distinguished citizens of the different countries, as a High Court of Arbitration, to whom may be referred all disputes arising between the contending parties." If our Congress shall have time to consider this petition with the attention it deserves, and shall legislate to carry out its object, Great Britain will hardly be able to refuse to join in an international court of arbitration before which the other great powers of the earth shall have agreed to present their differences; for though the Peace Society of London are now mourning for one of whom they say "no man ever sympathized more earnestly with our aspirations and aims, and no man in this country, or in any other country, ever contributed so much to the object we have in view,"—though Cobden is dead, John Bright and other advocates of peace survive, and will insist that England shall not demand war, when all other nations are asking for peace.

Having now seen that the idea of submitting the difficulties which arise between nations to arbitration is nothing new, but that from early times arbitration has been practised under a variety of forms, and that at no other time has there been so much general interest in the subject as now, we are ready to consider individual instances in which international differences have been referred to arbiters. For this purpose our own history furnishes sufficient material. The questions in dispute, the manner of the submissions, and the results, will deserve attention.

All the claims that have arisen between France and the United States have been settled by negotiation. By the treaty of 1803, which ceded Louisiana to the United States, our government became responsible for debts due by France to our citizens. In 1831 a convention was signed which provided

that France should pay twenty-five million francs to the United States for unlawful seizures, captures, and sequestrations.

By the first treaty * between Spain and the United States it was agreed that, in order to terminate all differences on account of the losses sustained by the citizens of the United States in consequence of their vessels and cargoes having been taken by the subjects of Spain, all such cases should be referred to a board of three commissioners, one to be chosen by each party, and the third by agreement of the other two, or by lot. The commissioners were bound by oath to impartially examine and decide the claims in question "according to the merits of the several cases, and to justice, equity, and the law of nations." It is probable that this commission met, but we have been unable to find the records. In 1802 another convention was framed providing for a commission to settle claims "which have arisen from excesses committed during the late war by individuals of either nation, contrary to the laws of nations or the treaties existing between the two countries." † A very full and interesting correspondence, which ensued before this treaty was ratified by Spain in 1818, will be found in the first four volumes of the American State Papers. The commission under this treaty never met; for in 1819 another treaty was entered into, by which Spain ceded Florida to the United States, and each nation gave up certain classes of claims against the other; the United States becoming responsible to her citizens for five millions of dollars.‡ The correspondence in reference to the different claims given up shows that each nation considered itself responsible for claims similar to those for which England now refuses compensation to the United States.

And now we come to consider what questions have been left by the United States and Great Britain to the decision of an umpire.

The definitive treaty of 1783 had only been in force eleven years, when it became necessary that a new treaty should be entered into which should provide for the settling of differences between the parties. The river St. Croix formed part of our northeastern boundary in accordance with the first treaty, but

* Elliot's Am. Dip. Code, Vol. I. p. 390.

† Ibid., p. 411.

‡ Ibid., p. 415.

a difference arose as to what river was the St. Croix.* The fifth article of the treaty of 1794 provided that this question should be left to three commissioners, one chosen by each nation, and the third by agreement or lot. A commission formed in this way came to a conclusion which was accepted by both sides.

By the sixth article of the same treaty it was agreed that the United States should compensate British creditors for all losses occasioned by legal impediments to the collection of debts contracted before the peace of 1783, which a commission, appointed as the last, except that each side selected two members, should award to be just. This commission met at Philadelphia.

Under the seventh article, another board of commissioners, formed like this last, met at London. They were empowered to decide all claims of the citizens of the United States for illegal captures of their vessels by British subjects. Before this same commission came also all claims to be paid by the United States to British subjects for losses sustained by captures made by French privateers fitted out in our ports before President Washington had used all the means in his power to prevent such equipment. Neither of these commissions could agree on the choice of a fifth commissioner. At Philadelphia the choice by lot fell to the British; at London, Mr. Trumbull, an American, was chosen in the same way.

Claims to the amount of twenty-four millions of dollars were filed at Philadelphia, many of them by expatriated Tories; but before a single claim had been definitively adjudicated the American commissioners withdrew, by the approbation of their government. The British commissioners demanded that the United States should prove that there had been no legal impediments, while our commissioners insisted that the British claimants should show that there had been impediments. The question then was merely upon which party should rest the burden of proof. The other commission had been more successful. Christopher Gore and William Pinkney were the American commissioners. They were met by Dr. Nicholl and

* Elliot's Am. Dip. Code, Vol. I. p. 242.

Dr. Swabey on the part of Great Britain, and were proceeding in their settlement to the satisfaction of each party, when the news came that the American commissioners had withdrawn from Philadelphia, and the British representatives retired immediately from the London commission. It is not easy to discover now on which side the responsibility of this rupture should be placed. Mr. Pinkney, writing from London to a friend, says: "The commission in America has been wretchedly bungled; I am entirely convinced that, with discretion and moderation, a better result might have been obtained." And, complaining that he must stay longer in Europe, he adds, "So much for the mismanagement and folly of other people." * After two years' negotiation, the United States, by a convention, agreed to pay and Great Britain agreed to take less than three millions of dollars in full satisfaction of their claims for twenty-four millions.† While, then, with Mr. Pinkney, we feel that the commission was not prudently managed, we yet cannot but think that the United States might justly ask to be relieved from the necessity of proving seven eighths of all the claims presented by Great Britain to be without foundation.

By the same convention which settled all claims under the sixth article of the treaty of 1794, the commissioners under the seventh article reassembled, and went on with their awards. Their proceedings have never been published in full. Some of Mr. Pinkney's decisions will be found in the second part of Wheaton's *Life of Pinkney*, other decisions will be found in the text-books of international law. In little more than a year after their reassembling they closed their labors, having awarded to American merchants about six millions of dollars, which was duly paid by the British government, after deducting the amount at which the British claims were liquidated, and some small awards to British claimants for captures made by French privateers in American waters.

The different result of these two commissions teaches how important it is that wise and prudent men should be selected as commissioners, for many a difference, which would break up a commission of mere partisans, would be quietly settled by the good counsel of fair minds.

* Wheaton's *Life of Pinkney*, p. 35.

† Elliott's *Am. Dip. Code*, Vol. I. p. 266.

We come now to a successful settlement by arbitration of an international difficulty, which will be best understood if we quote the fifth article of the convention of London in 1818.

“Whereas it was agreed, by the first article of the treaty of Ghent, that all territory, places, and possessions whatsoever, taken by either party from the other during the war, or which may be taken after the signing of this treaty, excepting only the islands hereinafter mentioned, shall be restored without delay, and without causing any destruction, or carrying away any of the artillery or other public property originally captured in the said forts or places, and which shall remain therein upon the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, or any slaves or other private property; and whereas, under the aforesaid article, the United States claim for their citizens, and as their private property, the restitution of, or full compensation for, all slaves who, at the date of the exchange of the ratifications of the said treaty were in any territory, places, or possessions whatsoever, directed by the said treaty to be restored to the United States, but then still occupied by the British forces, whether such slaves were, at the date aforesaid, on shore or on board any British vessel lying in waters within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States; and whereas differences have arisen, whether, by the true intent and meaning of the aforesaid article of the treaty of Ghent, the United States are entitled to the restoration of, or full compensation for, all or any slaves as above described, the high contracting parties hereby agree to refer the said differences to some friendly sovereign or state, to be named for that purpose; and the high contracting parties further engage to consider the decision of such friendly sovereign or state to be final and conclusive on all the matters referred.”*

The Emperor of all the Russias was selected as arbitrator; and the plenipotentiaries of the two parties declared that it was *upon the construction of the text of the article as it stood* that his decision should be founded, and that they appealed only as subsidiary means to the general principles of the law of nations and of maritime law. Therefore, looking only at the literal and grammatical sense of the article, the Emperor held that the words “*originally captured, and which shall remain therein upon the exchange of the ratification,*” formed an incidental phrase, which could have respect grammatically only to the substantive or subjects which precede, viz. to public prop-

* Elliot's Am. Dip. Code, Vol. I. p. 382.

erty. He held, further, that the carrying away of any private property whatever was forbidden, and again, that these two prohibitions applied only to the places of which the article stipulated the restitution.* This award, given in 1822, was at once accepted, and the good offices of the Emperor were further invoked to assist in framing such articles of agreement as should provide for the mode of ascertaining and determining the value of the slaves taken. His Majesty assented, and appointed Count Nesselrode, Secretary of State directing Foreign Affairs, as his agent, and with his assistance the plenipotentiaries of the two parties concluded the convention of St. Petersburg. By this convention it was agreed that each party should nominate one commissioner and one arbitrator, who should solemnly swear to diligently, impartially, and carefully examine, and to the best of their judgment, according to justice and equity, decide all matters submitted to them under the convention. If the average value to be allowed for each slave could not be determined by the two governments, then the board of commissioners, having heard testimony, should fix such value, and, if they could not agree, it was provided that recourse should be had to the arbitration of the minister or other agent of the mediating power accredited to the government of the United States, whose decision, founded on the evidence already presented to the board, should be final and conclusive. It was agreed by another article, that, the average value having been determined, the commissioners should constitute a board for the examination of all claims contained in a definitive list furnished by the Secretary of State. If the commissioners agreed, their decision was final; but if they could not agree, they drew by lot the name of one of the two arbitrators, who having consulted with the commissioners, a final decision was given conformably to the opinion of the majority of the new board.†

The convention met at Washington, and determined on the average value of the slaves to be compensated for, but could get no further. There were claims for some three thousand slaves, besides claims for a large amount of other property which had been taken by the British. The selection of com-

* Elliot's Am. Dip. Code, Vol. I. p. 298.

† Ibid., p. 284.

missioners may have been unhappy; at any rate, the attempt at settlement was a failure. Mr. Clay, writing of it to our Minister at London, says:—

“Experience has fully developed the practical inconvenience of submitting all interlocutory points, every preliminary question about the form of trial, the authentication of evidence, its effect, and the rules of proceeding. If the settlement of one question settled the whole class to which it belonged in all analogous cases, the evil, which then would be still great, might be borne. But, unfortunately, the very same question (the sufficiency, for example, of the authentication of a deposition) may arise in different cases, and be determined according as the lot for the arbitrator may be cast. And thus it may, and mostly will, happen that the proof of the claim of one individual will be rejected, under precisely the same circumstances of those of another which will be received and allowed.”

This difficulty existed in the terms of the submission, but the refusal of the British commissioner to refer certain questions that arose in regard to interest and other matters broke up the commission.* After some negotiation it was stipulated by a treaty in 1826 that Great Britain should pay to the United States twelve hundred and four thousand dollars in full and complete satisfaction of all claims.† From this time the claimants looked directly to the United States for their compensation.

The second of the provisional articles which were signed in 1782 by the commissioners of Great Britain and the United States, and which declared that the United States were free, sovereign, and independent States, fixes their northeastern boundary in these words:—

“From the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, viz. that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix River to the highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic

* William Wirt, then Attorney-General of the United States, gave his opinion that interest, according to the usage of nations, is a necessary part of the indemnification awarded by the Emperor of Russia; and that the refusal of the British commissioner to call in an arbitrator to decide the question of interest was wholly unwarranted by the convention. *Am. State Papers*, Vol. VI. p. 950.

† Elliot's *Am. Dip. Code*, Vol I. p. 306.

Ocean, to the northwesternmost head of the Connecticut River; thence down along the middle of that river to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude." *

It is probable that the same boundary line was meant by each of the commissioners, and so clearly defined was it thought to have been, that the next year, when a definitive treaty was entered into by the same parties, these same words of boundary are used, in order "that all dispute in future on the subject of the boundaries of the said United States may be prevented." We have already seen that at the end of five years the St. Croix River was fixed by the decision of the commissioners under the treaty of 1794.

Twenty years pass by, and at the close of another war this whole line is undetermined. What highlands are meant? In what pond does the Connecticut rise? Where is the forty-fifth degree of north latitude? These were the questions to which each party had a different answer.

While drafting a treaty which terminated a war that had settled nothing, it was not strange that each party should desire to determine other questions in some method at once more just and less costly in life and treasure; and so we find in the treaty of Ghent that provision is made for three distinct commissions to decide different questions of boundary.† Each government agreed to appoint one commissioner, who together should examine the question, and try to arrive at a decision which the parties should consider as final; but if for any reason the commissioners could not come to the same conclusion, it was further stipulated that their report should be referred to some friendly power, or state, by whose decision the parties should be bound.

The commissioners appointed under the fourth article to decide to which government belonged certain islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, agreed in a decision, as did those under the sixth article, appointed to fix the boundary line from Lake Champlain to Lake Huron; but those under the fifth article, whose duty it was to determine what was meant by that part of the boundary line described in the words already quoted,

* Elliot's Am. Dip. Code, Vol. I. p. 226.

† Ibid., p. 268.

found that they could agree on nothing. To carry out the provision of the treaty, a convention was signed at London, fixing the manner of the submission.* As the reports and documents of the commissioners were voluminous and complicated, it was thought best to substitute new and separate statements of the respective claims, severally drawn by each of the contracting parties, and to be mutually communicated to each other within a certain time. As a reply to these communications each party had the right to draw up a second and definitive statement, which was also to be communicated. Other articles of the convention provided that certain maps should be mutually acknowledged, that the statements should be jointly and simultaneously delivered up to the arbitrator, and that, if he should desire further elucidation or evidence, he might make requisition upon both of the parties.

The King of the Netherlands was chosen arbitrator, and in 1831, after having duly examined and maturely weighed all the evidence, he made known his award, deciding definitely as to the northwesternmost head of the Connecticut, but considering that the evidence on either side was not sufficiently preponderating to determine the difference as to the highlands; that, as the nature of the difference and the vague and indeterminate stipulations of the treaty of 1783 did not permit a just settlement of the conflicting claims of the parties in regard to the line of boundary, and as no fresh topographical investigation could further elucidate the question, he gave his opinion that it would be suitable to adopt as the boundary between the two states a line which he proceeded to establish. He was further of the opinion, that it would be suitable to undertake fresh operations to determine the forty-fifth degree of north latitude.†

This award was given on January 10th; and on the 12th, Mr. Preble, our envoy at the Hague, protested against it, because the arbiter "abandoned the exceedingly definite and lucid description of boundary in the treaty, and substituted a distinct and different line of demarcation." The English government desired to stand by the award, and the United States would

* Elliot's Am. Dip. Code, Vol. I. p. 315.

† Ibid., p. 320.

probably have done so, but for the objections of the State of Maine. Mr. Preble was a native of this State, and we are consequently not surprised to find that the award was discussed and rejected in secret session by the Legislature of Maine, even before it was received at Washington. The Legislature declared the award null and void: first, because the United States had no right to determine what should be the boundary of the State of Maine; secondly, because the arbitrator was not King of the Netherlands when the award was given, having lost part of his possessions; and lastly, because he only gave his advice, and did not say distinctly what was the true line.

This first objection was in no ways material, if the award had been decisive; the second should have been made, if at any time, before the award; and the third, according to the rules of arbitration at common law, was perhaps valid, and we shall consider it further.

Massachusetts, interested as the original proprietor of the State of Maine, also remonstrated.

Great Britain tried to hold the United States to the award under that clause of the convention which declared that the award of the arbiter should be final and conclusive. The President sent the award to the Senate, advising that it should not be accepted. The Committee on Foreign Relations, to whom the matter was referred, reported favorably. But after the committee had reported, the agents of Maine used every means to prevent the adoption of the report by the Senate, and they were successful. It is not our purpose here to criticise the action of Congress, or to discuss the question of the authority of the Senate in the matter, but only to show that the President and Senate did not consider the award as binding, because it was but the advice, and not the decision, of the King of the Netherlands. If the award had been of the proper character it would not have required the assent of the Senate, for such assent had been given when the convention was ratified, nor would the first objection of the Maine Legislature have been good; for though they might object that a part of their territory should be given up as a compromise when the United States claimed the whole, they could not have objected to an award which simply determined what the boundary line

was, and had been when the whole territory belonged to the United States.*

Our government, thinking that the King of the Netherlands failed to come to a definite conclusion for want of local knowledge, desired that a new commission should be appointed, consisting of an equal number of commissioners, with an umpire selected by some friendly sovereign from among the most able legists in Europe, or else composed entirely of such men. It was thought that in this way impartiality, local knowledge, and high professional skill would be employed, and together bring about a settlement. Before making another reference, England desired that the United States should surrender such points of difference as the arbitrator had decided; viz. the principal question as to which was the northwesternmost head of the Connecticut, and seven subsidiary questions which the umpire determined before he gave his advice. The United States rejected the award on the subsidiary questions, but agreed to accept the decision as to the Connecticut, though not because it was bound by it, — claiming that, if part of the award was bad, the whole must be bad also, — but because in this way it hoped to secure a new submission. No new commission was formed, and we must leave this question, which for nearly ten years after threatened war, and which was finally settled by the compromise of Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster.

It is very doubtful if a new commission would have been able to settle definitely the matter in dispute; and if a compromise was to be made, it was better made by the parties. The facts as here stated have been gathered from the correspondence presented to Parliament in 1838.

* It was some years afterwards said in the House of Commons, that her Majesty's government accepted this award only because the United States did not; and there was probably some truth in this remark, for the demands founded on the ground that the award was final could hardly have been sincere, as we learn from a letter of Lord Palmerston, in 1835: "You are instructed distinctly to announce to the President that the British government withdraws its consent to accept the territorial compromise recommended by the King of the Netherlands." Here, then, the Foreign Secretary declared that the question was only whether they should accept a "territorial compromise"; and we learn from Wheaton, who was then on the Continent, that the common sentiment of Europe approved of the decision of President Jackson to treat the award as null.

On the 11th of April, 1839, it was agreed by a convention * between the United States and Mexico, that all claims of citizens of the United States upon the government of Mexico should be referred to four commissioners, two to be appointed by the government of each country. If the commissioners could not agree as to any claim, the parties contracted to refer their reports, with all the documents on which they were founded, to the decision of his Majesty the King of Prussia. But as the documents relating to the aforesaid claims were so voluminous that it could not be expected his Prussian Majesty would be willing or able personally to investigate them, it was agreed that he should appoint a person to act as an arbiter in his behalf. In case the King of Prussia should refuse, provision was made for referring the claim to his Britannic Majesty or to the King of the Netherlands.

In accordance with this convention the commissioners met at Washington in 1840,† Baron Roenne having been appointed as arbitrator by the King of Prussia. There was a delay in the organization, because the Mexican commissioners would not take the oath as required by the United States; but this question having been arranged, the commissioners found themselves unable to agree on the formal rules of procedure. Our commissioners proposed to consider the claims in alphabetical order, while the Mexicans insisted on the chronological. Our commissioners proposed a rule, which declared that the members of the board should consider each case, and the facts necessary to a just decision of it, in a judicial, and not in a forensic or diplomatic spirit. But the Mexicans objected, saying that such a rule was of no importance, and that the questions involved were rather those of diplomacy than justice. At length this question was found to be a question merely of words, and that each party intended to do justice at least to his own side. The Mexicans next refused to receive any claims except those which came from the United States government, maintaining that the claims were between the two governments, and that the citizens had no concern in them as to the other nation. Our commissioners tried hard to obtain the consent of the other members

* U. S. Statutes at Large, Vol. VIII. p. 526.

† For full report see Sen. Doc. 1841-42, Doc. 320.

that the claimants might appear before them in person, but without success. At last they consented that all claims coming through the Department of State should be heard; and so in this indirect way the papers of the individual claimants were presented. These papers were submitted in Spanish and English, and if the commissioners did not agree, — and disagreement was the rule, — all the papers, with a statement from the commissioners, went to the arbitrator. From a report of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, we learn that four months of the eighteen were spent in preliminary discussion; that eleven claims, amounting to \$439,393, were allowed by the commissioners; that the umpire upon disagreeing reports allowed fifty-one claims, amounting to \$586,745. When by the terms of the convention the power of the commissioners ceased, the umpire decided that his ceased also, so that there remained in his hands seventy-five claims for the sum of \$928,627. Besides these, six other claims, for \$3,336,837, were not decided, having been presented too late to be considered by the board before its dissolution.*

To settle these unsettled claims another convention was signed at Mexico in 1843, which, having been ratified by the Senate with an amendment, was never accepted by Mexico. Moreover, the claimants to whom damages had been awarded were never satisfied, for Mexico did not pay the instalments as agreed in the treaty.

Under these circumstances a long report of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs was made, in which these unsettled claims are held up to show that Mexico did not act fairly during the convention, nor after it. As this is the only case of arbitration in our history after which came war, let there be no mistake as to the cause of the war. A House committee reported that

“The commissioners on the part of the United States endeavored faithfully to discharge their duties; and the eminent person who officiated as umpire on the part of the King of Prussia, in the still more difficult and delicate duties imposed upon him, was actuated solely by the anxious and conscientious desire to do impartial justice to the re-

* Reports of Committees, 1841-42, Doc. 1096.

spective claimants and to the governments of the United States and of the Mexican Republic."

Imputations were not cast upon the Mexican commissioners, for they acted under instructions. "The Mexican government were the responsible party." War then came not because of the arbitration, nor yet in spite of the arbitration, but because one party did not fulfil its original agreement, and refused to enter into another to settle outstanding claims.

When the war was ended by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the United States undertook to satisfy all the claims of her citizens in consideration of certain territory given up by Mexico. Though the war was perhaps considered by the United States as a success, and though Mexico had not been pleased with the result of the arbitration, yet we find that at the close of the war each nation preferred to settle all difficulties that should arise between them in the future by some better method than the sword. As this is the only treaty of the kind between independent nations, we quote the twenty-first article entire.

"If unhappily any disagreement should hereafter arise between the governments of the two republics, whether with respect to the interpretation of any stipulation in this treaty or with respect to any other particular concerning the political or commercial relations of the two nations, the said governments, in the name of those nations, do promise to each other that they will endeavor in the most sincere and earnest manner to settle the differences so arising, and to preserve the state of peace and friendship in which the two countries are now placing themselves; using for this end mutual representations and pacific negotiation. And if by these means they should not be enabled to come to an agreement, a resort shall not, on this account, be had to reprisals, aggression, or hostility of any kind by the one republic against the other, until the government of that which deems itself aggrieved shall have maturely considered, in the spirit of peace and good neighborhood, whether it would not be better that such difference should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side, or by that of a friendly nation. And should such course be proposed by either party, it shall be acceded to by the other, unless deemed by it altogether incompatible with the nature of the difference or the circumstances of the case."*

The good faith of the parties to this contract was shown in

* U. S. Statutes at Large, Vol. IX. p. 922.

1853, when, there being some disagreement as to the true boundary-line, a convention was at once entered into, providing that commissioners with scientific or other assistants, such as astronomers and surveyors, should determine the true line. The difficulty that had occurred under the award of the King of the Netherlands was provided for in these words: their award shall be "considered decisive, and an integral part of this treaty, without the necessity of ulterior ratification or approval, and without room for interpretation of any kind by either of the parties contracting." In this treaty they again bound themselves to submit all questions between them to arbitration.

Portugal has not always been treated by more powerful nations as a nation their equal in right, if not in might, should be treated. The course pursued towards her by our government can perhaps be justified; but we have only space to state what it was. During the war between Portugal and Artigas, the revolutionary chief of the Banda Oriental, Portuguese commerce was much annoyed by vessels sailing under commissions issued by that commander, but fitted out in our ports. Frequent complaints were made by the Portuguese Minister. In 1820 Portugal proposed that a commission should settle the whole question, but our government said that such a proposition "would not be consistent either with the Constitution of the United States, or with any practice usual among civilized nations,"* and refused compensation, on the ground that all legal means had been used to prevent the injuries for which indemnity was asked.

In 1850, when our government was pressing Portugal to pay for the destruction of the General Armstrong, the Artigas claims were again presented. Arbitration was again asked, and refused. Our government may have been right in refusing to pay these claims, yet we cannot but think it should have been willing to refer them to a commission.†

The case of the General Armstrong, which was destroyed in Fayal, a port belonging to Portugal, by the British, in 1814, has hardly yet been settled. To permit one belligerent to destroy a vessel belonging to the other, is a clear breach of neu-

* Sen. Doc. 1823-24, Vol. III. Doc. 77.

† Ex. Doc. 1851-52, Vol. VI. Doc. 53.

trality ; and therefore the United States demanded compensation from Portugal, who refused to pay for what she could not have prevented, especially as the General Armstrong was said to have begun the firing.

In this way the matter rested till 1851, when, the claims* having been renewed, the Portuguese government proposed to refer the question to the King of Sweden. Our Minister, Mr. Clay, refused to accede to this proposition. In reply the Portuguese Secretary entreated him to again call the attention of his government to the offer, "in order that the adjudication of the question may not be made a trial of physical strength between a gigantic nation and another that is so friendly and yet so incapable of resisting her." Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State, wrote to Mr. Clay that the President sanctioned his action in refusing to arbitrate, "for reasons too obvious to need enumeration." Under such instructions, Mr. Clay again sent in his demands, with the intimation that an armed vessel was waiting to take him home if they were not complied with. Portugal then agreed to pay all claims except that of the owners of the General Armstrong, and again begged for arbitration in that case, which involved a principle of international law, the application of which did not merely regard Portugal, but all other nations. The despatch concluded with an intimation that the United States could have but little reliance on the justice of its claim. Upon this refusal Mr. Clay at once demanded his passport, which was enclosed to him, with a note, from which we quote: "No government can pretend to infallibility in regard to its opinion; and when a question presents itself between two friendly governments involving differences of opinion as to points of fact and of law, it must be acknowledged that a refusal to submit the matter to arbitration, as proposed by the weaker party, is calculated to produce the impression that there are doubts as to the justice of the claims presented by the stronger."

Soon after Mr. Clay had withdrawn, President Taylor died, and Mr. Webster, becoming Secretary of State under President Fillmore, decided to accept the offer that had been made by Por-

* Ex. Doc. 1851 - 52, Vol. VI. Doc. 53, p. 59.

tugal; and it was agreed by a convention that all the correspondence which had passed between the parties should be placed before some friendly sovereign, to whose decision the contracting parties bound themselves to submit.*

The Emperor of France, having been invited, examined the whole subject with great care and attention, and with an earnest desire to render justice to both parties according to the facts and principles involved in the controversy, and decided that the claims of the United States had no foundation, "because the collision took place in contempt of her Most Faithful Majesty's right of sovereignty, in violation of the neutrality of her territory, and without the local officers or lieutenants having been required in proper time, and enabled to grant aid and protection to those having a right to the same." †

A question now arose which had arisen in the case of the Mexican commissions. Is a government responsible to its citizens for the claims which it attempts to settle? The owners and other claimants in the case of the General Armstrong now demanded that the United States should pay them the same damages as they sought from Portugal. The argument was very strongly urged, and the committees both of the House and Senate reported favorably. The demand was finally referred to the Court of Claims, where the majority of the court held that each nation must determine for itself in what way it will enforce the claims of its citizens, and that its determination must of necessity be obligatory upon its own citizens, and especially upon such of them as might be more directly interested in its immediate action. The court further held, that, if a nation undertakes to settle claims by arbitration, it has fully discharged its obligations, and is in no way responsible to the individual for the loss that may come from an unfavorable award.

Chief Justice Gilchrist dissented. We quote a few sentences from his opinion.

"Where a case relating to private rights alone is submitted, it must be done with a due regard to the rights of the citizen. If his rights be

* Statutes at Large, Vol. X. p. 911.

† Sen. Doc. 1852 - 53, Vol. III. Doc. 24.

disregarded and sacrificed, it is the dictate alike of law, common sense, and justice that the government by which his rights have been sacrificed should make him restitution. I think it cannot be denied that, to relieve a government from liability to a citizen on this account, it would appear that the case was one proper to be submitted; that he had an opportunity of being heard before the arbitrator by arguments and proofs; that the award was certain and within the submission; and that the arbitrator did not exceed his powers."

The government must act as the agent of its citizens, but can hardly be held responsible for an adverse award.

All outstanding claims between our country and Great Britain which had originated since the treaty of Ghent were, by a convention in 1853, referred to a board of two commissioners. We quote from the instructions to the commissioners what was intended to prevent difficulties that had arisen under similar conventions.

"The commissioners shall investigate and decide upon such claims in such order and in such manner as they may conjointly think proper, but upon such evidence or information only as shall be furnished by or in behalf of their respective governments in support of or in answer to any claim; and to hear, if required, one person on each side in behalf of each government, as counsel or agent for such government in each and every separate claim."*

Mr. Joshua Bates, of London, was chosen umpire by agreement. No case of arbitration has ever been more successful than this. Damages were awarded in some thirty claims, amounting to about six millions of dollars.† Before this commission came the claims for slaves set free from the brig *Creole*, which had been taken into Nassau by the slaves, who had forcibly got command of the vessel. This question had been the source of a long diplomatic discussion, but was now settled in our favor. The claim of the Florida bonds, the *McLeod* claim, and many others, which at times had threatened war between the parties, were now settled.

In 1855 some trouble arose in regard to the construction of the treaty which we had entered into with Great Britain in 1850, providing for the common use of a ship-canal across the

* Statutes at Large, Vol. X. p. 988.

† Sen. Doc. 1855 - 56, Vol. XV. Doc. 103.

Isthmus of Darien, and that England should make treaties with certain states of South America. The English Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Clarendon, desired to submit the difficulty to the arbitration of some friendly power, and said that, when two governments disagreed about the construction of a treaty, the best and most rational mode was to refer the question to a third power.* In 1856 Mr. Dallas, our Minister at London, was instructed to negotiate if he could, otherwise to make arrangements for an arbitration. The question was finally settled without the need of an arbiter, but the opinion of the President in regard to the proper person for such a position is worth quoting.

"He (the President) would greatly prefer that, in a controversy like the present, turning on points of political geography, the matter should be referred to some one or more of those eminent men of science who do honor to the intellect of Europe and America."†

In 1821 some silver in coin and bars was taken by an admiral of Chili from a citizen of the United States. Our government demanded that the amount taken should be returned with interest, — but no money came. In 1858 representatives of the two governments agreed to abide by the decision in the matter of the King of the Belgians. They invited him to decide, first, whether the claim was just in whole or in part; secondly, what sum should be paid for indemnity; and lastly, from what date and at what rate interest should be paid. The question was settled by the arbiter, but his award has not yet been published.

In 1859, by a convention, matters in dispute between our government and Paraguay were submitted to a commission.‡ An attempt was made by the claimants to get away from the award, because, by the terms of the treaty, the value of the claims, and not their justice, was submitted; but our government did not interfere.

During the year 1860 commissions were organized to settle claims between the United States and New Granada,§ and between the United States and Costa Rica.

* Sen. Doc. 1855-56, Vol. X. Doc. 35.

† Statutes at Large, Vol. XII. p. 1087.

‡ Ibid., Vol. XIV. Doc. 82.

§ Ibid., p. 985.

President Lincoln, in 1863, proclaimed his treaties with Peru, the first submitting claims for the capture of the ships *Lizzie Thompson* and *Georgiana* to the King of the Belgians, and the second referring other claims of the two nations to a commission. In 1864 the United States and Great Britain agreed to settle their claims in regard to land property in and about Puget Sound by the award of a commission. In the same year Ecuador and Colombia appointed one of their citizens to meet a citizen of the United States, who, with an umpire or arbitrator, should undertake "the mutual adjustment of claims."

All these late cases of arbitration have been carried on quietly, and to a successful conclusion. They show that our government does not hesitate to employ this agency, whether its claims are against a powerful or a weak nation. The last treaties all speak of the arbitrator or umpire, thus indicating, as has already been maintained, that a commission of this kind is an instance of international arbitration. The umpire in all these later commissions was appointed by some friendly power; so that a person is obtained who is not partial to either of the parties, as an umpire chosen by lot frequently is. Another provision gives the arbitrator power to decide within a certain time after the power of the commissioners has terminated.

Two commissions are now sitting in Washington. Sir Frederick Bruce is acting as umpire under the treaty with Colombia; and questions that once would have been causes of war are now being settled as quietly and equitably as if they were ordinary difficulties between individuals.

We have now gone over most, if not all, of the instances of arbitration which have occurred in our own history. This chronicle is not only a history of, but will serve as an argument for, international arbitration. We need not now show that arbitration is a common and practical method of settling international disputes, for the record has shown this. In no way can we compare arbitration and war as two means of deciding questions of right, without at once seeing how preferable is arbitration.

Mr. Gallatin, in a despatch to his government, April 18, 1827, wrote: "An umpire, whether a king or a farmer, rarely decides on strict principles of law: he has always a bias to try, if possible, to split the difference." Granting that such a bias does exist, and that the award is often what the arbitrator thinks to be a fair compromise; still this compromise is more like justice than that compromise called a treaty which comes after war. If the strength of the parties is equal, and they cease from war because they are each convinced of the other's power, no treaty can be ratified by the two nations, unless it splits the difference. But nations are not often equally matched, and the treaty — the award of the arbiter, war — decides whose military power is greater, but not whose claim is more just. The weaker nation feels its weakness in arms, but trusts to the justice of its cause; yet history is full of the defeats of justice on the battle-field.

In the theory of international law, all nations are equal. How inconsistent is it then that war, which can only decide which is stronger, should be expected to decide what is the law! But an award is not as often as it seems to be a compromise. Prejudice, selfishness, and national pride are but glasses which color or distort the object. An award of an impartial person, which to the parties seems a compromise, is often strict justice, and shows that each was right and each was wrong.

Nations sometimes refuse to negotiate, but are willing to abide by the decision of a third party. Before the third party has been able to give his opinion, they choose to agree in a settlement. Now, if we credit war with all the advantages which come from the treaty negotiated after the war, we ought certainly to give credit to peaceful arbitration for the settlement of all the differences which, after submission to an arbiter, are composed between nations for themselves. If this credit is given, we shall then find that arbitration has rarely failed to accomplish the desired object.

The treaty of submission should express exactly what the parties intend to submit, how far the award may go, and to what extent it will be binding. A commission with an equal number of members selected by each party, and an umpire appointed by some friendly sovereign, is perhaps the best court

to which nations can submit all questions as to the amount of compensation, and many minor questions of international law.

It has been the custom to refer to some friendly sovereign all matters of boundary, all interpretations of treaties, and all important questions in the law of nations. But though this has been the practice, experience has shown that a commission composed of private individuals, adapted by education and life to the settlement of such questions, would be more likely to give a just and satisfactory award. This is the case, not because kings and emperors are unjust or ignorant, but because it is very difficult, among the comparatively small number of independent sovereigns, to find one who is not in a position to feel the consequences of his award. The fact that a king, deciding a principle of international law, must in the future himself be bound by his own decision, is, however, a very strong reason for selecting a king as sole arbiter. Though he may employ others to assist him in ascertaining the law, yet the opinion will finally come as his own.

No better model of submission can be found, than a treaty made by France and England to provide for the settlement of the Portendic claims. The French government, in 1834 and 1835,* carried on war with the Trasa Moors on the coast of Portendic, where British merchants were engaged extensively in the gum trade. British vessels were seized while approaching this coast, when no blockade had been notified, and even after the French government had declared that no blockade was intended.

As soon as the war was ended, the British government presented the claims of her aggrieved and plundered merchants. The whole question was finally submitted to the arbitration of the King of Prussia, who was asked to decide whether any real injury was unduly inflicted on British subjects, while they were pursuing on the coast of Portendic a regular and lawful trade; and also whether France was equitably bound to pay to such or such class of the said claimants any compensation by reason of such injury. It was agreed, in the submission, that, whatever should be the decision of the arbiter, it should

* British and Foreign State Papers, Vol. XXXIV. p. 1036.

not be regarded as in any way affecting any of the rights which had been maintained, or any of the principles which had been asserted, by either government, during the course of their discussion.

The award decided that the blockade was justifiable, but that all claims which rested on the want of notice of the blockade were valid. In accordance with the treaty, commissioners of liquidation were at once appointed, to whom was added an umpire, a Prussian, Baron Roenne, — the same who had acted with the commissions of the United States and Mexico. Under this commission the whole matter was settled.

Now we do not mean to claim that arbitration can remove, or even be used to remove, all the causes of war. Public opinion and the law justify a blow given in self-defence; but the danger must not be passed, but must be imminent and present, threatening injury to one's person or property. So a nation must sometimes engage in war to protect itself from some attack threatened or already begun. No government would ask an arbiter to decide whether or not it had a right to drive away an invading army. Such questions need immediate action, and force must be repelled by force. Civil wars cannot be prevented by arbitration, for neither party considers the other as an independent nation. The United States could not have referred to the decision of an arbiter the question of the right of secession. That question was a domestic one, and did not concern other nations; it was also a question involving our very life, and the question of right must be answered by showing that the fact was impossible. The States in rebellion had already refused to be bound by the award of Congress, to whom they had agreed to submit all differences; and the army of the Union only fought to execute the award.

The United States could not consent that the King of the Netherlands should decide whether or no the Emperor of France has a right to establish Maximilian in Mexico, because our government have believed, and still believe, that its safety depends on the enforcement of the so-called Monroe doctrine. This doctrine expresses, not what the rest of the world may think in accordance with the principles of international law,

but what the United States considers to be necessary to its security and prosperity. What threatens Mexico threatens our own government; and so war, if it comes, must come in self-defence. In all these cases self-defence is the only justification for war; and the parties to a war that is begun before an attempt has been made to settle the affair by arbitration should show why such a course was necessary.

There are but few questions which arise between nations which cannot be settled by some form of arbitration. In feudal times many questions which are now settled before the courts were settled by personal conflicts. Duelling is not now recognized even as an honorable method of settling disputes between individuals, but nations still cling to the feudal idea, and must fight for their honor. We long ago said: "Discords among nations have their origin in two sources, — opposite interests and contested rights. The first may be reconciled by the common principles of justice and mutual advantage; but where a right or a supposed right is involved in the dispute, it is then encumbered with new difficulties, because it touches the spring of national honor." * This very sensitiveness in regard to national honor, which we wrote of in 1843, has in two instances since then prevented nations from settling differences by arbitration.

In 1857 a French vessel, the *Charles and George*, having a representative of the French government on board, sailed from France for the purpose of hiring free negroes on the coast of Africa to go and labor in provinces of France. Having obtained one hundred and ten negroes "plus ou moins librement engagés," she went into a Portuguese port, where she was seized and condemned as good prize; and though the agent of the French government was released, the captain of the ship was sentenced to labor in the public works, because the immigration in which the vessel was engaged was considered by the authorities of Mozambique to be really a trade in slaves.† The French captain appealed to the court at Lisbon, where he was carried with the prize. A demand was

* North American Review, Vol. LVI. p. 452.

† *Annuaire des Deux Mondes*, 1858–59, p. 355.

made at once by the French government on the government of Portugal, that the vessel and captain be given up, and indemnity be paid for the detention. Portugal tried to resist, and, invoking the article, already cited, adopted at the Congress of Paris, desired that the difficulty be submitted to the arbitration of a friendly power. France refused, and Count Walewski said that the mediation proposed was inadmissible, in a question where a point of national honor was involved; and that the French government would never consent to submit to any power whatever the question of its practising, or even tolerating, the traffic in slaves, for the presence of an agent of the French government removed all suspicions of such crimes. Portugal was obliged to yield. After the captain and vessel were given up, France offered to submit the question of damages to arbitration; but Portugal replied, that if the question of right, which was the only one which concerned Portugal's honor and dignity, could not be referred to an arbiter, she would not accept an award upon a mere pecuniary question.

Thus Portugal, not because she felt she was wrong, but because she knew she was weak, yielded to the demands of France, as to any other exigency. France tried to save her honor, and lost it; for she showed the spirit of a bully, and forgot that Portugal's honor was also concerned. Portugal paid the claims, but in such a way that, even if her officers were wrong in the seizure and condemnation, the very yielding as she did to necessity did her honor.

Our existing claims on England are too well known to need any explanation. Mr. Adams, in 1863, proposed to refer them to arbitration. Earl Russell wrote to Mr. Adams, August 30, 1865:—

“In your letter of October 23, 1863, you were pleased to say that the government of the United States is ready to agree to any form of arbitration. Her Majesty's government have thus been led to consider what question could be put to any sovereign or state to whom this very great power should be assigned. It appears to her Majesty's government that there are but two questions by which the claim of compensation could be tested. The one is, Have the British government acted with due diligence, or, in other words, with good faith and honesty, in the maintenance of the neutrality they proclaimed?

The other is, Have the law officers of the crown properly understood the Foreign Enlistment Act, when they declined, in June, 1862, to advise the detention and seizure of the Alabama, and on other occasions, when they were asked to detain other ships building or fitting in British ports? It appears to her Majesty's government that neither of these questions could be put to a foreign government with any regard to the dignity and character of the British crown and the British nation.

"Her Majesty's government are the sole guardians of their own honor. They cannot admit that they have acted with bad faith in maintaining the neutrality they professed. The law officers of the crown must be held to be better interpreters of a British statute than any foreign government can be presumed to be."

For these reasons the offer to arbitrate was declined.

President Johnson, in his first Message to the present Congress, says that the United States did not present these claims as an impeachment of the good faith of England, but as involving questions of public law, of which the settlement is essential to the peace of nations; and declares his opinion that the grounds on which Lord Russell refuses arbitration cannot be sustained before the tribunal of nations.

What is a nation's honor, that it should fear injury from the award of an impartial arbiter? Truth, justice, and honesty to other nations and to its own citizens, are its elements. Accuse a nation of actions which imply lying, oppression, or deceit, and you bring charges against its honor. A nation's honor is the honor of its citizens, not in their private acts, nor yet exclusively in their public acts, but in all acts, whether public or private, which concern other nations. A United States gunboat takes a Confederate agent from an English mail steamer, and England's honor demands that he be restored; an English private citizen takes our prisoners from the water, and carries them to England's shore, and our honor is concerned. The moment that one nation claims and the other refuses compensation, the honor of each is at stake. If the claim is just, the refusal is unjust, and *vice versa*.

Are the acts of citizens so free from all reproach that a nation must, if called upon, defend them, and refuse to arbitrate the question in dispute, because it involves a question of the

honor of a citizen, and thus of the nation that defends him? Blackstone tells us, that it was within the jurisdiction of the court of chivalry to settle points of honor between gentlemen. Nations need no such court, for arbitration affords the method of settling such questions.

An award decides that a nation was endeavoring to hold land that did not belong to it; another, that a nation must make compensation for the acts of its citizens which it once defended; another, that the claims for a long time demanded, even with threats of war, had no foundation. When the arbiter makes known his award, the losing party performs the award, or withdraws his claim, because his honor compels him to stand by the terms of the submission. In maintaining this last point of honor, he does all that honor requires.

When, in 1817, we were endeavoring to persuade Spain to submit claims very like those now made against England, the great ground on which we urged that they might be referred to an arbiter was, that in this way the point of honor involved could be saved.

The folly of refusing to submit a question to arbitration, simply because a question of honor is involved, will appear from comparing the position of France in 1859 with that of England now. Then France would not submit its claims to an arbiter, because the officers of Portugal had done wrong; now, England, the injuring nation, will not allow our demands to be presented before a friendly sovereign because her officers have done right. If England's honor is now concerned, the honor of France was in 1859; if the honor of Portugal was involved in 1859, that of the United States is now.

That the people of the United States believe in the justice of their claims upon England is certain; and they also believe that it is for the nation's honor to submit them to arbitration.

The press of England has already shown a more reasonable spirit in regard to this question, which must in time act upon the government. Earl Clarendon would do well to remember and apply the words of a former Secretary, Lord Aberdeen, who, writing of the Portendic claims, said: "The amicable relations of both countries, which are now endangered, would be maintained by such a settlement of the question in dispute

between them, whatever might be the decision of the arbiter; and kindly feelings would take the place of that estrangement which, most unfortunately for the interest of both, the present discussion is but too well calculated to produce."

- ART. VIII. — 1. *The Divine Comedy of DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated in Terza Rima.* By JOHN DAYMAN, M. A., Rector of Skelton, Cumberland, and formerly Fellow of C. C. C., Oxford. London: Longmans. 1865. 8vo. pp. xxviii., 771.
2. *The Inferno of DANTE, translated in the Metre of the Original.* By JAMES FORD, A. M., Prebendary of Exeter. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1865. 8vo. Half sheet. pp. xviii., 180 double, 181–187.
3. *The Comedy of DANTE ALIGHIERI. Part I. The Hell.* Translated into Blank Verse by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSETTI, with Introductions and Notes. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1865. 8vo. Half sheet. pp. xxxiv., 248.
4. *Seventeen Cantos of the Inferno of DANTE ALIGHIERI.* [Translated by THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS, M. D.] Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son. 1865. Sm. 4to. pp. xi., 104.

THE interest in the life of the Middle Ages which has been so widely felt during the last fifty years, the zeal with which the study of mediæval art and literature has been pursued, and the better knowledge of them which has been acquired during this period, have naturally turned the attention of men more than ever before to the works of Dante. For in them the mediæval spirit found its highest and completest expression. From his works better than from any others — better, indeed, than from all others — may be learned the prevailing characteristics, the mental and spiritual conditions, which made the period which his life closed one of the most important epochs in the progress of civilization. At a time in which faith in some kind of invisible realities — in something beyond this world and other than this

world, in something to complete and account for this life — was powerful as at no other time, not only on thought but as a motive of action and a guide to conduct, his faith was deeper, more imaginative, and more controlling than that of other men. When inquiry had begun to investigate the causes and sequences of things with fresh and ardent activity, he pushed out farther into the unknown world, and caught stronger hold of truth than any other questioner, his predecessor or contemporary. He was the profoundest and most imaginative of mystics. Among students he was the student of most varied learning. Among poets he was the poet so supreme that no rival approached him. After a period during which the fancy of the world was exalted and its imagination productive as at no other modern epoch, he came to surpass all other men in fancy, and to set bounds beyond which imagination has never gone. When the sensibilities of men were touched by hitherto unfelt or unrecognized emotions, and there was a new birth of true and tender sentiment in their hearts, Dante put this sentiment into forms which set the perfect model for the expression of the most refined and the most intense feeling. The passions of men in that day swayed them with a force strange to our self-conscious and indifferent generation, and Dante, with passion deeper and more exalted than that of others, yet controlled it by the supreme power of will.

In his varied experience he comprehended all the forms of contemporary life : he was soldier, scholar, citizen, ruler, ambassador, exile, dependant. He knew riches and festivities ; he knew also poverty and the salt bread of other men's tables. He knew what it was to be courted ; he knew also what it was to be scorned. Through his large and sensitive nature he sympathized with the moods of the men he lived with, and was susceptible to every breath of emotion which swayed them. He was, by turns, in his inner life, all that other men were. But as all other poets in some degree, so Dante in full measure, not merely reflected the qualities of his own time, but through his works brought those qualities into relations with universal humanity. Every poet in proportion to his genius has a relation not only to his own age and race, but to all the world. He gives to the transient permanence, to the narrow and special

breadth and generality; he turns the particular into the universal. He sees, and he opens to the sight of others, the truth and essence of things. Dante and Shakespeare, perhaps we should add Homer and Goethe also, are the only poets who have thus won for themselves universal citizenship, — who belong to all the nations of the world alike.

The Divine Comedy is the most intensely individual poem ever written; but it is in great part through this individualism, through its truth to an individual nature and experience, that it asserts and proves its claim to the interest of all men. It is in this the very opposite to the dramas of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, as a man, as himself, is nothing in his plays. Dante is the central figure, the very soul, of his Divine Comedy.

The form and construction of the Divine Comedy perfectly correspond with the spirit of the poem. They are its natural expression. In all works of art, form is the link between the spiritual and the material elements of its composition. The perfection of form is the perfection of art. The more perfect the form, the more enduring is the work. No poem surpasses the Divine Comedy in this respect; none exhibits the artistic sense in fuller measure. In its general proportions, in the balance and harmony of its parts, in the subordination of its detail to the main effect, in freedom of expression within the limits of construction, the Divine Comedy stands supreme. But in these qualities it shows not only the genius of its author, but the influence of a spirit that was prevailing in the development of other arts in Italy at this period.

It is not a mere analogy, there is a real parallel, between the construction of the Divine Comedy and that of a building in the contemporary style of Florentine architecture; between the expression given to the artistic sense in building, in painting, and in sculpture, and the expression here given to it in verse. Nor is it a mere coincidence that the noblest Gothic design ever accomplished in Italy, the building which stands among the few most beautiful in the world, "the model and mirror of perfect architecture," — the Campanile of Giotto at Florence, — was built, not merely in Dante's day, but by his friend, and represents a similar power, a like sense, to that which is shown in the stately and beautiful form of the work of the divine poet.

It was by no mere freak of nature that Dante and Giotto were contemporaries. They were the natural results of such life as had been flowing in the veins of the world for the two centuries preceding their birth. They gathered it all into themselves, and beyond them the current slowly ceased to flow. And it was by an association, not of chance, but of the highest fate, that these two men, each in his own way of unsurpassed genius, each an innovator and a prophet, each the master of masters, were friends; that they knew, honored, and loved each other, so that, while one gave of his own immortality to his friend in matchless verse, the other bestowed an equal gift upon the poet by a portrait which even yet preserves the face of the young Dante, the Dante of the New Life.

Two virtues which belong to the highest order of mind, and distinguish real genius from all that pretends to the name, are found in these two men as they are scarcely found in any others,—truthfulness and simplicity. A stern and just respect for truth is, indeed, at the foundation of their works,—the source of their power and their inspiration. It is the truthfulness of Dante's imagination that gives to his journey through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise its absolute reality. It is his confidence in truth that gives his step firmness in the darkest and most dreadful passages, and which enables him to preserve his self-reliance even in the very Holy of Holies. Such truthfulness cannot exist without a corresponding simplicity. He who is possessed by the spirit of truth will not seek for false effects, and will make no false pretences. The sense of strength which flows from the perception and strong grasp of the truth exhibits itself in quietness and dignity of manner. No poet is less rhetorical than Dante. None produces his effects with less expense of means; he has the moderation of strength conscious of itself.

The love and respect for truth leads to the study and observance of nature. As Giotto put an end to the conventionalisms that had usurped the place of reality of representation in painting, so Dante utterly discarded those poetic conventionalisms which had formed the chief stock in trade of the earlier Italian and Provençal poets, and given to their productions a cold constraint and universal mannerism. The words which

Mr. Ruskin uses in respect to Giotto apply with equal force to Dante: "It was simply by being interested in what was going on around him, by substituting the gestures of living men for conventional attitudes, and portraits of living men for conventional faces, and incidents of every-day life for conventional circumstances, that he became great and the master of the great. . . . [He was] a daring naturalist, in defiance of tradition, formalism, and idealism."

The subject of the Divine Comedy is man, — *subjectum est homo*. The whole spiritual history of man — the history of man in his spiritual relations to this world and to eternity — is unfolded in it. It is the allegory of human life and immortality. For to Dante life had no significance save as it was eternal. He longed, with an intensity which only the word *Dantesque* will express, to realize an ideal upon earth. Continually baffled in actual experience, disappointed and misunderstood, he concentrated and poured out his longing in his poem, and "wrought his life into an epic which justifies the mercy and goodness of the ways of God to man."

Dante, indeed, accepted all the dogmatic teaching of the Roman Church. He embodied dogma and superstition in his poem. He took the material conceptions which the Church afforded to her children, and clothed upon them his own spiritual imaginations. He reverently received the husks of a false creed, and changed them by the miracle of faith into the pure wheat of truth. He gave to mankind the most vigorous realization of the Romish hell and heaven, but he used this material groundwork as the foundation of a spiritual structure. The first heaven and the first earth passed away, and he saw a new heaven and a new earth. His insight pierced through the dark veil of human traditions and devices, and his vision sounded the clear deeps of the Divine counsel. The poet rises above the creed of his time, and his work gives form and expression to the immutable truths of the ideal world, to the religious instincts, longings, and aspirations of mankind.

Thus the Divine Comedy has a double nature. Unsurpassed in its own kind as a literary composition, as the highest effort of the purely poetic genius, it has a deeper interest as a religious work. It deals with the dearest concern of every man

in a spirit of utmost sincerity and earnestness; and it is not strange, therefore, that for five centuries and a half it has exercised an influence on thought and character such as no other poem has ever exerted.

The regard in which it has been held has varied greatly from age to age, and the measure of this regard is one of the best tests of the prevailing temper of any special generation, and of the culture of any special period.

It is a curious and striking fact, that in England, from Chaucer down to this century, the *Divine Comedy* seems hardly to have been known. Milton indeed translates three lines of the *Inferno* for a controversial purpose, in his tract of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England,* and refers to a beautiful passage in the *Purgatorio*, in his Sonnet to Henry Lawes, in which he says, in verse worthy of the association:—

“Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.”

The hold that Dante's thought and language took of him is obvious in many passages of the *Paradise Lost*. But Milton is the only one of the great poets of his century who shows any real acquaintance with the *Divine Comedy*.

Happily for us, Chaucer—the truest representative of the other side of the mediæval genius from that which Dante exhibits—had felt the power of his great predecessor, and has left to us, not merely the expression of his admiration, but some passages of translation which have hardly been surpassed. He refers to Dante in so many of his works as to give proof that he was really a student of his poem. There are references to him, or bits of translation from him, in the *Canterbury Tales*, in the *House of Fame*, in the *Assemble of Foules*, in the *Troilus and Creseide*, and in the *Legende of Good Women*. This frequent recurrence of Chaucer to Dante brings the two

* See Book I., Mitford's ed. Vol. III. p. 24.

“Dante in his 19 Canto of *Inferno* hath thus, as I will render it you in English blank verse:—

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause
Not thy conversion, but those rich demaines
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee.

“So in his 20 Canto of *Paradise* he makes the like complaint.”

chief poets of the Middle Ages into a personal relation which charms the imagination. It throws a cheerful light back upon the sombre pages of Dante, it deepens with a solemn seriousness the gay lines of Chaucer. To have had such appreciation as Chaucer gave him, makes up to Dante for the neglect of all other poets beside.

For four hundred years, then, from Chaucer's death to the beginning of this century, is almost a blank in respect to the knowledge of Dante in England. That great intellectual movement in Europe, which may be termed the romantic revival or reaction,—for it was alike a reaction against the spirit of Puritanism in morals and of so-called classicism in literature, and a revival of naturalism and romanticism in art and letters,—began just a hundred years ago with the publication of Percy's *Reliques*, of which the first edition appeared in 1765, and speedily displayed itself, not only in a new interest in the works of Dante in his own country, but in fresh study of them in other lands. The full force of this great movement is by no means even yet exhausted; and with its progress the zeal in Dantesque studies and the influence of Dante upon modern thought have steadily increased.

The earliest printed translation into German of the Divine Comedy was that of Bachenschwanz, which appeared in 1767–1769, and is a work of considerable merit. This was followed, in 1776, by a poor translation in French prose by Moutonnet de Clairfons; and this in its turn, in 1783, by a prose translation of the *Inferno* by the lively, versatile, and accomplished Rivarol, whom Burke somewhat oddly styled the Tacitus of the French Revolution. The translation, and the notes with which it is accompanied, are by no means without excellence. Buffon declared that it was “une création perpétuelle.” But Rivarol had little sympathy with the essential genius of Dante; and though his remarks often display acute and just critical perception, he sometimes shows a want of appreciation of the qualities of Dante's work as complete as one might expect from a countryman of Voltaire.*

* It is amusing to find Rivarol, in his Preface, complaining that the *Inferno* is so full of horrible and low images, that “la langue française chaste et timorée s'effarouche à chaque phrase.” And yet just afterwards he says finely: “Quand il est

A year before Rivarol published his translation, the first translation of the *Inferno* into English was printed at London. It was in blank verse; and its author, whose name did not appear in the title, was Mr. Charles Rogers. This was followed, in 1785, by what was called "A Translation of the *Inferno* in English Verse," by the Rev. Henry Boyd; and in 1802 Mr. Boyd published a translation of the whole *Divine Comedy*. This work was reviewed with praise in the second number of the *Edinburgh Review*, in January, 1803; the Reviewer declaring that, "upon the whole, Mr. Boyd has done as much for Dante as can well be done in English rhyme." This judgment affords a curious instance of the low state of English criticism at the period, for a more unsuccessful attempt at translation is hardly to be found. The work is a mere fluent paraphrase, undistinguished by a single quality characteristic of the original. The essence of the poem has evaporated, and nothing is left of its native virtue. A short passage will show what the Reviewer considered "doing as much for Dante as can well be done." Among the most beautiful episodes of the *Inferno* is that in which Dante describes Fortune, ending with the lines,—

"Quest' è colei, ch' è tanto posta in croce
Pur da color che le dovrian dar lode,
Dandole biasmo a torto e mala voce.
Ma ella s' è beata, e ciò non ode:
Con l' altre prime creature lieta
Volve sua spera, e beata si gode."

"This is she who is so crucified, even by those who ought to give her praise, giving her blame amiss, and ill repute. But she is blessed, and she hears this not: with the other primal creatures joyful she turns her sphere and blessed she rejoices."

It is hard to recognize such verses in Mr. Boyd's disguise:—

"The murmurs deep of yonder moody sphere
In vain aspire to reach her hallowed ear;
Forever listening to the choral song
Of those who turn the mighty mundane wheel,
Not doomed the thrilling shaft of woe to feel,
And urging still their flaming orbs along."

beau, rien ne lui est comparable. Son vers se tient debout par la seule force du substantif et du verbe, sans le concours d'une seule épithète."

It is plain that a translation of the Divine Comedy was still required in English, and this want the Rev. Mr. Cary undertook to supply. This excellent and scholarly gentleman published the first part of his well-known version in 1806, and eight years afterwards his complete translation of the poem. It was a work of far higher merit than that of his predecessor, and certain qualities, which are hardly, however, to be reckoned among its merits, have secured for it a wide and long-continued popularity. Mr. Cary had more culture and attainment than originality; and he did not so much translate Dante, which at that time would have required a certain native boldness, as Anglicize his poem by giving it a Miltonic form and fashion. The strangeness of Dante to the English mind was thus smoothed away. His tone and accent were made familiar, and he was accepted with that sort of half sympathy which is accorded to a foreigner who has taken out his papers of naturalization. Mr. Cary's version is not infrequently smooth, harmonious, and accurate; but had the original been better known, the translation would hardly have held the place it has so long occupied. No one who reads Cary alone can well understand or feel the powerful charm of Dante's verse, or the concentrated and regulated force of his imagination. The poem, which, in the original, makes a stronger impression of reality than any other existing work of imagination, and which was, indeed, in the strictest sense, the expression of what was to its author the most positive reality, seems, in this artificial English style of Mr. Cary, to be little better than a work of fancy, unreal, remote, insincere; its poetry has become rhetoric.

Moreover, Mr. Cary, although not without poetic feeling, having been bred into the liking of such an artificial manner in poetry, appears often to have been shocked by the simplicity of Dante, and to have regarded it as a defect in art. The more delicate qualities of Dante's style escape him, and his ear, accustomed to the swell of English blank verse, captivated by the *lenocinia verborum*, fails to find satisfaction in the compressed force of Dante's lines. The version is of the kind which Don Quixote so well says "is like viewing a piece of Flemish tapestry on the wrong side, where, though the fig-

ures are distinguishable, yet there are so many ends and threads that the beauty and exactness of the work are obscured." One or two brief illustrations will show what sort of "ends and threads" there are in Mr. Cary's work. We open at the eighteenth Canto of the *Paradise*, where Dante, speaking of the change wrought in Beatrice in their ascent from the sphere of Mars to that of Jupiter, describes it as being "such as is the change in little space of time in a pale lady when her countenance disburdens itself of the burden of shamefastness." This simple phrase is thus improved by Mr. Cary:—

"Like the change
In a brief moment on some maiden's cheek,
Which, from its fairness, doth discharge the weight
Of pudency that stained it."

So in a previous Canto, (we take the instances as our eyes happen to fall on them,) Dante, speaking of his ascent to Mars, says (*Par. XIV. 88–93*): "With all my heart and with that speech which is one in all men, to God I made a holocaust such as was befitting for the new grace; and the glow of the sacrifice was not yet exhausted in my breast when I knew that offering had been accepted and auspicious."

Mr. Cary renders this as follows:—

"With all the heart, and with that tongue which speaks
The same in all, an holocaust I made
To God, befitting the new grace vouchsaf'd,
And from my bosom *had not yet upsteam'd*
The fuming of that incense, when I knew
The rite accepted."

We might cite a great number of instances of this sort from Mr. Cary's pages, but these are enough to illustrate our criticism. Passages of great excellence are, indeed, to be found in his work, and it will always deserve to be held in respect, as showing that its author had far juster notions of what a translation ought to be than had been prevalent among previous English translators; so that the *Edinburgh Review* was not altogether extravagant in speaking of it "as executed with a fidelity almost without example," and Southey in declaring that it was "executed with perfect fidelity and admirable skill."

Translation after translation has in late years competed with

Cary's for pre-eminence, but none has succeeded in pleasing the public taste so well. During the past thirty years, not even Homer has found more translators; not even Homer is so difficult to translate. We have not space to discuss the merits of these many attempts.* The most interesting among them, and the completest in aim and execution, is the translation in the measure and rhyme of the original by Mr. Cayley. We shall have occasion to speak hereafter of what we conceive to be the insuperable difficulties attending this mode of translation; but there are portions of Mr. Cayley's version the excellence of which it might be difficult to surpass.

Dr. Carlyle's prose version is of a very different order. It "attempts to combine the virtues of a grammatical interpreta-

* The following list comprises all the English translations of the whole poem, or of either of its three main divisions, with which we are acquainted.

1782. *The Inferno*. By Charles Rogers. Blank verse.
 1785. " " " Henry Boyd. Rhyme.
 1802. *The Divine Comedy*. By Henry Boyd. Rhyme.
 1806. *The Inferno*. By H. F. Cary. Blank verse.
 1807. " " " Nathaniel Howard. Blank verse.
 1812. " " " W. Hume. Blank verse.
 1814. *The Divine Comedy*. By H. F. Cary. Blank verse. Reprinted in 1818; in America in 1822, and frequently afterwards both in England and America.
 1833-40. *The Divine Comedy*. By I. C. Wright. Rhyme. Twice reprinted.
 1843. *The Inferno*. By John Dayman. Triple rhyme.
 1849. " " " John A. Carlyle. Prose.
 1850. " " " Patrick Bannerman.
 1851-54. *The Divine Comedy*. By C. B. Cayley. Triple rhyme.
 1852. " " " " E. O'Donnell. Prose.
 1854. " " " " F. Pollock. Blank verse.
 1854. *The Inferno*. By Thomas Brooksbank. Triple rhyme.
 1859. " " " Bruce Whyte. Triple rhyme.
 1859. " " " J. W. Thomas. Triple rhyme.
 1862. " " " W. P. Wilkie. Verse.
 1862. *The Divine Comedy*. By Mrs. Ramsay. Triple rhyme.
 1865. " " " " J. Dayman. Triple rhyme.
 1865. *The Inferno*. By J. Ford. Triple rhyme.
 1865. " " " W. M. Rossetti. Blank verse.

To these may be added:—

1836. *The Inferno*. Cantos I. to X. Odoardo Volpi. Verse.
 1843. " " " I. to X. T. W. Parsons. Rhyme.
 1865. " " " I. to XVII. T. W. Parsons. Rhyme.

Byron, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Hayley, Lord Houghton, Mr. Merivale, and Mr. Gladstone are among the writers who have translated brief portions of the poem.

tion for the Italian student and a literary version for the general reader, and achieves this twofold object, perhaps, to nearly the utmost compatible extent."

During the last year all European and American students of Dante were moved to take part in the great national festival at Florence in honor of the six-hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. New translations of his *Divine Comedy* appeared in Germany, France, England, and America. In England, Mr. W. M. Rossetti and the Rev. Mr. Ford each issued a version of the *Inferno*; while the Rev. Mr. Dayman published a complete translation of the poem, of the first part of which there had been an edition some years since. In America, Dr. Parsons, who had printed, twenty-two years before, a version of ten cantos of the *Inferno*, now issued a revised edition of these Cantos, adding to them seven more. If Dante is ever to be successfully translated, one might fancy that, among so many attempts, the right one might be found.

But there is no agreement among the translators as to the mode in which the work is to be best accomplished. These four recent versions offer us three distinct forms of translation. Mr. Dayman and Mr. Ford have each attempted to reproduce the poem in the triple rhyme of the original; Dr. Parsons gives us a version with alternate rhymes, in the measure of Gray's *Elegy*; and Mr. Rossetti aims at unconditional literality in phraseology, and at line-for-line rendering, keeping to the metre, but not to the rhyme of the original. Here is wide choice, and the differences in these versions open the whole question of the proper method and aim of a translation.

An ideal rendering of such a poem as the *Divine Comedy* would of course be one which should render its effect while giving its literal meaning in a form as nearly corresponding to that of the original as the genius of the language would permit. There is no other poem in which measure, rhythm, and rhyme contribute so much to the general effect upon the imagination as in the *Divine Comedy*,—none in which the diction and style are so intimately connected with the meaning,—none in which language is so completely correspondent to the thought. Every word is minutely appropriate. "Poetry," says William Blake, "admits not a letter that is insignificant." It is this which is at

once the allurements and the despair of the translator. It is in vain to hope to succeed in transferring such a poem from its own language to another, and to preserve in the process all its primal qualities and sources of power. The literal translator has lost the music and melody which delight him, and the fine, absolute relation of sound and sense; while the free translator, even if, like Dr. Parsons, himself a poet, is forced not infrequently to change the perfect expression of his author into one less direct, simple, and natural. However skilful he may be, whatever mastery he may possess over his native tongue, he feels the charm of his original vanishing in his verse. He seeks to clasp the flying Muse: she leaves but her robe in his hand. He tries to reproduce an ineffable, inexpressible beauty: he fails in the attempt. Dante himself declares, that, in the highest sense, poetry is not capable of translation. In one of the early chapters of the *Convito* he says: "Let every one be aware that nothing harmonized by the bond of poetry can be transferred from its own tongue to another without breaking all its sweetness and harmony."*

And in addition to the difficulty, it might well be said the impossibility, of translating any poetry, owing to the indissoluble union of its spirit and the form which that spirit takes on and moulds to its own likeness, there is a special difficulty in the case of a poet who, like Dante, writes in an early stage of language. For Dante not merely chose a form of verse of unexampled beauty and intricacy, and well suited only to his own tongue, but the nature of language itself has changed since he wrote, so that the same words no longer convey the same ideas or produce the same impressions. The change is that from an ancient to a modern tongue, or, in truer phrase, from a fresh and young language to one worn and aged. It is the difference between a coin fresh from the mint, with its device clear, sharp, and perfect, and the same coin after years of use and currency, its device half obliterated by the rubbing and service of years. In our modern tongues the original meaning of words has become defaced by wear; they no longer have the sharply defined outline of their early days. Modern language has become more abstract; our words are no longer in living

* Book I. c. vii.

connection with their roots ; many of them, which originally had a distinct significance, have been reduced to little more than conventional signs ; they have become literary characters, and have lost their speaking quality. The thirteenth century had a new language, the nineteenth century has only old ones. Thought has changed with language. What was natural to Dante is often unnatural to us. His simplicity is sometimes what we should call quaintness ; his directness, what would seem to us, in a modern, like want of art ; his style is of his age, and not of ours.

Mr. Rossetti, losing sight, as it seems to us, of this fact, has excused certain singularities and oddities of phrase in his version with the plea "that generally I am odd to the English reader for one only reason, that Dante also is odd to the Italian reader in the same passage." No doubt, to the modern uncultivated Italian reader, Dante may often be odd ; but there is no ground for believing that Dante, however startling he may have been, was odd to his contemporaries. His poem, if truly translated, may be strange to our modern temper of mind, but will not be odd to our ears. The very nature of the case creates a dilemma. If we translate Dante in the antique style, we run into the affectation of archaism ; if we translate him in our modern style, we change his characteristic air and manner.

Many other special difficulties beset the English translator of Dante, in the matter of form, even supposing him to overcome those attending the choice and use of words. Our language is very poor in rhymes as compared with the Italian, and lends itself unwillingly to repeated consonances. It is only by straining that it can accomplish a succession of triple rhymes, which in Italian, at least in Dante's Italian, flow continuously, without apparent effort or exhaustion. Dante is reported to have said, that no word ever compelled him to say what he did not will ; but the translator who tries the triple rhyme in English is constantly compelled by his words to say what he would not.

"It is almost impossible," said Dryden in one of his admirable critical prefaces, "to translate verbally [that is, word for word and rhyme for rhyme] and at the same time to translate well. The verbal copier is encumbered with so

many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of the author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language; and besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers and the slavery of rhyme. It is like dancing on ropes with fettered legs. A man can shun a fall by using caution, but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected; and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task, for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck."

The numerous attempts at rendering the Divine Comedy with the rhyme of the original are, after all, even the best of them, only more or less successful intellectual *tours de force*. We doubt if any English reader would ever read for its poetic quality Mr. Dayman's or Mr. Ford's laborious and often curiously ingenious version. Even the best passages in them are faint copies of the text. They are like chromolithographs of Raphael's Madonnas; the colors are the same in name, but not in quality or tone. The translator who chooses the triple rhyme must curtail, must amplify, must transpose, in every verse.

The difficulties which await a translator who chooses another system of rhyme, even though it be one more manageable in English, are hardly less numerous. If he translate freely, he runs the risk of giving a modern air and an English tenor to the poem; and if he aim at literality, he runs the risk of stiffness, and of using forms of construction averse to the poetic style. He either gives us a poem which is not Dantesque, or a series of verses which are not English.

In choosing the measure and rhyme which he has used, Dr. Parsons chose with the instinct of a genuine poet. He felt, with Sir John Denham, that it is not the translator's "business alone to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy; and poesy is of so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit is not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*."* Dr. Parsons has rendered in this sense many passages with great force and

* Preface to the Second Book of Virgil's *Æneid*.

beauty, and the whole of his work may be read with pleasure as a poetic composition; but he has not succeeded in doing the impossible, by giving in English the effect of Dante's Italian poetry. For, in fine, it is impossible to transfuse the spirit of Dante into English rhyme. As a work of highest literary art, its original form is essential to it, and in another language than its own,

“la forma non s' accorda
Molte fiate alla intenzion dell' arte,
Perch' a risponder la materia è sorda.”

A brief extract from the Divine Comedy, and a comparison of it with the various versions before us, will illustrate what has now been said. We choose some lines from the Tenth Canto of the *Inferno*, beginning with the address of Farinata to Dante. Let the reader notice the simplicity and straightforwardness of the construction of the original, and observe what force and dignity these qualities give to the style. It is as direct as prose; each verse is vigorous and compact; there are no words to spare, no more required. It is a specimen of the noblest diction.

“O Tosco, che per la città del foco
Vivo ten vai così parlando onesto,
Piacciati di ristare in questo loco.
La tua loquela ti fa manifesto
Di quel nobil patria natio
Alla qual forse fui troppo molesto.
Subitamente questo suono uscìo
D' una dell' arche: però m' accostai,
Temendo, un poco più al Duca mio.
Ed ei mi disse: Volgiti; che fai?
Vedi là Farinata che s' è dritto:
Dalla cintola in su tutto il vedrai.
Io avea già il mio viso nel suo fitto;
Ed ei s' ergea col petto e colla fronte,
Com' avesse lo Inferno in gran dispetto.”

Inf. X. vv. 22 - 36.

Literally translated this passage reads as follows:—

“O Tuscan, who through the city of fire goest alive, speaking thus decorously, may it please thee to stop in this place. Thy speech makes manifest that thou art native of that noble country to which perhaps I was too harmful. Suddenly this

sound issued from one of the chests, wherefore I pressed, fearing, a little closer to my guide. And he said to me: Turn thee. What doest thou? Behold there Farinata, who has raised himself upright. From the girdle upwards wholly thou shalt see him. I had already fixed my look on his; and he rose erect with breast and front, as though he had Hell in great despite."

Now let us compare the versions of Mr. Dayman and Mr. Ford.

DAYMAN.

FORD.

" 'Tuscan, who thus, of honest parlance true,	" 'O Tuscan, who alive dost wend thy way
Dost living way make through the Place of flame,	Through the Fire-city thus discoursing fair,
Tarry awhile, an't like thee: well I knew —	Be it thy pleasure at this place to stay.
For well the accents of thy voice proclaim —	The accent of thy voice bespeaks thee clear
Thee native of the goodly land, which found	Of that right-noble country native sprung,
Perhaps too bitter cause to curse my name.'	To which, it may be, I was too severe.' —
From a sepulchral cave sudden the sound	Forth from a vault the sepulchres among
Came rushing, that I crept, my blood all cold,	Came suddenly these words; whereat, more nigh
Close sidling to my leader. 'Turn thee round,'	A little to my Guide I drew and clung.
He cried, 'What dost thou? Turn thee and be bold;	'Turn thee about! what dost thou now?' said he:
See where Farinata lifts himself upright;	Ris'n, of himself, Lo! Farinata's shade:
From the waist upward thou mayest all behold.'	Him from the waist all upward thou shalt see.'
With eye confronting 'his, I met his sight,	Already on his look mine own was stayed;
And he his breast and face with many a strain	And he was lifting high his face and breast,
Upheaved, as holding Hell in fierce despite."	As one, of Hell who little reckoning made."

Elaborate as both of these versions are, it is obvious that neither of them reproduces the poetry of the original. No one would select either of them as specimens of noble diction. The hard necessity of rhyme has destroyed simplicity of expression, and changed the whole effect of the narrative.

Now let us take Dr. Parsons's translation of the same passage:—

" 'O Tuscan! thou who com'st with gentle speech,
Through Hell's hot city breathing from the earth,

Stop in this place one moment I beseech, —
Thy tongue betrays the country of thy birth.
Of that illustrious land I know thee sprung,
Which in my day perchance I too much vexed.
Forth from one vault these sudden accents rung,
So that I trembling stood, with fear perplexed.
Then as I closer to my master drew :
‘ Turn back ! what dost thou ? ’ he exclaimed in haste ;
‘ See ! Farinata rises to thy view, —
Now mayst behold him upward from his waist.’
Full in his face already I was gazing,
While his front lowered and his proud bosom swelled,
As though even there, amid his burial blazing,
The infernal realm in high disdain he held.”

This is spirited and powerful poetry ; and though far less literal than either of the preceding renderings, it does more justice to Dante in its freedom than the others in their constraint. The *Divine Comedy* rendered in this manner remains at least a poem. But its tone is not that of Dante’s poem ; its merits are its own.

Is the *Divine Comedy*, then, not to be translated at all ? If its spirit cannot be transfused into English rhyme, can it be better brought into unrhymed verse ? It is a sad conclusion to reach, that all the beauty and sweetness and subtile association of rhyme, on which so much of the charm of the original depends, — that this element of its form with which its spirit is so intricately involved, — that this concord of sound and sense, — must be forfeited before we can hope to render satisfactorily into English what remains of the original after this loss. And yet to this conclusion we are forced. The loss is greater in any other process. We must be content to retain only so much of the original as may be preserved in a translation which prefers to cling to the features of most significance, — to those which are general, essential, universal, and capable therefore of transference into another tongue, — than to those which are special, and belong to the external form more than to its interior substance. It is not necessary to go with Dr. Carlyle to the extreme of rendering the poem into prose. A translation may be made in verse which shall retain more of the characteristics of the poem than the noblest prose version can give.

What poetic form, then, shall the translator choose, and

what qualities of the original may he hope to preserve in his version? Rhymed verse being excluded, he may choose, with Mr. Cary, blank verse fashioned after the manner of Milton or of Tennyson. But the very fact that it is after the manner of an English poet indicates that it is an unfit vehicle for rendering a poet so un-English in style as Dante. The object of the translator should be to reproduce as much as possible the effect of Dante; but this cannot be done if in the structure of his verse he remind us of the cadences of our native poets. His metre and his diction, his vocabulary and his style, must all be Dantesque, to enable him to fulfil this condition. A blank verse, based in its rhythm upon the verse of Dante, aiming to present all the qualities of this verse except its rhyme, would seem to be the proper instrument of the English translator. If he possess such feelings and cultivation as fit him truly to appreciate the qualities of Dante's poem, and such genius as is required to render them, he will find it possible to reproduce in English more of the effect of Dante by this than by any other method. A literal, line-for-line translation, in the metre of the original, will afford him the means of rendering the substantial characteristics of the thought and of the language of the poem. No poet suffers more from the amplification of a poor translator than Dante; for there is none more uniformly concise and choice in his expression. His style is exceedingly various in other respects, but his words are invariably chosen with distinct purpose. At times he is as clear in thought, as straight-forward in expression, as simple in his vocabulary, as Homer himself; at other times, as involved in meaning, as subtile in expression, and as unusual in vocabulary, as any of the mediæval poets. But he never, even in his most metaphysical passages, or those most imbued with purely individual or mediæval sentiment, loses control over his words, or selects an expression at hap-hazard, or simply to accommodate his verse. The range of his style is as wide as that of his imagination and his thought, and his vocabulary is always sufficient for his intention. He deals with the grotesque or with the sublime with equal ease. He lifts himself from the humblest image to the loftiest reality, and draws his material with equal power from earth and stars, — this world and the other.

To render the effects of such a poet even imperfectly, the translator himself should be a poet. "No man," we cite again the great authority of Dryden, "is capable of translating poetry, who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language and of his own; nor must we understand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and, as it were, individuate him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thoughts either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance."

The earliest attempt to render Dante in English verse, line for line, and in measure like his own, was made, so far as we are aware, by Mr. Longfellow, in some brief but beautiful translations from the *Purgatorio*, published in 1839. Mr. Pollock adopted this method, with moderate success, in his translation of the whole poem, published in 1856; and Mr. Rossetti, in his version of the *Inferno*, has taken the same course. Possessing many of the best qualifications for his work, Mr. Rossetti has accomplished his task in a manner which, if not wholly satisfactory, is at least deserving of high praise. He has preserved the substance, and in good measure the spirit, of his original. As a specimen of his work we give his translation of the same passage we have quoted from the other recent versions.

- "O Tuscan, who along the city of fire
Go'st living, speaking thus decorously,
Be pleased awhile to tarry in this place.
Thy form of speech doth make thee manifest
A child unto that noble native-land
Which I was over-troublous to, perchance."
- "Upon a sudden this sound issued there
From one o' the cinctures; wherefore I approached,
In fear, a little nearer to my guide.
- "And he said to me: 'Turn; what doest thou?
See Farinata there, who's got upright:
From the waist upwards thou wilt see him all.'
- "Already had I fixed mine eyes on his:
And he was raising him with breast and brow,
As 't were that he had hell in great disdain."

This retains far more of the directness and force of the original than are preserved in the versions already cited, and confirms all that we have said in favor of this mode of translation. But it also shows defects which are more evident in some other portions of Mr. Rossetti's work, in a certain tendency toward the use of expressions more quaint than exact, as, for instance, in the use of such a word as "cinctures" as a rendering of the original *arche*, and a certain want of rhythmic grace and harmony in the structure of the verse.

It would be easy to select passages from Mr. Rossetti's volume free from such faults; but we speak the more freely of them, because the merits of his work are conspicuous, and, if not completely successful as a rendering of the *Inferno*, it at least indicates the way to success.

It is not to be expected that even the best possible translation should make the *Divine Comedy* a popular poem, in any proper sense, among English readers. Its fundamental conceptions are too remote from modern thought to be easily apprehended, or readily accepted, by those whose intellectual life is bounded by the limits of present time. It requires, to be justly appreciated, not merely a general literary culture, but something of special study. It demands of the student more thoughtfulness and more imagination than most men possess. The mass of its readers get no farther than to the end of the *Inferno*; and this partial acquaintance with the poem gives rise to, and perpetuates, not only a completely incorrect and unjust conception of the character of the poet, but also a not less completely false notion of the scope and intention of the poem. The mere lover of poetry, who cares not to study the *Divine Comedy* as a whole, may yet take pleasure in special famous episodes, in the exquisite felicity of its imagery, in the truth and tenderness of certain passages of sentiment; but such a reader will know little of the deep and abundant sources of spiritual delight and invigoration which the poem reveals to him who gives himself to its study with due preparation and fit temper of mind. There is nothing of the false pretence of dilettanteism, or of purely professional admiration, in the feeling which it awakens in such a student.

ART. IX. — THE PRESIDENT ON THE STUMP.

ONE of the things that always struck us as particularly admirable in the public utterances of President Lincoln was a certain tone of familiar dignity, which, while it is perhaps the most difficult attainment of mere style, is also no doubtful indication of personal character. There must be something essentially noble in an elective ruler who can descend to the level of confidential ease without losing respect, something very manly in one who can break through the etiquette of his conventional rank and trust himself to the reason and intelligence of those who have elected him. No higher compliment was ever paid to a nation than the simple confidence, the fireside plainness, with which Mr. Lincoln always addressed himself to the reason of the American people. This was, indeed, a true democrat, who grounded himself on the assumption that a democracy can think. "Come, let us reason together about this matter," was the tone of all his addresses to the people; and accordingly we have never had a chief magistrate who so won to himself the love and at the same time the judgment of his countrymen. To us, that simple confidence of his in the right-mindedness of his fellow-men is very touching, and its success is as strong an argument as we have ever seen in favor of the theory that men can govern themselves. He never appealed to any vulgar sentiment, he never alluded to the humbleness of his origin; it probably never occurred to him, indeed, that there was anything higher to start from than manhood; and he put himself on a level with those he addressed, not by going down to them, but only by taking it for granted that they had brains and would come up to a common ground of reason. In an article lately printed in "The Nation," Mr. Bayard Taylor mentions the striking fact, that in the foulest dens of the Five Points he found the portrait of Lincoln. The wretched population that makes its lair there threw all its votes and more against him, and yet paid this instinctive tribute to the sweet humanity of his nature. Their ignorance sold its vote and took its money, but all that was left of manhood in them recognized its saint and martyr.

Mr. Lincoln was not in the habit of saying, "This is *my* opinion, or *my* theory," but, "This is the conclusion to which, in my judgment, the time has come, and to which, accordingly, the sooner we come the better for us." His policy was the policy of public opinion based on adequate discussion and on a timely recognition of the influence of passing events in shaping the features of events to come. On the day of his death, this simple Western attorney, who according to one party was a vulgar joker, and whom the *doctrinaires* among his own supporters accused of wanting every element of statesmanship, was the most absolute ruler in Christendom, and this solely by the hold his good-humored sagacity had laid on the hearts and understandings of his countrymen. Nor was this all, for it appeared that he had drawn the great majority, not only of his fellow-citizens, but of mankind also, to his side. So strong and so persuasive is honest manliness without a single quality of romance or unreal sentiment to help it! A civilian during times of the most captivating military achievement, awkward, with no skill in the lower technicalities of manners, he left behind him a fame beyond that of any conqueror, the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person, and of a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding.

One secret of Mr. Lincoln's remarkable success in captivating the popular mind was undoubtedly an unconsciousness of self which enabled him, though under the necessity of constantly using the capital *I*, to do it without any suggestion of egoism. There is no single vowel which men's mouths can pronounce with such difference of effect. That which one shall hide away, as it were, behind the substance of his discourse, or, if he bring it to the front, shall use merely to give an agreeable accent of individuality to what he says, another shall make an offensive challenge to the self-satisfaction of all his hearers, and an unwarranted intrusion upon each man's sense of personal importance, irritating every pore of his vanity, like a dry north-east wind, to a goose-flesh of opposition and hostility. Mr. Lincoln had never studied Quintilian; but he had, in the earnest simplicity and unaffected Americanism of his own character, one art of oratory worth all the rest. He forgot himself so entirely in his object as to give his *I* the sympathetic and per-

suasive effect of *We* with the great body of his countrymen. Homely, dispassionate, showing all the rough-edged process of his thought as it went along, yet arriving at his conclusions with an honest kind of every-day logic, he was so eminently our representative man, that, when he spoke, it seemed as if the people were listening to their own thinking aloud. The dignity of his thought owed nothing to any ceremonial garb of words, but to the manly movement that came of settled purpose and an energy of reason that did not know what rhetoric meant. There was nothing of Cleon, still less of Strepsiades striving to underbid him in demagogism, to be found in the public utterances of Mr. Lincoln. He always addressed the intelligence of men, never their prejudice, their passion, or their ignorance.

Mr. Johnson is the first of our Presidents who has descended to the stump, and spoken to the people as if they were a mob. We do not care to waste words in criticising the taste of this proceeding, but deem it our duty to comment on some of its graver aspects. We shall leave entirely aside whatever was personal in the extraordinary diatribe of the 22d of February, merely remarking that we believe the majority of Americans have too much good sense to be flattered by an allusion to the humbleness of their chief magistrate's origin; the matter of interest for them being rather to ascertain what he has arrived at than where he started from, — we do not mean in station, but in character, intelligence, and fitness for the place he occupies. We have reason to suspect, indeed, that pride of origin, whether high or low, springs from the same principle in human nature, and that one is but the positive, the other the negative, pole of a single weakness. The people do not take it as a compliment to be told that they have chosen a plebeian to the highest office, for they are not fond of a plebeian tone of mind or manners. What they do like, we believe, is to be represented by their foremost man, their highest type of courage, sense, and patriotism, no matter what his origin. For, after all, no one in this country incurs any natal disadvantage except that of being born to an ease which robs him of the necessity of exerting, and so of increasing and maturing, his natural powers. It is of very little consequence to know what our President

was; of the very highest, to ascertain what he is, and to make the best of him. We may say, in passing, that the bearing of Congress, under the temptations of the last few weeks, has been most encouraging, though we must except from our commendation the recent speech of Mr. Stevens of Pennsylvania. There is a pride of patriotism that should make all personal pique seem trifling; and Mr. Stevens ought to have remembered that it was not so much the nakedness of an antagonist that he was uncovering as that of his country.

The dangers of popular oratory are always great, and unhappily ours is nearly all of this kind. Even a speaker in Congress addresses his real hearers through the post-office and the reporters. The merits of the question at issue concern him less than what *he* shall say about it so as not to ruin his own chance of re-election, and that of some fourth-cousin to a tidewaitership. Few men have any large amount of gathered wisdom, still fewer of extemporaneous, while there are unhappily many who have a large stock of accumulated phrases, and hold their parts of speech subject to immediate draft. In a country where the party newspapers and speakers have done their best to make us believe that consistency is of so much more importance than statesmanship, and where every public man is more or less in the habit of considering what he calls his "record" as the one thing to be saved in the general deluge, a hasty speech, if the speaker be in a position to make his words things, may, by this binding force which is superstitiously attributed to the word once uttered, prove to be of public detriment. It would be well for us if we could shake off this baleful system of requiring that a man who has once made a fool of himself shall always thereafter persevere in being one. Unhappily it is something more easy of accomplishment than the final perseverance of the saints. Let us learn to be more careful in distinguishing between betrayal of principle, and breaking loose from a stupid consistency that compels its victims to break their heads against the wall instead of going a few steps round to the door. To eat our own words would seem to bear some analogy to that diet of east-wind which is sometimes attributed to the wild ass, and might therefore be wholesome for the tame variety of that noble and neces-

sary animal, which, like the poor, we are sure to have always with us. If the words have been foolish, we can conceive of no food likely to be more nutritious, and could almost wish that we might have public establishments at the common charge, like those at which the Spartans ate black broth, where we might all sit down together to a meal of this cheaply beneficial kind. Among other amendments of the Constitution, since every Senator seems to carry half a dozen in his pocket now-a-days, a sort of legislative six-shooter, might we not have one to the effect that a public character might change his mind as circumstances changed theirs, say once in five years, without forfeiting the confidence of his fellow-citizens?

We trust that Mr. Johnson may not be so often reminded of his late harangue as to be provoked into maintaining it as part of his settled policy, and that every opportunity will be given him for forgetting it, as we are sure his better sense will make him wish to do. For the more we reflect upon it, the more it seems to us to contain, either directly or by implication, principles of very dangerous consequence to the well-being of the Republic. We are by no means disposed to forget Mr. Johnson's loyalty when it was hard to be loyal, nor the many evidences he has given of a sincere desire to accomplish what seemed to him best for the future of the whole country; but, at the same time, we cannot help thinking that some of his over-frank confidences of late have shown alarming misconceptions, both of the position he holds either in the public sentiment or by virtue of his office, and of the duty thereby devolved upon him. We do not mean to indulge ourselves in any nonsensical rhetoric about usurpations like those which cost an English king his head, for we consider the matter in too serious a light, and no crowded galleries invite us to thrill them with Bulwerian commonplace; but we have a conviction that the exceptional circumstances of the last five years, which gave a necessary predominance to the executive part of our government, have left behind them a false impression of the prerogative of a President in ordinary times. The balance-wheel of our system has insensibly come to think itself the motive-power, whereas that, to be

properly effective, should always be generated by the deliberate public opinion of the country. Already the Democratic party, anxious to profit by any chance at resuscitation,—for it is extremely inconvenient to be dead so long,—is more than hinting that the right of veto was given to the President that he might bother and baffle a refractory Congress into concession, not to his reasons, but his whim. There seemed to be a plan at one time of forming a President's party, with no principle but that of general opposition to the policy of that great majority which carried him into power. Such a scheme might have had some chance of success in the good old times when it seemed to the people as if there was nothing more important at stake than who should be in and who out; but it would be sure of failure now that the public mind is intelligently made up as to the vital meaning of whatever policy we adopt, and the necessity of establishing our institutions, once for all, on a basis as permanent as human prudence can make it.

Congress is sometimes complained of for wasting time in discussion, and for not having, after a four months' session, arrived at any definite plan of settlement. There has been, perhaps, a little eagerness on the part of honorable members to associate their names with the particular nostrum that is to build up our national system again. In a country where, unhappily, any man *may* be President, it is natural that a means of advertising so efficacious as this should not be neglected. But really, we do not see how Congress can be blamed for not being ready with a plan definite and precise upon every point of possible application, when it is not yet in possession of the facts according to whose varying complexion the plan must be good or bad. The question with us is much more whether another branch of the government,—to which, from its position and its opportunity for a wider view, the country naturally looks for initiative suggestion, and in which a few months ago even decisive action would have been pardoned,—whether this did not let the lucky moment go by without using it. That moment was immediately after Mr. Lincoln's murder, when the victorious nation was ready to apply, and the conquered faction would have submitted without a murmur to that bold and comprehensive

policy which is the only wise as it is the only safe one for great occasions. To let that moment slip was to descend irrecoverably from the vantage-ground where statesmanship is an exact science, to the experimental level of tentative politics. We cannot often venture to set our own house on fire with civil war, in order to heat our iron up to that point of easy forging at which it glowed, longing for the hammer of the master-smith, less than a year ago. That Occasion is swift, we learned long ago from the adage; but this volatility is meant only of moments where force of personal character is decisive, where the fame or fortune of a single man is at stake. The life of nations can afford to take less strict account of time, and in their affairs there may always be a hope that the slow old tortoise, Prudence, may overtake again the opportunity that seemed flown by so irrecoverably. Our people have shown so much of this hard-shelled virtue during the last five years, that we look with more of confidence than apprehension to the result of our present difficulties. Never was the common-sense of a nation more often and directly appealed to, never was it readier in coming to its conclusion and making it operative in public affairs, than during the war whose wounds we are now endeavoring to stanch. It is the duty of patriotic men to keep this great popular faculty always in view, to satisfy its natural demand for clearness and practicality in the measures proposed, and not to distract it and render it nugatory by the insubstantial metaphysics of abstract policy. From the splitting of heads to the splitting of hairs would seem to be a long journey, and yet some are already well on their way to the end of it, who should be the leaders of public opinion and not the skirmishing harassers of its march. It would be well if some of our public men would consider that Providence has saved their modesty the trial of an experiment in cosmogony, and that their task is the difficult, no doubt, but much simpler and less ambitious one, of bringing back the confused material which lies ready to their hand, always with a divinely implanted instinct of order in it, to as near an agreement with the providential intention as their best wisdom can discern. The aggregate opinion of a nation moves slowly. Like those old migrations of entire tribes, it is encumbered with much household stuff; a

thousand unforeseen things may divert or impede it; a hostile check or the temptation of present convenience may lead it to settle far short of its original aim; the want of some guiding intellect and central will may disperse it; but experience shows one constant element of its progress, which those who aspire to be its leaders should keep in mind, namely, that the place of a wise general should be oftener in the rear or the centre than the extreme front. The secret of permanent leadership is to know how to be moderate. The rashness of conception that makes opportunity, the gallantry that heads the advance, may win admiration, may possibly achieve a desultory and indecisive exploit; but it is the slow steadiness of temper, bent always on the main design and the general movement, that gains by degrees a confidence as unshakable as its own, the only basis for permanent power over the minds of men. It was the surest proof of Mr. Lincoln's sagacity and the deliberate reach of his understanding, that he never thought time wasted while he waited for the wagon that brought his supplies. The very immovability of his purpose, fixed always on what was attainable, laid him open to the shallow criticism of having none, — for a shooting star draws more eyes, and seems for the moment to have a more definite aim, than a planet, — but it gained him at last such a following as made him irresistible. It lays a much lighter tax on the intellect, and proves its resources less, to suggest a number of plans, than to devise and carry through a single one.

Mr. Johnson has an undoubted constitutional right to choose any, or to reject all, of the schemes of settlement proposed by Congress, though the wisdom of his action in any case is a perfectly proper subject of discussion among those who put him where he is, who are therefore responsible for his power of good or evil, and to whom the consequences of his decision must come home at last. He has an undoubted personal right to propose any scheme of settlement himself, and to advocate it with whatever energy of reason or argument he possesses, but is liable, in our judgment, to very grave reprehension if he appeal to the body of the people against those who are more immediately its representatives than himself in any case of doubtful expediency, before discussion is exhausted, and

where the difference may well seem one of personal pique rather than of considerate judgment. This is to degrade us from a republic, in whose foreordered periodicity of submission to popular judgment democracy has guarded itself against its own passions, to a mass meeting, where momentary interest, panic, or persuasive sophistry — all of them gregarious influences, and all of them contagious — may decide by a shout what years of afterthought may find it hard, or even impossible, to undo. There have been some things in the deportment of the President of late that have suggested to thoughtful men rather the pettish foible of wilfulness than the strength of well-trained and conscientious will. It is by the objects for whose sake the force of volition is called into play that we decide whether it is childish or manly, whether we are to call it obstinacy or firmness. Our own judgment can draw no favorable augury from meetings gathered “to sustain the President,” as it is called, especially if we consider the previous character of those who are prominent in them, nor from the ill-considered gossip about a “President’s party”; and they would excite our apprehension of evil to come, did we not believe that the experience of the last five years had settled into convictions in the mind of the people. The practical result to which all benevolent men finally come is that it is idle to try to sustain any man who has not force of character enough to sustain himself without their help, and the only party which has any chance now before the people is that of resolute good sense. What is now demanded of Congress is unanimity in the best course that is feasible. They should recollect that Wisdom is more likely to be wounded in the division of those who should be her friends, than either of the parties to the quarrel. Our difficulties are by no means so great as timid or interested people would represent them to be. We are to decide, it is true, for posterity; but the question presented to us is precisely that which every man has to decide in making his will, — neither greater nor less than that, nor demanding a wisdom above what that demands. The power is in our own hands, so long as it is prudent for us to keep it there; and we are justified, not in doing simply what we will with our own, but what is best to be done. The great danger in the present posture of affairs seems

to be lest the influence which, in Mr. Lincoln's case, was inherent in the occasion and the man, should have held over in the popular mind as if it were entailed upon the office. To our minds more is to be apprehended in such a conjuncture from the weakness than from the strength of the President's character.

There is another topic which we feel obliged to comment on, regretting deeply, as we do, that the President has given us occasion for it, and believing, as we would fain do, that his own better judgment will lead him to abstain from it in the future. He has most unfortunately permitted himself to assume a sectional ground. Geography is learned to little purpose in Tennessee, if it does not teach that the Northeast as well as the Southwest is an integral and necessary part of the United States. By the very necessity of his high office, a President becomes an American, whose concern is with the outward boundaries of his country, and not its internal subdivisions. One great object of the war, we had supposed, was to abolish all fallacies of sectional distinction in a patriotism that could embrace something wider than a township, a county, or even a State. But Mr. Johnson has chosen to revive the paltry party-cries from before that deluge which we hoped had washed everything clean, and to talk of treason at both ends of the Union, as if there were no difference between men who attempted the life of their country, and those who differ from him in their judgment of what is best for her future safety and greatness. We have heard enough of New England radicalism, as if that part of the country where there is the most education and the greatest accumulation of property in the hands of the most holders were the most likely to be carried away by what are called agrarian theories. All that New England and the West demand is that America should be American; that every relic of a barbarism more archaic than any institution of the Old World should be absolutely and irrecoverably destroyed; that there should be no longer two peoples here, but one, homogeneous and powerful by a sympathy in idea. Does Mr. Johnson desire anything more? Does he, alas! desire anything less? If so, it may be the worse for his future fame, but it will not and cannot hinder the irresistible march of that national instinct which forced us into war, brought

us out of it victorious, and will not now be cheated of its fruits. If we may trust those who have studied the matter, it is moderate to say that more than half the entire population of the Free States is of New England descent, much more than half the native population. It is by the votes of these men that Mr. Johnson holds his office; it was as the exponent of their convictions of duty and policy that he was chosen to it. Not a vote did he or could he get in a single one of the States in rebellion. If they were the American people when they elected him to execute their will, are they less the American people now? It seems to us the idlest of all possible abstractions now to discuss the question whether the rebellious States were ever out of the Union or not, as if that settled the right of secession. The victory of superior strength settled it, and nothing else. For four years they were practically as much out of the Union as Japan; had they been strong enough, they would have continued out of it; and what matters it where they were theoretically? Why, until Queen Victoria, every English sovereign assumed the style of King of France. The King of Sardinia was, and the King of Italy, we suppose, is still titular King of Jerusalem. Did either monarch ever exercise sovereignty or levy taxes in those imaginary dominions? What the war accomplished for us was the reduction of an insurgent population; and what it settled was, not the right of secession, for that must always depend on will and strength, but that every inhabitant of every State was a subject as well as a citizen of the United States, — in short, that the theory of freedom was limited by the equally necessary theory of authority. We hoped to hear less in future of the possible interpretations by which the Constitution may be made to mean this or that, and more of what will help the present need and conduce to the future strength and greatness of the whole country. It was by precisely such constitutional quibbles, educating men to believe that they had a right to claim whatever they could sophistically demonstrate to their own satisfaction, — and self-interest is the most cunning of sophists, — that we were interpreted, in spite of ourselves, into civil war. It was by just such a misunderstanding of one part of the country by another as that to which Mr. Johnson

has lent the weight of his name and the authority of his place, that rendered a hearty national sympathy, and may render a lasting reorganization, impossible.

If history were still written as it was till within two centuries, and the author put into the mouth of his speakers such words as his conception of the character and the situation made probable and fitting, we could conceive an historian writing a hundred years hence to imagine some such speech as this for Mr. Johnson in an interview with a Southern delegation.

“Gentlemen, I am glad to meet you once more as friends, I wish I might say as fellow-citizens. How soon we may again stand in that relation to each other depends wholly upon yourselves. You have been pleased to say that my birth and life-long associations gave you confidence that I would be friendly to the South. In so saying, you do no more than justice to my heart and my intentions; but you must allow me to tell you frankly, that, if you use the word South in any other than a purely geographical sense, the sooner you convince yourselves of its impropriety as addressed to an American President, the better. The South as a political entity was Slavery, and went out of existence with it. And let me also, as naturally connected with this topic, entreat you to disabuse your minds of the fatally mistaken theory that you have been conquered by the North. It is the American people who are victors in this conflict, and who intend to inflict no worse penalty on you than that of admitting you to an entire equality with themselves. They are resolved, by God’s grace, to Americanize you, and America means education, equality before the law, and every upward avenue of life made as free to one man as another. You urge upon me, with great force and variety of argument, the manifold evils of the present unsettled state of things, the propriety and advantage of your being represented in both houses of Congress, the injustice of taxation without representation. I admit the importance of every one of these considerations, but I think you are laboring under some misapprehension of the actual state of affairs. I know not if any of you have been in America since the spring of 1861, or whether (as I rather suspect) you have all been busy in Europe endeavoring to — but I beg pardon, I did not intend to say anything that should recall old animosi-

ties. But intelligence is slow to arrive in any part of the world, and intelligence from America painfully so in reaching Europe. You do not seem to be aware that *something has happened here during the last four years*, something that has made a very painful and lasting impression on the memory of the American people, whose voice on this occasion I have the honor to be. They feel constrained to demand that you shall enter into bonds to keep the peace. They do not, I regret to say, agree with you in looking upon what has happened here of late as only a more emphatic way of settling a Presidential election, the result of which leaves both parties entirely free to try again. They seem to take the matter much more seriously. Nor do they, so far as I can see, agree with you in your estimate of the importance of conserving your several State sovereignties, as you continue to call them, insisting much rather on the conservation of America and of American ideas. They say that the only thing which can individualize or perpetuate a commonwealth is to have a history; and they ask which of the States lately in Rebellion, except Virginia and South Carolina, had anything of the kind? In spite of my natural sympathies, gentlemen, my reason compels me to agree with them. Your strength, such as it was, was due less to the fertility of your brains than to that of your soil and to the invention of the Yankee Whitney which you used and never paid for. You tell me it is hard to put you on a level with your negroes. As a believer in the superiority of the white race, I cannot admit the necessity of enforcing that superiority by law. A Roman emperor once said that gold never retained the unpleasant odor of its source, and I must say to you that loyalty is sweet to me, whether it throb under a black skin or a white. The American people has learned of late to set a greater value on the color of ideas than on shades of complexion. As to the injustice of taxation without representation, that is an idea derived from our English ancestors, and is liable, like all rules, to the exceptions of necessity. I see no reason why a State may not as well be disfranchised as a borough for an illegal abuse of its privileges; nor do I quite feel the parity of the reason which should enable you to do that with a loyal black which we may not do with a disloyal white. Remember that this government is bound by

every obligation, ethical and political, to protect these people because they are weak, and to reward them (if the common privilege of manhood may be called a reward) because they are faithful. We are not fanatics; but a nation that has neither faith in itself nor faith toward others must soon crumble to pieces by moral dry-rot. If we may conquer you, gentlemen, (and you forced the necessity upon us,) we may surely impose terms upon you; for it is an old principle of law that *cui liceat majus, ei licet etiam minus*.

“In your part of the country, gentlemen, that which we should naturally appeal to as the friend of order and stability, — property, — is blindly against us; prejudice is also against us; and we have nothing left to which we can appeal but human nature and the common privilege of manhood. You seem to have entertained some hope that I would gather about myself a ‘President’s party,’ which should be more friendly to you and those animosities which you mistake for interests. But you grossly deceive yourselves; I have no sympathy but with my whole country, and there is nothing out of which such a party as you dream of could be constructed, except the broken remnant of those who deserted you when for the first time you needed their help and not their subserviency, and those feathery characters who are drawn hither and thither by the chances of office. I need not say to you that I am and can be nothing in this matter but the voice of the nation’s deliberate resolve. The recent past is too painful, the immediate future too momentous, to tolerate any personal considerations. You throw yourselves upon our magnanimity, and I must be frank with you. My predecessor, Mr. Buchanan, taught us the impolicy of weakness and concession. The people are magnanimous, but they understand by magnanimity a courageous steadiness in principle. They do not think it possible that a large heart should consist with a narrow brain; and they would consider it pusillanimous in them to consent to the weakness of their country by admitting you to a share in its government before you have given evidence of sincere loyalty to its principles, or, at least, of wholesome fear of its power. They believe, and I heartily agree with them, that a strong nation begets strong citizens, and a weak one weak, — that the

powers of the private man are invigorated and enlarged by his confidence in the power of the body politic; and they see no possible means of attaining or securing this needed strength but in that homogeneousness of laws and institutions which breeds unanimity of ideas and sentiments, no way of arriving at that homogeneousness but the straightforward path of perfect confidence in freedom. All nations have a right to security, ours to greatness; and must have the one as an essential preliminary to the other. If your prejudices stand in the way, and you are too weak to rid yourselves of them, it will be for the American people to consider whether the plain duty of conquering them for you will be, after all, so difficult a conquest as some they have already achieved. By yourselves or us they must be conquered. Gentlemen, in bidding you farewell, I ask you to consider whether you have not forgotten that, in order to men's living peacefully together in communities, the idea of government must precede that of liberty, and that the one is as much the child of necessity as the other is a slow concession to civilization and the habit of obedience to something more refined than force."

ART. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — 1. *Chastelard. A Tragedy.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York: Hurd and Houghton. pp. 178.
2. *Atalanta in Calydon. A Tragedy.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. pp. 113.

ARE we really, then, to believe the newspapers for once, and to doff our critical nightcaps, in which we have comfortably overslept many similar rumors and false alarms, to welcome the advent of a new poet? New poets, to our thinking, are not very common, and the soft columns of the press often make dangerous concessions, for which the marble ones of Horace's day were too stony-hearted. Indeed, we have some well-grounded doubts whether England is precisely the country from which we have a right to expect that most precious of gifts just now. There

is hardly enough fervor of political life there at present to ripen anything but the fruits of the literary forcing-house, so fair outwardly and so flavorless compared with those which grow in the hardier open air of a vigorous popular sentiment. Mere wealth of natural endowment is not enough; there must be also the co-operation of the time, of the public genius roused to a consciousness of itself by the necessity of asserting or defending the vital principle on which that consciousness rests, in order that a poet may rise to the highest level of his vocation. The great names of the last generation — Scott, Wordsworth, Byron — represent moods of national thought and feeling, and are therefore more or less truly British poets; just as Goethe, in whose capacious nature, open to every influence of earth and sky, the spiritual fermentation of the eighteenth century settled and clarified, is a European one. A sceptic might say, we think, with some justice, that poetry in England was passing now, if it have not already passed, into one of those periods of mere art without any intense convictions to back it, which lead inevitably, and by no long gradation, to the mannered and artificial. Browning, by far the richest nature of the time, becomes more difficult, draws nearer to the all-for-point fashion of the *concettisti*, with every poem he writes; the dainty trick of Tennyson cloyes when caught by a whole generation of versifiers, as the *style* of a great poet never can be; and we have a foreboding that Clough, imperfect as he was in many respects, and dying before he had subdued his sensitive temperament to the sterner requirements of his art, will be thought a hundred years hence to have been the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt and struggle towards settled convictions, of the period in which he lived. To make beautiful conceptions immortal by exquisiteness of phrase, is to be a poet, no doubt; but to be a new poet is to feel and to utter that immanent life of things without which the utmost perfection of mere form is at best only wax or marble. He who can do both is the great poet.

Over "Chastelard, a Tragedy," we need not spend much time. It is at best but the school exercise of a young poet learning to write, and who reproduces in his copy-book, more or less travestied, the copy that has been set for him at the page's head by the authors he most admires. Grace and even force of expression are not wanting, but there is the obscurity which springs from want of definite intention; the characters are vaguely outlined from memory, not drawn firmly from the living and the nude in actual experience of life; the working of passion is an *a priori* abstraction from a scheme in the author's mind; and there is no thought, but only a vehement grasping after thought. The hand is the hand of Swinburne, but the voice is the

voice of Browning. With here and there a pure strain of sentiment, a genuine touch of nature, the effect of the whole is unpleasant with the faults of the worst school of modern poetry,—the physically intense school, as we should be inclined to call it, of which Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" is the worst example, whose muse is a *fast* young woman with the lavish ornament and somewhat overpowering perfume of the *demi-monde*, and which pushes expression to the last gasp of sensuous exhaustion. They forget that convulsion is not energy, and that words, to hold fire, must first catch it from vehement heat of thought, while no artificial fervors of phrase can make the charm work backward to kindle the mind of writer or reader. An overmastering passion no longer entangles the spiritual being of its victim in the burning toils of a retribution foredoomed in its own nature, purifying us with the terror and pity of a soul in its extremity, as the great masters were wont to set it before us; no, it must be fleshly, corporeal, must "bite with small white teeth" and draw blood, to satisfy the craving of our modern inquisitors, who torture language instead of wooing it to confess the secret of its witchcraft. That books written on this theory should be popular, is one of the worst signs of the times; that they should be praised by the censors of literature shows how seldom criticism goes back to first principles, or is even aware of them,—how utterly it has forgotten its most earnest function of demolishing the high places where the unclean rites of Baal and Ashtaroth usurp on the worship of the one only True and Pure.

"Atalanta in Calydon" is in every respect better than its forerunner. It is a true poem, and seldom breaks from the maidenly reserve which should characterize the higher forms of poetry, even in the keenest energy of expression. If the blank verse be a little mannered and stiff, reminding one of Landor in his attempts to reproduce the antique, the lyrical parts are lyrical in the highest sense, graceful, flowing, and generally simple in sentiment and phrase. There are some touches of nature in the mother's memories of Althea, so sweetly pathetic that they go as right to the heart as they came from it, and are neither Greek nor English, but broadly human. And yet, when we had read the book through, we felt as if we were leaving a world of shadows, inhabited by less substantial things than that nether realm of Homer where the very eidolon of Achilles is still real to us in its longings and regrets. These are not characters, but outlines after the Elgin marbles in the thinnest manner of Flaxman. There is not so much blood in the whole of them as would warm the little finger of one of Shakespeare's living and breathing conceptions. We could not help thinking of those exquisite verses addressed by Schil-

ler to Goethe, in which, while he expresses a half-truth so eloquently as almost to make it seem a whole one, he touches unconsciously the weak point of their common striving after a Grecian instead of a purely human ideal.

“Doch leicht gezimmert nur ist Thespis Wagen,
Und er ist gleich dem acheront'schen Kahn;
Nur Schatten und Idole kann er tragen,
Und drängt das rohe Leben sich heran,
So droht das leichte Fahrzeug umzuschlagen
Das nur die flücht'gen Geister fassen kann;
Der Schein soll nie die Wirklichkeit erreichen
Und siegt Natur, so muss die Kunst entweichen.”

The actors in the drama are unreal and shadowy, the motives which actuate them alien to our modern modes of thought and conceptions of character. To a Greek, the element of Fate, with which his imagination was familiar, while it heightened the terror of the catastrophe, would have supplied the place of that impulse in mere human nature which our habit of mind demands for its satisfaction. The fulfilment of an oracle, the anger of a deity, the arbitrary doom of some blind and purposeless power superior to man, the avenging of blood to appease an injured ghost, any one of these might make that seem simply natural to a contemporary of Sophocles which is intelligible to us only by study and reflection. It is not a little curious that Shakespeare should have made the last of the motives we have just mentioned, and which was conclusive for Orestes, insufficient for Hamlet, who so perfectly typifies the introversion and complexity of modern thought as compared with ancient, in dealing with the problems of life and action. It was not perhaps without intention (for who may venture to assume a want of intention in the world's highest poetic genius at its full maturity?) that Shakespeare brings in his hero fresh from the University of Wittenberg, where Luther, who entailed upon us the responsibility of private judgment, had been Professor. The dramatic motive in the “*Electra*” and “*Hamlet*” is essentially the same, yet what a difference between the straightforward bloody-mindedness of Orestes and the metaphysical punctiliousness of the Dane! Yet each was natural in his several way, and each would have been unintelligible to the audience for which the other was intended. That Fate which the Greeks made to operate from without, we recognize at work within in some vice of character or hereditary predisposition. Hawthorne, the most profoundly ideal genius of these latter days, was continually returning, more or less directly, to this theme; and his “*Marble Faun*,” whether consciously or not, illustrates that invasion of the æsthetic by

the moral which has confused art by dividing its allegiance, and dethroned the old dynasty without as yet firmly establishing the new in an acknowledged legitimacy.

"Atalanta in Calydon" shows that poverty of thought and profusion of imagery which are at once the defect and the compensation of all youthful poetry, even of Shakespeare's. It seems a paradox to say that there can be too much poetry in a poem, and yet this is a fault with which all poets begin, and which some never get over. But "Atalanta" is hopefully distinguished, in a rather remarkable way, from most early attempts, by a sense of form and proportion, which, if seconded by a seasonable ripening of other faculties, as we may fairly expect, gives promise of rare achievement hereafter. Mr. Swinburne's power of assimilating style, which is, perhaps, not so auspicious a symptom, strikes us as something marvellous. The argument of his poem, in its quaint archaism, would not need the change of a word or in the order of a period to have been foisted on Sir Thomas Malory as his own composition. The choosing a theme which Æschylus had handled in one of his lost tragedies is justified by a certain Æschylean flavor in the treatment. The opening, without deserving to be called a mere imitation, recalls that of the "Agamemnon," and the chorus has often an imaginative lift in it, an ethereal charm of phrase, of which it is the highest praise to say that it reminds us of him who soars over the other Greek tragedians like an eagle.

But in spite of many merits, we cannot help asking ourselves, as we close the book, whether "Atalanta" can be called a success, and if so, whether it be a success in the right direction. The poem re-opens a question which in some sort touches the very life of modern literature. We do not mean to renew the old quarrel of Fontenelle's day as to the comparative merits of ancients and moderns. That is an affair of taste, which does not admit of any authoritative settlement. Our concern is about a principle which certainly demands a fuller discussion, and which is important enough to deserve it. Do we show our appreciation of the Greeks most wisely in attempting the mechanical reproduction of their forms, or by endeavoring to comprehend the thoughtful spirit of full-grown manhood in which they wrought, to kindle ourselves by the emulation of it, and to bring it to bear with all its plastic force upon our wholly new conditions of life and thought? It seems to us that the question is answered by the fact, patent in the history of all the fine arts, that every attempt at reproducing a bygone excellence by external imitation of it, or even by applying the rules which analytic criticism has formulated from the study of it, has resulted in producing the artificial, and not the artistic. That most subtle

of all essences in physical organization, which eludes chemist, anatomist, and microscopist, the life, is in æsthetics not less shy of the critic, and will not come forth in obedience to his most learned spells, for the very good reason that it cannot, because in all works of art it is the joint product of the artist and of the time. Faust may believe he is gazing on "the face that launched a thousand ships," but Mephistopheles knows very well that it is only shadows that he has the skill to conjure. He is not merely the spirit that ever denies, but the spirit also of discontent with the present, that material in which every man shall work who will achieve realities and not their hollow semblance. The true anachronism, in our opinion, is not in Shakespeare's making Ulysses talk as Lord Bacon might, but in attempting to make him speak in a dialect of thought utterly dead to all present comprehension. Ulysses was the type of long-headedness; and the statecraft of an Ithacan cateran would have seemed as childish to the age of Elizabeth and Burleigh as it was naturally sufficing to the first hearers of Homer. Ulysses, living in Florence during the fifteenth century, might have been Macchiavelli; in France, during the seventeenth, Cardinal Richelieu; in America, during the nineteenth, Abraham Lincoln, but not Ulysses. Truth to nature can be reached ideally, never historically; it must be a study from the life, and not from the scholiasts. Theocritus lets us into the secret of his good poetry, when he makes Daphnis tell us that he preferred his rock with a view of the Sicilian Sea to the kingdom of Pelops.

It is one of the marvels of the human mind, this sorcery which the fiend of technical imitation weaves about his victims, giving a phantasmal Helen to their arms, and making an image of the brain seem substance. Men still pain themselves to write Latin verses, matching their wooden bits of phrase together as children do dissected maps, and measuring the value of what they have done, not by any standard of intrinsic merit, but by the difficulty of doing it. Petrarch expected to be known to posterity by his *Africa*. Gray hoped to make a Latin poem his monument. Goethe, who was classic in the only way it is now possible to be classic, in his "*Hermann and Dorothea*," and at least Propertian in his "*Roman Idyls*," wasted his time and thwarted his creative energy on the mechanical mock-antique of an unreadable "*Achilleis*." Landor prized his waxen "*Gebirus Rex*" above all the natural fruits of his mind; and we have no doubt that, if some philosopher should succeed in accomplishing Paracelsus's problem of an artificial *homunculus*, he would dote on this misbegotten babe of his science, and think him the only genius of the family. We cannot overestimate the value of some of the ancient classics, but a certain amount

of superstition about Greek and Latin has come down to us from the revival of learning, and seems to hold in mortmain the intellects of whoever has, at some time, got a smattering of them. Men quote a platitude in either of those tongues with a relish of conviction as droll to the uninitiated as the knighthood of free-masonry. Horace Walpole's nephew, the Earl of Orford, when he was in his cups, used to have Statius read aloud to him every night for two hours by a tipsy tradesman, whose hiccupings threw in here and there a kind of cæsural pause, and found some strange mystery of sweetness in the disquantified syllables. So powerful is this hallucination that we can conceive of *festina lente* as the favorite maxim of a Mississippi steamboat captain, and ἀπιστον μὲν ὕδωρ cited as conclusive by a gentleman for whom the bottle before him reversed the wonder of the stereoscope, and substituted the Gascon *v* for the *b* in binocular.

Something of this singular superstition has infected the minds of those who confound the laws of conventional limitation which governed the practice of Greek authors in dramatic composition — laws adapted to the habits and traditions and preconceptions of their audience — with that sense of ideal form which made the Greeks masters in art to all succeeding generations. Aristophanes is beyond question the highest type of pure comedy, etherealizing his humor by the infusion, or intensifying it by the contrast of poetry, and deodorizing the personality of his sarcasm by a sprinkle from the clearest springs of fancy. His satire, aimed as it was at typical characteristics, is as fresh as ever; but we doubt whether an Aristophanic drama, retaining its exact form, but adapted to present events and personages, would keep the stage as it is kept by "The Rivals," for example, immeasurably inferior as that is in every element of genius except the prime one of liveliness. Something similar in purpose to the parabasis was essayed in one, at least, of the comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in our time by Tieck; but it took, of necessity, a different form of expression, and does not seem to have been successful. Indeed, the fact that what is called the legitimate drama of modern times in England, Spain, and France has been strictly a growth and not a manufacture, that in each country it took a different form, and that, in all, the period of its culminating and beginning to decline might be measured by a generation, seems to point us toward some natural and inevitable law of human nature, and to show that, while the principles of art are immutable, their application must accommodate itself to the material supplied them by the time and by the national character and traditions. The Spanish tragedy inclines more toward the lyrical, the French toward the epical, the English toward the historical, in the representation of real life;

the Spanish and English agree in the Teutonic peculiarity of admitting the humorous offset of the clown, though in the one case he parodies the leading motive of the drama, and represents the self-consciousness of the dramatist, while in the other he heightens the tragic effect by contrast, (as in the grave-digging scene of Hamlet,) and suggests that stolid but wholesome indifference of the general life — of what, for want of a better term, we call Nature — to the sin and suffering, the weakness and misfortunes of the individual man. All these nations had the same ancient examples before them, had the same reverence for antiquity, yet they involuntarily deviated, more or less happily, into originality, success, and the freedom of a living creativeness. The higher kinds of literature, the only kinds that live on because they had life at the start, are not, then, it should seem, the fabric of scholarship, of criticism, diligently studying and as diligently copying the best models, but are much rather born of some genetic principle in the character of the people and the age which produce them. One drop of ruddy human blood puts more life into the veins of a poem, than all the delusive *aurum potabile* that can be distilled out of the choicest library.

The opera is the closest approach we have to the ancient drama in the essentials of structure and presentation; and could we have a *libretto* founded on a national legend and written by one man of genius to be filled out and accompanied by the music of another, we might hope for something of the same effect upon the stage. But themes of universal familiarity and interest are rare, — Don Giovanni and Faust, perhaps, most nearly, though not entirely, fulfilling the required conditions, — and men of genius rarer. The oratorio seeks to evade the difficulty by choosing Scriptural subjects, and it may certainly be questioned whether the day of popular mythology, in the sense in which it subserves the purposes of epic or dramatic poetry, be not gone by forever. Longfellow is driven to take refuge among the red men, and Tennyson in the Cambro-Breton cyclis of Arthur; but it is impossible that such themes should come so intimately home to us as the semi-fabulous stories of their own ancestors did to the Greeks. The most successful attempt at reproducing the Greek tragedy, both in theme and treatment, is the "Samson Agonistes," as it is also the most masterly piece of English versification. Goethe admits that it alone, among modern works, has caught life from the breath of the antique spirit. But he failed to see, or at least to give, the reason of it; probably failed to see it, or he would never have attempted the "Iphigenia." Milton not only subjected himself to the structural requirements of the Attic tragedy, but with a true poetic instinct availed himself of the striking advantage it had in

the choice of a subject. No popular tradition lay near enough to him for his purpose; none united in itself the essential requisites of human interest and universal belief. He accordingly chose a Jewish mythus, very near to his own heart as a blind prisoner, betrayed by his wife, among the Philistines of the Restoration, and familiar to the earliest associations of his hearers. This subject, and this alone, met all the demands both of living poetic production and of antique form,—the action grandly simple, the personages few, the protagonist at once a victim of divine judgment and an executor of divine retribution, an intense personal sympathy in the poet himself, and no strangeness to the habitual prepossessions of those he addressed to be overcome before he could touch their hearts or be sure of aid from their imaginations. To compose such a drama on such a theme was to *be* Greek, and not to counterfeit it; for Samson was to Milton traditionally just what Herakles was to Sophocles, and personally far more. The “*Agonistes*” is still fresh and strong as morning, but where are “*Caractacus*” and “*Elfrida*”? Nay, where is the far better work of a far abler man,—where is “*Merope*”? If the frame of mind which performs a deliberate experiment were the same as that which produces poetry vitalized through and through by the conspiring ardors of every nobler passion and power of the soul, then “*Merope*” might have had some little space of life. But without color, without harmonious rhythm of movement, with less passion than survived in an average Grecian ghost, and all this from the very theory of her creation, she has gone back, a shadow, to join her shadowy Italian and French namesakes in that limbo of things that would be and cannot be. Mr. Arnold but retraces, in his Preface to “*Merope*,” the arguments of Mason in the letters prefixed to his classical experiments. What finds defenders, but not readers, may be correct, classic, right in principle, but it is not poetry of that absolute kind which may and does help men, but needs no help of theirs; and such surely we have a right to demand in tragedy, if nowhere else. We should not speak so unreservedly if we did not set a high value on Mr. Arnold and his poetic gift. But “*Merope*” has that one fault against which the very gods, we are told, strive in vain. It is dull, and the seed of this dulness lay in the system on which it was written.

Pseudo-classicism takes two forms. Sometimes, as Mr. Landor has done, it attempts truth of detail to ancient scenery and manners, which may be attained either by hard reading and good memory, or at a cheaper rate from such authors as Becker. The “*Moretum*,” once attributed to Virgil, and the idyl of Theocritus lately chosen as a text by Mr. Arnold, are interesting, because they describe real things; but the mock-antique, if not true, is nothing, and *how* true such poems are

likely to be we can judge by "Punch's" success at Yankeeisms, by all England's accurate appreciation of the manners and minds of a contemporary people one with herself in language, laws, religion, and literature. The eye is the only note-book of the true poet; but a patchwork of second-hand memories is a laborious futility, hard to write and harder to read, with about as much nature in it as a dialogue of the Deipnosophists. Alexander's bushel of peas was a criticism worthy of Aristotle's pupil. We should reward such writing with the gift of a classical dictionary. In this idyllic kind of poetry also we have a classic, because Goldsmith went to nature for his "Deserted Village," and borrowed of tradition nothing but the poetic diction in which he described it. This is the only method by which a poet may surely reckon on ever becoming an ancient himself. When we heard it said once that a certain poem might have been written by Simonides, we could not help thinking that, if it were so, then it was precisely what Simonides could never have written, since he looked at the world through his own eyes, not through those of Linus or Hesiod, and thought his own thoughts, not theirs, or we should never have had him to imitate.

Objections of the same nature, but even stronger, lie against a servile copying of the form and style of the Greek tragic drama, and yet more against the selection of a Greek theme. As we said before, the life we lead, and the views we take of it, are more complex than those of men who lived five centuries before Christ. They may be better or worse, but, at any rate, they are different, and irremediably so. The idea and the form in which it naturally embodies itself, mutually sustaining and invigorating each other, cannot be divided without endangering the lives of both. For in all real poetry the form is not a garment, but a body. Our very passion has become metaphysical, and speculates upon itself. Their simple and downright way of thinking loses all its savor when we assume it to ourselves by an effort of thought. Human nature, it is true, remains always the same, but the displays of it change; the habits which are a second nature modify it inwardly as well as outwardly, and what moves it to passionate action in one age may leave it indifferent in the next. Between us and the Greeks lies the grave of their paganism, making our minds and theirs irreconcilable. Christianity as steadily intensifies the self-consciousness of man as the religion of the Greeks must have turned their thoughts away from themselves to the events of this life and the phenomena of nature. We cannot even conceive of their conception of Phoibos with any plausible assurance of coming near the truth. To take lesser matters, since the invention of printing and the cheapening of books have made the thought of all ages and nations the common property of educated men,

we cannot so dis-saturate our minds of it as to be keenly thrilled in the modern imitation with those commonplaces of proverbial lore in which the chorus and secondary characters are apt to indulge, though in the original they may interest us as being natural and characteristic. In the German-silver of the modern we get something of this kind, which does not please us the more by being cut up into single lines that recall the outward semblance of some pages in Sophocles. We find it cheaper to make a specimen than to borrow one.

CHORUS. Foolish who bites off nose, his face to spite.

OUTIS. Who fears his fate, him Fate shall one day spurn.

CHORUS. The gods themselves are pliable to Fate.

OUTIS. The strong self-ruler dreads no other sway.

CHORUS. Sometimes the shortest way goes most about.

OUTIS. Why fetch a compass, having stars within ?

CHORUS. A shepherd once, I know that stars may set.

OUTIS. That thou led'st sheep fits not for leading men.

CHORUS. To sleep-sealed eyes the wolf-dog barks in vain.

We protest that we have read something very like this, we will not say where, and we might call it the battledoor and shuttlecock style of dialogue, except that the players do not seem to have any manifest relation to each other, but each is intent on keeping his own bit of feathered cork continually in the air.

The first sincerely popular yearning toward antiquity, the first germ of Schiller's "*Götter Griechenland's*" is to be found in the old poem of *Tanhäuser*, very nearly coincident with the beginnings of the Reformation. And if we might allegorize it, we should say that it typified precisely that longing after Venus, under her other name of *Charis*, which represents the relation in which modern should stand to ancient art. It is the grace of the Greeks, their sense of proportion, their distaste for the exaggerated, their exquisite propriety of phrase, which steadies imagination without cramping it,—it is these that we should endeavor to assimilate without the loss of our own individuality. We should quicken our sense of form by intelligent sympathy with theirs, and not stiffen it into formalism by a servile surrender of what is genuine in us to what *was* genuine in them. "A pure form," says Schiller, "helps in and sustains, an impure one hinders and tears." But we should remember that the spirit of the age must enter as a modifying principle, not only into ideas, but into the best manner of their expression. The old bottles will not always serve for the new wine. A principle of life is the first requirement of all art, and it can only be communicated by the touch of the time and a simple faith in it; all else is circumstantial and secondary. The Greek tragedy passed through the three natural stages of poetry,—the imaginative in *Æschylus*, the thought-

fully artistic in Sophocles, the sentimental in Euripides,—and then died. If people could only learn the general applicability to periods and schools of what young Mozart says of Gellert, that “he had written no poetry *since* his death”! No effort to raise a defunct past has ever led to anything but just enough galvanic twitching of the limbs to remind us unpleasantly of life. The romantic movement of the school of German poets which succeeded Goethe and Schiller ended in extravagant unreality, and Goethe himself, with his unerring common sense, has given us, in the second part of *Faust*, the result of his own and Schiller's common striving after a Grecian ideal. Euphronion, the child of *Faust* and *Helen*, falls dead at their feet; and *Helen* herself soon follows him to the shades, leaving only her mantle in the hands of her lover. This, he is told, shall lift him above the earth. We fancy we can interpret the symbol. Whether we can or not, it is certainly suggestive of thought that the only immortal production of the greatest of recent poets was conceived and carried out in that Gothic spirit and form from which he was all his life struggling to break loose.

2.—*Poems* by ROBERT BUCHANAN. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866. 12mo. pp. 311.

THE invasion of ancient Hellas from the East by force of arms seems to have been no less distinctly a failure, than the modern attack from the West by force of imagination. Her new strategy is a masterly inactivity; strangers may come to her shores and she makes no resistance; they may climb her hills, may listen to her brooks, may peer into her caves, but the Gods and Muses are not there, and no invader can find the living source of the old poetry. When men worshipped, the Gods fought side by side with them in native strength and thunder; but they scoff at those who ransack their temples and kneel at their shrines for spoils, and remain veiled.

We doubt if it be possible for a modern to treat classical literary subjects in the classical manner; for it is not by the power of imitation, but of total change in mind and heart, that such a triumph of genius can be attained. For how shall a gentleman of the last half of the nineteenth century, who moves by steam, learns by gas, writes by telegraph, fights with gunpowder, reads print, sails by the needle, knows of political economy, electricity, and comparative philology, teaches his children that the sun does not rise in the east, that the moon is a mirror, and that the whole universe is an illusion, conceive of the world without these things? To reproduce the first Olympiad he must have a mind capable of believing the earth supported by a tortoise, of peopling the trees, rivers, and

winds with gods and demigods, and a heart so formed that it can worship beings combining divine power with the meanest and most brutal passions, for it is to worshippers, not sceptical philosophers, that the Muses sing.

If Mr. Buchanan has not done this, he has done the next best thing, and, feeling the impossibility, has abandoned the attempt. A Scotch Eumolpus, in the clutches of the Siren, he says,

“Where am I, where?”

Where is my country, and that vision olden?”

and with better fortune than Eumolpus, has the luck to be able to bid the Siren firmly, though politely, farewell, and return to the land of his birth. Not but that he has brought back some very pretty poetry, but it is not Grecian poetry.

Indeed, now that Mr. Buchanan has got back to Scotland, he must himself wonder how he could ever have been such a gad-about; for he belongs peculiarly to Britain, and the Britain too of our day. In his poetry may be continually traced the effect upon English literature of his predecessors and contemporaries. He has studied the expression of simplicity under Wordsworth, of force under Browning, of sentiment under Tennyson, while he shows the delicate dramatic power in the portraiture of character which an age of analytic novel-writing has produced. We do not speak of him as a copyist,—he apes no one; but he is limited as yet by those bounds of time and space which original and greatest genius does not know; and the die of his age has left its impress on him,—a die making him current for the time. His poems are not the pure nuggets of gold as they come from the mine, but after they have passed through the mint, and become national by having a little home-made alloy put in them.

Mr. Buchanan has imagination and humor, a great deal of very pretty fancy, and has shown in one or two poems—as, for example, “Hugh Sutherland’s Pansies”—an excellent perception of form. He has genuine faith, tenderness, and manliness, and shows self-command in his choice of dramatic rather than lyrical forms. The great genius which can use to the highest purpose all these qualities he has not yet shown; but let those who doubt whether he may show it at least give him the benefit of their doubt.

3 — *The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. New York: Scribner. 1866

IF any of our readers would know exactly what is meant by the infatuation, sometimes charged upon men, of “putting new wine into

old bottles," let him betake himself to Dr. Bushnell's latest work, and he will no longer confess to a shadow of doubt upon the practice.

Dr. Bushnell has persuaded himself that the difficulty which so many men experience in crediting the dogma of Christ's vicarious sacrifice is owing to the vicious habit theologians have of representing that sacrifice as a fact of history quite exceptional in its nature; whereas, in truth, all love is vicarious in its own indefeasible right, and we have only to scrutinize our own hearts to discover that we ourselves — like the *bourgeois gentilhomme* who was surprised to find that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it — are also, in our degree, vicarious lovers, and entitled to the dignity of that repute. Only, in that case, we must consent to let Dr. Bushnell manipulate the word "vicarious" to the extent of making it surrender its immemorial signification of "substitutionary," and agree to convey henceforth the milder idea of "identification." The good Doctor is at infinite pains to coerce and cajole his reluctant patient into making a wide mouth of it, and swallowing his plausible pill; but, judging from our own experience, we should say without much result, for the Doctor's medicine, even by his own showing, is the fruit of so very perfunctory a diagnosis on his part, that almost any patient of ordinary sane instincts will infallibly distrust his prognosis.

Dr. Bushnell has the extreme bad taste, — if we may use so mild a term, — in the initial chapter of his book, to interpose a *caveat* against adverse criticism, by ruling that, if any one see fit to dissent from "the profoundly earnest view of sacrifice" he advocates, the dissenter must be held to be practically unacquainted with Divine knowledge. He may fancy he knows a good deal, but the probability is that as to any living or heartfelt knowledge of the Divine ways he is densely ignorant. We do not remember a more naïve and diverting exhibition of the *odium theologicum*, coming forth as it does at the very inception of the enterprise, and before a word of dissent has been hazarded; and the reader who turns to pages 53–55 of the work will enjoy a fresh illustration of the invincible shabbiness of our dear old human nature, even under its most professedly regenerate disguises. We, for our part, protest *in limine* against these consecrated airs and grimaces, as unworthy "tricks of the trade"; and there is far too much throughout Dr. Bushnell's book of a factitious or calculated solemnity, addressed to purely controversial ends. We are going to criticise Dr. Bushnell's ideas with great freedom, and intend to demonstrate their manifold unsoundness; nor have we any fear that in so doing we shall jeopard, save to very stupid people, any fair repute we possess for Divine knowledge. Besides, there would be an end of all judgment if the

criminal at the bar should be allowed to lay down, himself, the law by which he is to be tried. Dr. Bushnell proves himself a relentless critic, *more solito*, of the venerable church-philosophy of the atonement, and endeavors to substitute one more reasonable for it. *A la bonne heure!* But he must not, hereupon, claim an immunity for his own notion, which he disallows to that of his antagonists. He justly derides their pretension to infallibility. How much more, then, shall we deride the contemptible *deus ex machinâ* he himself invokes to bar out our honest intellectual differences! No, our readers may rest assured that it is very far indeed from being any approximate Divine knowledge, or yet any admissible human knowledge, which we call in question when we refuse faith to Dr. Bushnell's reasonings. What, then, is it? Only and at best a specious hypothesis, baseless in point of fact to every one who looks an inch below the surface, but elaborated with great ratiocinative art and address, and set off with all that sacerdotal persuasiveness on the one hand, and sacerdotal pomp of phrase and vigor of denunciation on the other, which have long rendered Dr. Bushnell's books alternatively seductive and overpowering to unstable imaginations. We feel no theologic interest either in Dr. Bushnell's success or failure. We simply regard his speculation as a proffered contribution to philosophy, or at all events science, and shall deal with it exclusively in that point of view.

The work before us, then, is the confession, on the one hand, of a state of intellectual disease in the writer; and an exposition, on the other, of an almost plenary relief he has found in a new interpretation of the Scripture history. On the question of the vicarious nature of Christ's suffering, it is well known that he has for some years felt a divided mind, being more or less heterodox in heart, but more or less orthodox in head. He sits psychically upon the stool sanctified by the late Dr. Channing, while his carnal part refuses to budge from that consecrated by the Church's gray fathers; and the problem of his book is to prove this divided soul and body, this contentious heart and head, this discrepant form and substance, fairly reunited. As the proverb says, the author "runs with the hare and chases with the hounds"; his resultant intellectual obligation being to fuse hare and hounds together eventually in such amicable fashion as that their apparent hopeless antagonism hitherto shall turn out henceforth a real agreement and sympathy. Thus, while he stoutly contends, with the Orthodox, that Christ's sacrifice is unequivocally vicarious, he contends equally stoutly, with the Unitarian, that it is no way substitutionary. And the method he takes to efface the obvious grim contradiction is gradually to operate, by a process of alternate coaxing and coercion, or play of "fast and loose," such a sheer demoralization of the word *vicarious* as at last to

make it confess that, when it habitually said substitution, it meant at most only sympathy or subjective identification on Christ's part with the sinner.

But really this will not do. And even if it should do, it would not help Dr. Bushnell's general purpose. In the first place, the word *vicarious* will never consent to be either coerced or argued out of the precise meaning which orthodox and heretical usage alike, and its own etymology, conspire to give it, as always implying a deputed or delegated office; so that Christ's sacrifice, if it be vicarious, must be held to have taken place in lieu of that of somebody else. He acted as the deputy or delegate of a principal, and his act is valid, not as the act of a principal, but of an authorized deputy. Far be it from us *tantas componere lites*. We have no vocation indeed to express ourselves either *pro* or *con* in relation to the controverted nature of the atonement. We are not theologians, but philosophers, having no personal, but only an intellectual, interest in the particular issue got up by Dr. Bushnell, and our sole purpose is to keep the learned Doctor to his logical engagements. If, then, as Dr. Bushnell contends, Christ's sacrifice be "vicarious," the plainest obligations of honesty and good faith in the use of language bind him to regard it as substitutionary in the broadest sense of that term.

But, in the second place, suppose we allow the gloss which Dr. Bushnell puts upon the word to go unchallenged, what benefit accrues therefrom to his philosophy of the Gospel? His philosophy of the Gospel is, that Christ is the "moral power of God" addressing itself to the redemption and salvation of sinners, by motives congruous with their fallen mental habitudes. How are the needs of this philosophy met by the view he takes of Christ's sacrifice as vicarious, yet not substitutionary? According to Dr. Bushnell, Christ's sacrifice is vicarious and efficient, not as being offered and accepted in lieu of any other sacrifice, but as being the expression of his own love for God and man, inasmuch as it is the nature of love to be self-sacrificing or instinct with devotion to the beloved object. And the illustrations which he gives of this latter proposition in the mother's love for her child, the friend's love for his friend, the patriot's love for his country, are well selected with a view to conciliate prejudice. No doubt, all these lovers take on the joys and sorrows of their beloved as their own. But then Dr. Bushnell leaves out one most important characteristic of all these loves, which is completely nugatory of their pretension to be in any sense vicarious, and that is, that they are all alike instinctual loves, or express the heart's delight of the subject, his natural, unconstrained life, and hence disown all voluntary or moral quality. It is implied in being a mother,

a friend, a patriot, that the loving subject freely identifies himself with the loved object to the extent of vacating any divided interest, and refuting by anticipation, therefore, the imputation of any meritorious or meretricious relation on his part towards the other. The bosom-happiness of the mother is in her child, of the friend is in his friend, of the patriot is in his country; and each and all of them accordingly would scorn the idea of their love imposing any obligation upon child or friend or country. It is in truth excessively absurd to insist upon calling love like this "vicarious"; but since Dr. Bushnell fancies the word, and takes good care to disembowel it of its real contents, and fill it out with a strictly Pickwickian substance, let him e'en have his way. But now that he has got his way, let us inquire what comes of it.

Love indeed is truly sympathetic with its object,—spontaneously identifies itself with the joys and sorrows of its object, so as to laugh evermore at the suggestion of divided interests between them. And supposing that Christ's love for the sinner is of this quality, making him feel the sinner's joys and sorrows as his own, and claim personal identification with the sinner's interests through life and death, we can easily see that his sacrifice is grounded, as Dr. Bushnell says, in principles of universal obligation, or, what is the same thing, in the most ordinary laws of human nature. But what "moral power" does the sacrifice in question become hereby entitled to exert upon the sinner? Not a whit. If God condescend to *reveal himself* as acting according to the principles and methods of action acknowledged among men, with a view thereby to gain some purchase upon our present sensual and ultimate spiritual acknowledgment, we can perfectly appreciate such condescension, and shall take extreme good care not to push the revelation beyond its legitimate scope *as a revelation*, by insisting also upon its absolute truth as a fact of the Divine nature. For revealed truth is never absolute truth, but truth accommodated to a finite intelligence, and mercifully disguising itself in the forms of that intelligence; and we must carefully shun, therefore, Dr. Bushnell's error in running the one into the other. For if God should not merely *reveal himself* as acting, but really *act* as Dr. Bushnell maintains he does, upon the maxims and methods of our ordinary human nature, then of course his action becomes valid only to the extent in which ours is valid, or loses its distinctive Divine and puts on distinctively human quality. That is to say, it prefers exactly the same claim to our respect that ordinary human action does. If it be good action, it will attract our admiration and sympathy; if it be evil action, our detestation and antipathy. In any case it will lose all flavor of infinitude or perfectness, and become rightfully amenable to the criticism that waits on ordinary finite action.

How, then, shall we prove God's moral power over the race enhanced, by proving him to have acted in Christ upon principles of action identical with those upon which the mother acts in devoting herself to her child, the friend in devoting himself to his friend, the patriot in devoting himself to his country? All these are strictly natural loves, claiming purely natural sanctions. If, then, God really be found acting upon the same low order of motives, we are at an utter loss to see what logical right any one has to claim for his action essentially higher sanctions, or call it any longer Divine, and not human action.

But here a preliminary obligation devolves upon Dr. Bushnell, which is to account for the bare existence of this alleged love of Christ for the sinner, under the ordinary rules and maxims of love. If Dr. Bushnell takes Christ's love for the sinner for granted, as being the same in quality (however superior in quantity) with that of the mother for the child, the friend for the friend, the patriot for the country, it is of course competent to him to run it out into all of its normal activities. But where we want light first of all is upon this assumed passionate love of Christ for the sinner; Dr. Bushnell having somehow utterly failed to reason that point out. We can perfectly understand maternity, friendship, and patriotism, for these are thoroughly natural loves, and we all are mothers, friends, and patriots to some extent. But the love of a good man for a bad man,—how shall we ever be able to bring that under any natural category? How shall we conceive of Christ loving the sinner as the mother loves her child, and identifying himself living and dying with the sinner's lot, on the hypothesis of the one being in absolute accord with the Divine name, and the other in absolute antagonism with it? Speaking as a theologian, Dr. Bushnell holds the sinner to be personally or morally obnoxious to the Divine condemnation; all God's attributes being arrayed in deathless hostility to the sinner's character. But speaking as a philosopher, he reverses this judgment, and shows good and evil, God and fallen man, lovingly blent in eternal amity in the person of Christ. What we want is light upon this contradiction. How are we to take Dr. Bushnell henceforth,—as a theologian or as a philosopher? As the latter, it is incumbent upon him to show us the ground of that sympathy in Christ towards the sinner, which, as the former, he declares to be destitute of all ground, amounting as it does to complete antipathy. How, in a word, shall Christ be found naturally, or on principles of universal obligation, loving what all his alleged instincts of the Divine name tell him is essentially unlovable? Love always responds to a real or seeming worth in its object. It never goes forth, at all events, to what seems evil, to what is manifestly repugnant to its own sympathies, to what is in

palpable contradiction to its own tendencies. How, then, shall Christ, being perfect in sympathy with all Divine good, be attracted, and not repelled, by what is in inveterate contrariety to such good? He whose mind is one with God's must partake the attitude of God's mind towards the sinner; and this attitude (if Dr. Bushnell's theology, which makes God to be an essentially moral being, be true) can only be one of righteous aversion and displeasure. How then shall Christ be conceived to love the sinner, in any natural, unforced, unsophisticated sense of the word *love*?

Obviously the question is insoluble, and Dr. Bushnell quietly slurs it over by putting an adroit mystification upon the meaning of Love, which reminds one of nothing so much as those devices of legislation whereby some ticklish financial scheme is incorporated in a bill for repairing highways, to which no one listens, and so it gets fastened upon the country. Vicarious sacrifice, says Dr. Bushnell, is nothing peculiar to Christ, being a function of daily and universal recurrence, incident in fact to all love, human and Divine, inasmuch as love is essentially vicarious, or disposes its subject to self-sacrifice in behalf, not only of worthy, but of most unworthy objects. "It is the nature of love universally to insert itself into the miseries and take upon its feeling the burdens of others. Love does not consider the ill-desert of the subject [object]; he may be even a cruel and relentless enemy." (p. 42.) There is here a mole-hill of interest in the repair of the highways, but a very mountain of zeal for free access to the state treasury; and it is intolerable that so small a mole-hill should be expected to hide so huge a mountain from our sight. What, then, is the exact truth of the case?

Dr. Bushnell wishes to justify his private opinion of Christ's sacrifice as being at the same time vicarious and not substitutionary. To this end he needs to vacate the word *vicarious* of the idea of substitution invariably associated with it, and fill it out with the idea of identification; for then he may hold to the vicarious sacrifice in the most orthodox manner, and yet put to rout every orthodox idea involved in the word; for no one can deny that Christ at least *identified* himself with sinners. Let identification then — no longer substitution — be the dominant idea of the word, and we shall be able to make Christ's love as strictly natural and credible as the mother's love for her child, friend's love for friend, patriot's love for his country; since all these loves are equally vicarious, consisting in the subject's identifying himself in every case with the object. So far substitution seems rapidly collapsing under the Doctor's nimble fingers into identification. But Christ's love is of a very difficult sort to naturalize; obstinately re-

fuses to fall within the ordinary bosom categories ; disowns all community with maternity, or friendship, or patriotism, save in so far as the shadow may claim community with the substance ; and yet, unless he can somehow compel it into the traces, his thesis that it is a strictly vicarious love on recognized natural principles will never get justified. What does our resolute disputant do hereupon ? Recoil before the insuperable difficulty ? Not a bit. He simply enlarges love itself to the dimensions of the exigency, and coolly tells you, as if he were reciting truisms, that love universally has no regard to the worthiness of its object, but embraces the most unworthy, and so forth.

Is what is here alleged of love, then, universally true of it ? Is it not indeed universally untrue of it, rather ? Does the mother still identify herself with the child who at maturity becomes her cruel enemy ? Does the friend any longer love the friend whom events have turned into his relentless foe ? Does the patriot continue to identify himself with the country which deliberately rejects his counsels, derides his devotion, condemns his person to infamy ? All these truly *would* be a new thing under the sun ! But no, Dr. Bushnell may say, the probabilities I here speak of are inherent in God's love, which alone is true love, and not in man's, which at bottom is self-love. But he *did* say that these things were true of love universally, and with no attempt to discriminate between Divine and human love. Besides, it is only in highly figurative moods that we permit ourselves to say such things even of the Divine love ; and we should always revolt from being construed literally. We say, on occasion, that God forgives his enemies, loves his enemies, does good to them, returns them blessing for cursing, and so on. But surely we use these natural images of the truth, not as positive, but as purely negative expressions of God's spiritual or infinite perfection, which refuses to be conceived of by minds of a gross culture, save under these finite forms. We use them only in accommodation to persons whose spiritual understanding is still dense enough to allow them to conceive of themselves as being so strictly commensurate with God in being and character as to be personally agreeable or personally offensive to him. Surely Dr. Bushnell must aspire to a livelier parish erelong than this ! Whose friendship, then, or whose enmity, is felt so acutely by God, that he experiences in one case an emotion of personal complacency, in the other an emotion of personal indignation ? And if God's infinite superiority to us exempt his love from the limitations and vicissitudes that characterize ours, we have clearly no shadow of right to argue from the stammering figures of speech by which we attempt to do bare negative justice to his ineffable worth, as if they were real or positive measures of the truth. It

is plainly untrue, then, of all love, Divine as well as human, that the object of it is ever in any sense out of proportion to, or in any sense dis-united with, its subject. It is an outrage upon all love, Divine as well as human, to suppose that its subject is ever in normal discord, and not in fulness of accord, with its object; for in its supreme sense love means marriage, and marriage is such a complete union of subject and object as forbids the conception of subsequent divorce as possible. Thus Dr. Bushnell's preliminary statement of fact, upon which his total philosophic edifice is reared, is a palpable falsification of fact, being dis-countenanced by all traditional and all living experience.

Dr. Bushnell will be prompt hereupon, by himself or attorney, to ask us what we suppose Christ to have meant when he bade us love our enemies. We suppose he meant precisely what the face of his language imports; but we have not the least suspicion that, when he bade us *love* our enemies, he conceived himself to be laying a literal, and not an exclusively spiritual, injunction upon us. Love will hardly be commanded; and Christ at all events was not a man of such thin, pedantic make as to mistake the nature of love's obligations. Surely we are not called upon to remind a respected "master in Israel" that Christ's words, by his own interpretation, are "spirit" and "life"; and that whenever we attempt, accordingly, to fulfil them literally, we bury ourselves only the more deeply in nature and death. In the great final spiritual assize which he himself sketches to our wondering imagination, his literal or servile and interested follower, the man who invokes his name with scrupulous respect, and does every literal thing he has commanded, finds himself to his astonishment arrayed among the goats, or rejected; while his spiritual or disinterested disciple, the man who has never invoked his name at all, nor observed a literal statute he has commanded, finds himself to *his* equal astonishment among the sheep, or accepted. What is the inference? Not merely the fair, but indeed the necessary inference? It is that Christ's words address something deeper than the intellect in us, or appeal for ratification to the heart alone, contemplating no voluntary or professional obedience, but a purely spontaneous or living one; so that he who thinks to compass a ritual instead of a spiritual conformity to the command in question, or expects to fulfil it by some slavish outward routine in place of a free inward death to selfishness, is caught in the snare of his own cupidity. There can be no more dangerous trifling in this state of things with Christ's words, than to use them as the habitual weapons of our controversial and partisan necessities. Whoever else may go unharmed of them in that case, our own fingers will hardly escape a salutary scarification.

Our readers have now seen that the foundation-stone of Dr. Bushnell's gospel, the statement of fact upon which its entire philosophical justification proceeds, is void of all warrant in fact; and hence they may reasonably conclude that its philosophic justification will be found void also of all warrant in philosophy: for a philosophy which has no sanction in our actual experience is no more a veritable philosophy, than a house without any basis in the earth is a veritable house. Here then we might fairly dismiss the book without further investigation, expressing our deliberate conviction that, on the main question at issue between the author and his theological antagonist as to the true, unforced sense of the term *vicarious sacrifice*, the latter has a manifest advantage both logically and linguistically. But we wish to push our examination of the book a little further in order to show the reader in vivid outline, not merely the wrong done to practical facts of nature, but the higher wrong done to the interests of speculative thought among us, by these pertinacious, ever-recurring efforts to swathe the immortal form of truth in the grave-clothes of a perishing sectarian dogmatism.

Dr. Bushnell's philosophy of the Gospel — stated always with a certain haze of obscurity over it, arising from a glib redundancy of verbiage, which really hinders while it seems to promote insight — is this in brief. God's "attribute-power" — by which Dr. Bushnell means his *unqualified* excellence — is ample for all his needs so long as his creatures remain in harmony with his perfection; but when once they have lapsed out of sympathy with Him, it grows pale and thin and ineffectual, and so requires to be supplemented by a "moral power" bearing stricter relations to their lapsed intelligence and debased instincts. In Christ, accordingly, God realizes this requisite complement of his ability, and becomes a "moral power" adequate to the effectual handling of his creature and the disciplining him by the alternate methods of law and grace, or fear and hope, out of temporary rebellion into permanent submission. One does willing justice here to the general purpose which Dr. Bushnell has in view, and which is to ventilate his hereditary theology by a faint breath of scientific reason; but he must not be allowed to carry out his laudable purpose, at the risk of gratuitously perverting our honest human thought and speech. For example, it is all-important to understand at this juncture just what Dr. Bushnell means by this "new moral power over men" achieved by God in Christ; and when you ask him the question, you find that he means "the power which a man finally gets, through self-culture, to impress and sway other men." By the moral power which God obtains in Christ, then, is to be understood a power which he had not

previously enjoyed of governing his own absolute creatures with honor to himself and advantage to them. The conception is indeed in a philosophic point of view eminently opprobrious to the Divine name; but what is incumbent upon us just now is to listen attentively to Dr. Bushnell's further exposition of his topic. "Moral power, then," he continues, "is what a man once had not, but now has, having been conquered by the conduct of his life. And this is exactly what we are to understand by the moral power of God in the Gospel of his own Son. It is a new kind of power — the greatest and most sovereign we know — which God undertakes to have by obtaining it under human laws and methods. Hence the incarnation. God had a certain kind of power before," namely, "attribute power." But now, from the manifold insufficiency of this sort of power, "He is constrained to institute a new movement on the world, and obtain through Christ, and the facts and processes of Christ's life, a new kind of power, namely, moral power; the same that is obtained by human conduct under human methods. It will be Divine power still, only it will not be attribute-power." This last-named power characterizes the absolute ideal we form of God. But "this new power is to be the power *cumulative* gained by Him among men as truly as they gain it with each other. Only it will turn out in the end to be the grandest, closest to feeling, most impressive, most soul-renovating and spiritually sublime power that was ever obtained in this or any other world." (pp. 85-88.)

When Mr. —, the famous auctioneer, has an undoubted Raphael to dispose of, no man has less to say in commendation of his goods. He is proudly reticent, confining himself to a bare recital of the outward fortunes of his picture, without a word upon the merits. Raphaels speak for themselves, and if Mr. — should undertake to help them along, his customers would reasonably suspect the genuineness of the article. So now we can't help feeling a dire suspicion that this very tall talk of Dr. Bushnell disguises some desperate shallows of thought. Let us see.

In the first place, it is no definition of moral power to call it the power "men have to impress and sway other men." No doubt this effect is incidental to moral power, since we each of us, if we please, may to some small extent influence other persons to their advantage or undoing. And if this sort of power were ever practically unknown to the Divine mind while it abounded in us his creatures, surely our instinctive reverence for his perfection would forbid us to regard that circumstance as evincing any real deficiency of executive ability in him, and dispose us rather to see in it the proof of his thoroughly *creative* relation to us; a relation which keeps him forever free of all those petty personal designs upon

his creatures which they cherish towards each other, and makes him content simply to bless them, without a possible thought of personal gain accruing therefrom to himself. What we want to know, then, is, not what is merely incidental to moral power, or what it *does*, but what is characteristic of it, or what it in itself is. Here Dr. Bushnell gives us no glimmer of light.* Indeed, if he had once fairly attempted to do so, he would have found how vain and futile an imagination it is to attribute such power to God.

For what does morality mean? What is it that to our imagination makes moral existence to differ from mere animate existence, — moral power to differ from mere physical power? In short, what is the scientific *differentia* between man and animal, between human nature and all other natures? It is this. Every mineral, every plant, every animal, is under law exclusively to its own nature, or what it possesses in common with all other minerals, all other plants, all other animals. Man, on the other hand, is under law exclusively to what he calls conscience, which is a sentiment he feels in his own bosom of his profound individuality or difference from all other men, and at the same time of his profound identity or community with them. Conscience is always the explicit attestation of a conflict, and the implicit attestation of a harmony, of interests between man and man. It is thus an essentially social force; being, indeed, the invincible Divine pledge and germ of a frank and lustrous society, fellowship, or equality which is eventually to gather all men of all races in all the earth into one grand spiritual kinship. The animal is truly animal by his utmost possible identification with his particular race or kind; man is truly man only by his utmost possible differentiation with his particular kind, or the expansion of his sympathies into the broadest human fellowship. The animal, in other words, is whatsoever he distinctively is by passive natural generation or inheritance; that is, by so much as he derives from, or is made by, his ancestors. Man is whatsoever he distinctively is by active social regeneration, or so much as he becomes in himself. In short, while the animal is animal only by birth and never by culture, man is never man by birth but always by culture; so that the law of life in the animal is inevitable descent or decrease, — in man, infallible ascent or increase.

* Further on in his book, where he is discoursing (in utter oblivion of the logical obligation he has contracted here) of God's *essential* in opposition to his *acquired* morality, — as if an essentially moral being could ever be devoid of moral power, — he *does* incidentally define it as "obedience to right." But what is explicit obedience to right, but implicit aversion to wrong? And how could God ever be so tempted to wrong as to make his obedience to right a literal fact, and not a mere figurative expression of our shallow spiritual thought?

Only the past can ever be sure to the animal; the whole realm of the future attributes itself exclusively to man.

If, then, to be a moral being is to disavow one's mere animate consciousness, made up of the pleasurable and painful relations one is under to his own body, and put on a veritably human consciousness, made up of the relations of good and evil one is under to his fellow-man, then evidently morality is a mere negative sign, or inverse attestation of our essentially social origin and destiny. And if morality be a strictly social phenomenon, or argue a profound but unsuspected fellowship or equality among all its subjects, with what propriety can we ascribe moral characteristics to Deity, save as a provisional refuge of our own infirm spiritual thought? That God allows himself to be cogitated by us in our own finite lineaments, or conceived of as having the same personal sensibility to good and evil that we have, to the extent of ordaining a heaven for those who please him and a hell for those who displease him, is one thing, and a very benignant one, since otherwise we should not have had even a traditional knowledge of his name along the infancy of human development. But that he really is *in himself* the finite being he allows himself to be thought by us, instinct with all moral infirmity and devoid of all spiritual perfection,—this is a very different thing, and one which no truly reverent mind can think of without shuddering disavowal. Who is God's *socius* or fellow, to whom he is under an obligation of equality? And how can God be a moral being in any literal, and not a mere figurative sense of the word, unless he be in relations of essential equality or fellowship with other beings? Dr. Bushnell has an instinct of disaster to his speculative interests here, and he takes care now and then to slip in a parenthetical justification of his use of the word, by making *morality* mean "obedience to right." But this is a paltry quibble, unworthy of a good cause. For what can right mean to any rational being but conformity to his social obligations? Is right an essentially abstract thing in Dr. Bushnell's estimation, or an essentially practical thing? If the latter, then it must relate its subject to some object external to himself, that is to say, must be of a strictly moral, not of a spiritual quality. Will Dr. Bushnell point out then some object eternally external to the Divine mind, and compelling his homage? Dr. Bushnell indulges himself ever and anon in an ominous amount of windy talk about some "absolute law of right" which is equally binding upon God and man. But what *absolute* law of right can exist either for God or man, but the law of his own nature as God or as man? And is one deserving of moral applause for obeying the law of his own nature? Man is a moral form, and susceptible to praise or blame, only

because he is born ignorant of his true nature as a *social* being, and comes very slowly into its recognition. But surely God is always in the amplest possession and exercise of his own nature, not indeed as a social being, which would be absurd, but as a *creative* one, and can never by any possibility prove recreant to its law. How, then, shall you ascribe morality to a being for obeying what he can't help obeying, — what he can no more deny than he can deny his own existence? Can you imagine any law to be a moral law, in short, or obligatory on moral natures, which is not wholly addressed to the pronouncing its subjects good or evil, exactly as they stand justly or unjustly affected towards other beings? And now we appeal to Dr. Bushnell again, and ask what other beings exist to the Divine mind to whom He is under obligations of fellowship, and who have a right, therefore, to deem him good or evil as he observes or violates the rule of their equality with Him?

From this point onward, accordingly, Dr. Bushnell's book is a mass of almost unredeemed sophistical argumentation, painful to contemplate, and addressed apparently to the pacification of his somewhat distempered ecclesiastical conscience. And here accordingly the volume ceases to be of any further public or intellectual interest. When Dr. Bushnell wrote "*Nature and the Supernatural*," he would not have felt so keenly the logical straits into which he has now drifted. For then, in order to vindicate the supernatural claims of morality in us, he was intent upon inflaming or aggravating the moral consciousness of Deity to such a pagan pitch as to make any degree of personal enmity and antipathy between him and his creature both logical and inevitable. And then, besides, he was not prepared to take the very decided stand he now takes in opposition to the orthodox view of Christ's sacrifice. But his present book is a great stride in advance of its predecessor in point of feeling, as it would assuredly have been also in point of thought, if he had not been afraid of too openly justifying the serious criticism his former book provoked. The beneficent effects of that criticism are so apparent in the softened tone of the moral temper he ascribes to Deity, that one would hardly think it was the same stout dogmatist that indited both books. We have certainly no complaint to make of this modification in Dr. Bushnell's theology, but rather rejoice in it. We only refer to it in the interest of his own present philosophic position, which it fatally complicates. For, in order to undermine the doctrine of Christ's vicarious sacrifice as held by the Church, Dr. Bushnell obliges himself to show that the sinner has in God no vindictive, but a truly generous enemy, and that Christ consequently was never called upon to save the sinner from objective, but only from subjective peril and damage. But in that case, in case the Divine oppug-

nancy to sin becomes thus demoralized, where any longer is the need which Dr. Bushnell alleges of Christ's overpowering, self-sacrificing sympathy with the sinner? If, as Dr. Bushnell now argues, the Divine hostility to sin be not absolute, as possessing that proud or direful personal quality it claimed in his former book, — if the regard with which God contemplates it be now a gracious, forgiving, or sympathetic regard, as it must be to permit us to see in all things a strict consonance between the mind of Christ and the heart of God, — why should the sinner's condition have so challenged his sympathy as to make him on the one hand renounce, according to Dr. Bushnell, the delights of his Father's house and society, and the constant sense of the Divine complacency in him, and come down to earth, on the other hand, for no other purpose than to encounter the hiding of his Father's face, to endure years of cheerless anguish, to identify himself with all that was vile and opprobrious in human character, to live a thankless life, and die a death so little appreciated or requited, that learned theologians, like Dr. Bushnell, after two thousand years nearly of discussion about it, have not yet ascertained what it meant, or what exact good it wrought? Surely the lot of the sinner, whose sin had no power to exclude him from the active Divine sympathy and compassion, could never have been forlorn enough in this or any other world to call for a sacrifice so costly.

Such is the philosophic weakness of Dr. Bushnell's book. It is a systematic attempt — and this is literally all it amounts to — to put "new wine into old bottles"; and nothing is effected but the dispersion of the bottles. It is an attempt to eke out "an old garment with new cloth"; the sole result being to make the garment even more unwearable than it was before. It would be very unjust to Dr. Bushnell to insinuate that he himself is not profoundly cognizant of the cat-and-dog life which his theology and his philosophy thus lead each other. Dr. Bushnell is a man of great personal sagacity, — no man in New England of more; and he feels his personal relations to the thought of the time with unexampled sensitiveness. He makes an heroic struggle, consequently, to clear himself of the obvious inconsistency he practises in attempting to reconcile Orthodox forms with Unitarian substance; but the end of the struggle is defeat, not victory, and this of necessity: assuredly not because the combatant is himself deficient in any force requisite to sustain a good cause, but simply for the reason that the cause he here devotes himself to is a purely personal and wilful one, disowned of common sense or right reason. Dr. Bushnell's sympathies are all with the scientific rationalism of the day. But he is a man of such commanding moral force in his own connection, so head-and-ears uplifted in all intel-

lectual regards above the majority of his ecclesiastical brethren, and so entitled therefore to their docile following, that it would be a sheer dereliction in him both of duty and affection to go over to the other side without at least a reasoned effort to carry these along with him. Hence the assiduous and fruitless labor recorded in this volume. Dr. Bushnell, we have no need to say to any one familiar with his books, is a writer of very remarkable gifts, possessing a most subtle scope of thought, and a pictorial power of phrase which rises at times to a sustained and dignified eloquence bordering on poetry. But these are Dr. Bushnell's happiest moments. His ordinary literary aspect is that of a trained gymnast or athlete, whose muscles are strained out of all symmetry in habitual contention for a prize; and the rhetorical *tours de force* he thus displays — his alternate feats of persuasive, derisive, coaxing, menacing, expository, and damnatory logic and hermeneutics — stamp him beyond dispute the grimmest, sturdiest, most remorseless and formidable candidate for public honors ever stripped for our Olympia. We know no man whose powers command more legitimate admiration in the arena; we wish we could say that his performances were equally fruitful in the sphere of private thought.

4. — *Recollections of Seventy Years.* By MRS. JOHN FARRAR. Author of "The Young Lady's Friend," "The Children's Robinson Crusoe," etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. 16mo. pp. viii., 331.

No one, of our day, was ever farther removed than Mrs. Farrar from the condition of Canning's Knife-Grinder. "Story! God bless you! I've all sorts to tell, sir!" might be the motto of her book. She has them like Perdita's flowers, for every season, for every occasion, for every affection of life; fitted to point every moral axiom the world's turning-lathe has yet neatly finished off. Compare her volume of "Recollections" with that of Rogers the poet,—a story-teller too. He packs his stories out of sight into epigrammatic sayings and suggestions of what is not told, and cuts them down till they are not longer than a fable of Æsop, and almost as impersonal; while Mrs. Farrar expands and dilates, with the breath of her own vivacity, the incidents she narrates, till the shapeless, flaccid, and empty bladder becomes rounded and presentable, and, so to speak, solid, and a source of amusement to a large circle. Moreover, to every story is affixed, either really or by implication, the statement which Miss Edgeworth believed youth to regard as the most delightful of all assurances, "This is a fact."

In these pages one seems to meet with half one's old acquaintance.

We have heard, at least, of Mr. A., Mrs. B., Miss C., as well as of the famous people, — the people who have made a name for themselves, and own more than a mere initial. But Mrs. Farrar has had such wide and unusual experience, and in it all has preserved such receptive and kindly sympathies, that we are often surprised at the new aspects under which our old friends appear. We had not before imagined that the events in which they had been concerned were so romantic or so entertaining, and we wonder at the insight which discovers and reveals to us our commonplace acquaintances of life and literature in the guise of heroes and heroines.

The book fitly opens with an animated narrative, written with the same ease and natural agreeableness as those which follow it, of the life in the family of Mr. Rotch, the author's father, for some years preceding, during, and succeeding the French Revolution, when they were established at Dunkirk in consequence of Mr. Rotch's large whaling interests, which were considered of national importance both by the Royal and Republican governments of France. The account gives an interesting side-glance into the conditions of domestic life during the siege of Dunkirk, and introduces Robespierre in a very curious scene in his dealings with Mr. Rotch.

The last chapter is as interesting as the first. It is occupied with the relation of personal intercourse with Miss Delia Bacon, whose remarkable character, intellectual gifts, and attainments, connected with the failure and bewilderment of her life, give a tragic interest to the accounts of her. Her writings might excite in those who knew her only through them a feeling of curiosity concerning her. But a stronger feeling affects us when we learn her pathetic personal story, — the story of a burdened, lonely, courageous woman, battling at once against poverty and adverse opinions in the defence of her cherished fancies. Mrs. Farrar's friendly narrative, and Mr. Hawthorne's generous, touching, and discriminating account of her, will long preserve and do honor to her memory.

Mrs. Farrar has studied life with good sense and good-heartedness. She is never bitter, harsh, satirical, or cynical. She shows unflinching good humor. She is a genial Quaker at the theatre; and her descriptions of what she sees are more entertaining than the play itself. As long as men and women like to hear of the personal affairs of other men and women, as long as they remain children in their love of stories, as long as all the world finds pleasure in pleasant gossip, so long will such a book as this be sure of the popularity which Mrs. Farrar's volume has already gained.

5. — *The Works of PHILIP LINDSLEY, D. D., formerly Vice-President and President elect of the College of New Jersey, Princeton, and late President of the University of Nashville, Tennessee.* Edited by LE-ROY J. HALSEY, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Northwest. With Introductory Notices of his Life and Labors. By the Editor. Vol. I. *Educational Discourses.* Vol. II. *Sermons and Religious Discourses.* Vol. III. *Miscellaneous Discourses and Essays.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 648, 720, 731.

THESE volumes form a very handsome monument to Dr. Lindsley's memory. 2,100 octavo pages are enough to bury even a great reputation. Such a mass of a man's writings may be full of interest to his personal friends, but it is formidable to the general public, and even Dr. Lindsley's fame would have been better served by a publication of more moderate dimensions.

Dr. Lindsley had the peculiar honor of being "solicited to the presidency of [literary] institutions more frequently perhaps than any other man who has ever lived in this country." For twenty-six years, however, he remained President of what is called the University of Nashville, in Tennessee, and made vigorous and creditable, though not very successful, efforts to elevate the standard of education in that State. This was the chief distinction of his life.

Philip Lindsley was born in New Jersey in 1786. He was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1804, then studied for the ministry, and while pursuing his studies held for two years the place of Latin and Greek Tutor in his College. In 1812 he was made Professor, and filled this post with ability for twelve years. In 1825 he became President of the University at Nashville, carrying his Eastern culture to the West, and here he remained till 1850, when he accepted a professorship in the New Albany Theological Seminary. He held this position for a little more than two years, and he died in 1855. Such is the outline of his professional life. His character, if we may judge from the reports of friends and pupils, was one of great excellence. He was respected by all who knew him. He was a man of liberal temper, and his views of education were better than the common. He was an effective preacher and a faithful teacher. He was not so much an original thinker as a student, and his scholarly acquisitions were really various and extensive. He delighted in books, and was a very rapid reader. He read "all sorts of books," as he himself confessed, and "far too many of them." There could have been few scholars west of the Alleghanies his equals in range of information or variety of learning.

The evidences of his good sense and his right feeling, his fairness of mind and his liberal disposition, abound in these volumes. But they are accompanied with the indications of imperfect early training and of the intellectual limitations consequent on the want of high culture in the society with which he was most connected. There was not intellectual life enough in Tennessee to give animation and sustenance to such a nature as his, or to keep its forces in full play. On the other hand, there is little of the freshness and eager life of the West in these volumes. The thought and style of his discourses is in the main of the East, and it is of the East before the flood. Dr. Lindsley's views on slavery were quite as advanced as could have been expected from one in his position. He was no conservative of wrong; and had he lived till the day of the great struggle there is no doubt on which side he would have been found.

His memory will be kept in honor by his surviving pupils, and in future years Tennessee will hold him among her benefactors for his efforts in the cause of education. Had there been a proper system of education in Tennessee, from how much misery might she have been spared!

6. — *Social Life of the Chinese: with some Account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions. With Special but not Exclusive Reference to Fuhchau.* By REV. JUSTUS DOOLITTLE, fourteen Years Member of the Fuhchau Mission of the American Board. With over one hundred and fifty Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1865. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 459, 490.

THESE volumes contain a vast deal of miscellaneous information respecting the habits and manners of the Chinese, derived in the main from the author's observations and personal inquiries. Dr. Doolittle has been an industrious collector of facts, but his field of observation has been somewhat limited, and his work is of more value in its accounts of local usages, than as a general view of Chinese custom and opinion. It is crowded with curious and interesting details of the actual life of the Chinese in the district in which the author resided for many years, and contains descriptions of much that has been passed over with comparatively slight notice by most other writers on the subject. It is, however, defective in method and proportion, comparing unfavorably in these respects with the well-known works of Davis and Williams, to which it forms a useful supplement.

The numerous well-executed illustrations add much to its interest.

- 7.—*Sherman and his Campaigns: a Military Biography.* By COL. S. M. BOWMAN and LT.-COL. R. B. IRWIN. New York: Charles B. Richardson. 1865.

WE have read every page and every line of this book, and all of it with satisfaction. It is a large volume of more than five hundred pages, and the only fault to be found with it is its weight and size. The superior attractiveness of small, light volumes is so generally recognized in these days, that it is matter of regret when a valuable book like this is published in a form which makes it heavy and hard to hold. The paper and print are good, and the proofs have been well read. The maps are excellent, and they are introduced as maps ought to be, and as they too seldom are. They are furnished or prepared by General Poe, Chief Engineer on the staff of General Sherman, and are carefully reduced so that each map is of the size of the pages of the volume. This is such an improvement upon the old method of binding in large maps, that space may well be spared for assuring publishers that there is hardly any one they can adopt that will be more appreciated by the majority of readers. When the large maps are unfolded, they make the volumes to which they are attached almost unmanageable, unless they are laid upon a table, and comparatively few people like to read in that way. Moreover, it is a delicate matter to unfold and fold them, and they are constantly tearing, much to the annoyance of the reader.

The book is the joint production of Colonel Bowman and Lieutenant-Colonel Irwin. The former was a lawyer before the war, and entered the service as First Major of a regiment of volunteer cavalry, and served with distinction in that and other capacities until he was assigned to the command of a department composed of Delaware and a portion of Maryland. The latter was a clerk in the Adjutant-General's Department at Washington before the war. He served on the staff of General McClellan for more than a year, and was then transferred to the Department of the Gulf, where he served for a long time as Adjutant-General of that Department.

They seem to have labored in perfect harmony. The style and spirit of the book are the same throughout, and scarcely an indication of divided authorship has attracted our attention. It does not appear what proportion of the book is the contribution of each. But for the announcement on the title-page, the reader would take it for the work of a single hand. The only exception that we notice is in the want of correspondence between the modest opinion expressed on page 475, that "the country and the world will probably agree in according him

[Sherman] military genius of a high order," and the warmer declaration on page 479, that "his written orders are luminous of the inspiration of his own matchless genius."

The style of the book is good throughout. It is simple, clear, straightforward, and manly. The authors have had free access to all the principal sources of authentic information, including Sherman's order and letter books, embracing copies of all orders made and letters written by him since the winter of 1861-62; and they have made faithful use of the means at their command. The result is the production of a very interesting and very valuable book. It is precisely what it purports to be, a Military Biography; not a philosophic and not a scientific military history. There is little said in it of tactics and strategy and logistics,—little about plans of campaign. We learn from it where General Sherman was born and when, who were his parents and his ancestors, and what he has been doing from his birth up to the time when he bade farewell to "Sherman's army." When we consider that this book was published within a year from the time when Grant saw his lieutenants carry the heights of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, we feel that its authors must have worked hard and well, and that it is not strange that such errors and inaccuracies have crept in as we are about to notice. The book is so good that it can afford a little friendly criticism.

In the first place, though the proof-reader has done his work well, he has not done it perfectly well. The worst errors that we have noted are the following:—

sufficient	for insufficient, ...	page 234
any for	" my, ...	" 235
loose for	" lose, ...	" 347
Nelson	" Wilson, three times on	" 415
impotence	" indolence, ...	" 446
enumerated	" enunciated, ...	" 452

Defects of style are not very uncommon, though not common. Sometimes they are plainly the result of haste, but sometimes, we fear, of an indulgence of a taste for fine writing, though this is generally strongly restrained. Thus we read on page 24, that "the Southern brain took fire as well [as the Southern heart]. Events took the bit in their teeth." With the Southern brain and the Southern heart on fire, and events with teeth, and with "the bit" in those teeth, it is no wonder that there was trouble. On page 425, it is said that Sherman destroyed every article of subsistence, &c. "in his desolate track." Sometimes there is a misuse of a preposition, of which the phrase already quoted, "luminous of inspiration," is an example. Sometimes there is a meaningless tautology, as "an absence of coherence or cohesion," "respect imposing reticence

or silence." Not unfrequently there is an awkward ellipsis, as where we read that Sherman's efficiency confirmed certain persons "in the correctness of their choice" of him, (page 22,) when the meaning is that his efficiency confirmed them in *their belief* of the correctness of their choice. A more common fault is the occurrence of certain sentences which we feel are all wrong, although they convey the author's idea with a fair amount of distinctness. The following quotations will illustrate our meaning: "Surface opinions change with the wind, but it is useless to argue against fundamental beliefs, and such was the character of Sherman's attachment to the Union." (Page 22.) "The salient point of this question is, that the result of any movement, by either side, was left to chance." (Page 27.) The curiously confused definition of the word *guerrilla*, on page 76, is another illustration.

These inartificial sentences are sometimes only blemishes, but sometimes they are a serious evil, from the fact that their use tends to obscure the meaning.

A fault of which there are too many instances consists in an incorrect use of the participle, by which the idea is sometimes made difficult to catch, and sometimes the wrong idea is given. Thus we read, on p. 101, "On the morning of the 22d, after removing about forty of the felled trees, the enemy appeared in large force in rear of the gunboats, and opened fire," &c. One would suppose that this must mean, after the enemy had removed certain felled trees, they appeared. But the truth is that it was our forces who removed the trees. Again, on p. 108: "The stream . . . could only be passed on the bridge, which the enemy did not attempt to destroy, and forming the troops in similar order beyond the bridge, only that Monro's brigade," &c.; and so the sentence wanders on for three or four lines, till the paragraph ends without even a verb to form the predicate for the noun or pronoun to which *forming* must be supposed to belong. Sometimes there is a sudden and confusing transition from a participial phrase to the use of a participle agreeing with the subject of a sentence, as on p. 112: "The three corps being in position, and Vicksburg as completely invested as our strength admitted, and, relying upon the demoralization of the enemy, . . . General Grant ordered," &c.

Some sentences are obscure, simply from haste and carelessness, as it would appear. Thus (p. 85): "Sherman's design was . . . to break the centre near Chickasaw Creek, at the head of a bayou of the same name, and, once in position, to turn to the right, Vicksburg, or left, Drumgould's."

Sometimes, though very rarely, a statement is made as a military proposition which seems not to have been properly considered.

Thus, in the account of the battle of Bull Run, after stating that the Rebel army was to act upon the defensive at that battle, ours upon the offensive, the book proceeds: "The advantage of ground would be with the enemy, the advantage of surprise, and the great advantage of cohesion at the moment of attack." The second of these statements is a novel and startling military proposition. That troops in position would have the advantage of surprise over troops advancing for the express purpose of carrying or turning a position, is hard to understand or believe.

Such mistakes as *left* for *right*, *west* for *east*, *March* for *May*, occur, but they are found here and there in almost all military books. The attentive reader easily detects such errors, without being misled by them.

The statement on p. 259, that General Howard, in 1862, "returned to the army in season to be with his corps at the second battle of Bull Run, and on the retreat from Centreville he commanded the rear-guard," is, we think, incorrect. Our impression is very strong that General Couch commanded the rear-guard on that retreat, and that General Howard reported for duty at Cloud's Mills, behind Alexandria, after the return of the army from Centreville.

So weak a statement as "General Sherman seems to comprehend the value of time in war," (p. 483,) should not find a place in so excellent a book.

We have pointed out errors and defects with some freedom, but the book deserves great praise. It is so short a time since the war ended, that there is no reason for expecting exhaustive, philosophic histories of it as yet. What is wanted now is the publication of accurate, straightforward, soldierly statements of matters of fact, and this book is such a statement in an eminent degree. It is remarkably accurate and remarkably clear. Its tone is good throughout, and sometimes a high order of military morality is inculcated in manly language. We may cite as an instance the remarks in regard to the relations between commerce and war, on page 73. Where the progress of the history leads the authors to touch upon delicate matters, involving the conduct and personal relations of men in eminent positions, their language is outspoken without being vehement, and the positions they assume are decided without being extreme. We have read many of the books already published about the late war, some of them purely military, some of them altogether popular. We have found in them much that had merit, and also much inaccuracy, ignorance, exaggeration, and vehemence. This book is neither purely popular nor purely military, but for a combination of these two characteristics, for accuracy, good sense, excel-

lence of tone, and candor, we think it, on the whole, though somewhat wanting in color, the most desirable book on the military history of the war, for the general reader, that has thus far fallen under our notice. And this is an outline of what we learn from it.

General Sherman's family is of English descent. His ancestor came to Massachusetts in 1634; and the family, after a long residence in Connecticut, moved to Ohio in 1815. General Sherman was born in that State in 1820. He entered the Academy at West Point in 1836, and graduated creditably in 1840. He served in the artillery in the South for the next six years, and in California during the Mexican War. He devoted much of his leisure at this early period to the study of geography, and to such legal studies as he thought might prove useful to him in his profession of arms. In 1853, he resigned his commission, and became the manager of a banking-house in San Francisco. In 1860 he was offered, and accepted, the position of Superintendent of the Louisiana State Military Academy. The ability which he displayed in that position caused the political leaders in Louisiana to feel extremely anxious to gain him to their side, but all their efforts were in vain. He used his influence to the fullest extent in favor of the Union; but when he saw that secession was determined upon, he decided at once upon his own course, and made known his decision to the Governor of Louisiana in a letter dated January 18, 1861, from which we copy some characteristic sentences:—

“SIR,—As I occupy a *quasi*-military position under this State, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such position when Louisiana was a State in the Union, and when the motto of the seminary, inserted in marble over the main door, was: ‘*By the liberality of the General Government of the United States: The Union—Esto Perpetua.*’

“Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the old Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives. . . .

“I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as Superintendent the moment the State determines to secede; for on no earthly account will I do any act, or think any thought, hostile to, or in defiance of, the old government of the United States.”

It is curious to remember that it was the man who wrote this letter,—and who wrote it in the far South, at a time when the hearts of so many men failed them for fear, and wrote it to resign a position which gave competence and influence at the moment, and was a sure stepping-stone to rapid military preferment,—who was suspected last spring by many, after rendering the most brilliant services to the cause of the Union, of being disloyal to the North, and treacherously friendly to the South.

His resignation was accepted at once. He did all he could to impress upon every one with whom he talked, from the President down, his conviction that war was inevitable, and that it would be long and bitter, but he tried in vain. He refused to have anything to do with such a "trifling expedient" as raising three-months regiments. When the regular army was increased, he was commissioned Colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, and was presently assigned to the command of a brigade in Tyler's division of the army commanded by General McDowell.

It seems strange to us, with our familiar knowledge of General Sherman's brilliant successes in the later years of the war, to read that he took part with his brigade in the battle of Bull Run. His loss was nearly a fourth of that of the entire army. He acted with vigor in the battle, and did good service afterwards in restoring order and discipline among the demoralized troops; but he seems to have sent his troops into action in a way which he would not have approved after he had acquired a little more experience. He was soon after appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and ordered to report, as second in command, to General Anderson, commanding the Department of Kentucky. This was in September, 1861. In the following month, when General Anderson was relieved at his own request, he assumed command of that Department. This period of his history is chiefly noticeable for his answer to the question of the Secretary of War, how many troops he would require in his department. His reply was: "Sixty thousand to drive the enemy out of Kentucky; two hundred thousand to finish the war in this section." When this answer was made public, it excited astonishment and indignation in the popular mind. A writer for one of the newspapers declared that he was crazy. The charge was very generally accepted as well founded. He was relieved by General Buell in the following month, and ordered to report to General Halleck, commanding the Department of the West. The sequel has proved that Sherman's estimate was not extravagant; for, as our authors say, many more than two hundred thousand men have been required permanently to hold Kentucky and Tennessee.

General Sherman worked hard, but occupied no prominent position, till March, 1862, when he took command of the Fifth Division of the Army of the Tennessee. At the great battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, fought in April, 1862, General Sherman first showed plainly what manner of man he was. He so conducted himself that General Halleck, in recommending that he should be made a Major-General of Volunteers, used the following language, in a letter written from the battle-field: "It is the unanimous opinion here that Brigadier-General

W. T. Sherman saved the fortunes of the day on the 6th, and contributed largely to the glorious victory of the 7th." General Grant, writing to the War Department three months after, and urging General Sherman's promotion as a Brigadier-General in the regular army, and referring to the battle of Shiloh, declared, "To his individual efforts I am indebted for the success of that battle."

We must pass very rapidly over the next seventy pages, which contain an interesting history of the events of the war in the West, so far as Sherman was connected with them, from April, 1862, when the battle of Shiloh was fought, to September, 1863, when the great concentration about Chattanooga began. This period includes the operations about Corinth, the unsuccessful attempt on Vicksburg, the capture of Arkansas Post, and the siege and fall of Vicksburg. The often-repeated charge, that General Sherman formally protested against General Grant's plan of operations against Vicksburg, is contradicted on page 129; and the explanation of the manner in which the charge arose, and the statements in refutation, seem to us to dispose of it altogether, especially when to them is added the emphatic language of General Sherman, quoted on page 471: "It is said I protested against it. It is folly. I never protested in my life, — never."

General Sherman was ordered, about the close of September, to move eastward toward Chattanooga. On the 25th of October, at Iuka, he learned that he was assigned to the command of the Department of the Tennessee. This had been done at the recommendation of General Grant, who, on the 18th of the same month, had assumed command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, comprising the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee. Sherman at once published, for the guidance of the officers and soldiers of his command, instructions that were full of vigor and wisdom. Commanders of corps and of posts were directed to assume the highest military powers allowed by the laws of war and of the United States. Trade was to be left to those who had no connection with the army. Every officer and soldier was to be at his post or with his colors, and none were to engage in any business save their sworn duty to the government. Citizens who assisted the troops in vindicating the national authority were to be assisted in turn by them, but there were to be no favors for those who failed to do so. All the property of such men that was useful in war might be freely taken, but must be accounted for as public property. To correspond or trade with the enemy constituted the individual a spy.

On the 27th of October a messenger floated down the Tennessee, over the Muscle Shoals, bearing this short message from Grant to

Sherman: "Drop all work on the railroad east of Bear Creek. Put your command towards Bridgeport till you meet orders." On the morning of November 15, Sherman rode into Chattanooga, in advance of his troops. The state of affairs was then substantially as follows. The armies of Grant and Bragg lay confronting each other, but our position had been materially improved by the movement of General Hooker, who, on the 28th of October, crossed the Tennessee on a pontoon bridge skilfully and rapidly laid during the preceding night by General W. F. Smith, and took up a position upon and in front of the heights on the left bank of Lookout Creek, and thus gave new lines of supply to our army, which was before in danger of starvation. Thus the movements had commenced by an advance of our right, for a special purpose; and it seems to have been Grant's plan, that, as soon as Sherman's troops arrived, they should form the left of our line, and turn the right of the position held by the main army of Bragg on Mission Ridge, and thus endanger his communications with his depot at Chickamauga, while Thomas, the Jupiter Stator of the battle of Chickamauga, advanced against and pierced his centre, and another part of the command demonstrated against his left on Lookout Mountain.

Sherman crossed the Tennessee above Chattanooga, and secured an advantageous position near the extreme right of the enemy, on the last heights of Mission Ridge. The sun rose brightly on the morning of November 25, and Sherman's bugles sounded the advance as it rose. He fought a stubborn fight till three, P. M., when "a white line of musketry fire in front of Orchard Knoll, extending further right and left and front, and a faint echo of sound, satisfied him that Thomas was moving on the centre. The attack on the left had drawn vast masses of the enemy to that flank, so that the result on the centre was comparatively assured." When the sun set, Sherman learned that Thomas had swept across Mission Ridge. The victory was won, and the pursuit commenced. Within forty-eight hours, Sherman knew that the enemy had "abandoned the valley of Chickamauga and the State of Tennessee, and was descending the southern slopes, whose waters flow to the Atlantic and the Gulf."

The account of this great battle would be more satisfactory if it included some description of Hooker's doings at Lookout Mountain, and some further details of Sherman's battle. There is no account of the cessation of the enemy's resistance to him. Two of his brigades fall back in disorder, when surprised by an attack on the right and rear. The enemy make a show of pursuit, are themselves checked by a flank fire, and seek cover behind a hill; and we are told nothing more about Sherman's troops till they commence the pursuit.

The next three chapters contain the story of Sherman's relief of Knoxville, of the Meridian Raid, of the disastrous Red River expedition; some interesting letters from Sherman about the treatment of inhabitants of conquered territory, the treatment of slaves, and the cultivation of abandoned plantations; the remarkable letters exchanged by Sherman and Grant when the latter was made Lieutenant-General; an account of the organization of the great army of the centre under Sherman as commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi; and interesting sketches of the career of Schofield, McPherson, and Thomas, the commanders respectively of the Armies of the Ohio, of the Cumberland, and of the Tennessee; and, in one striking paragraph, a statement of the contrasted qualities and acquirements of these three accomplished soldiers.

On the 10th of April, 1864, Sherman received his final instructions from the Lieutenant-General. His command consisted of about one hundred thousand men of all arms, and two hundred and fifty-four guns. This was the force which was to become so famous under the name of "Sherman's army." At this early period, he made known to the Commander-in-Chief his intention and confident expectation of subsisting his numerous army on the enemy's country, so far as their interruption of his communications might make it necessary.

The next chapter commences the story of Sherman's own campaign, and tells us how his army, beginning to move on the 7th of May, turns Johnston's left, and causes him to abandon Dalton, then drives him from Resaca, then turns Allatoona Pass, and how Sherman improved the last advantage by establishing at the Pass a secondary base. By the aid of the excellent maps, we can follow these and all the following movements step by step.

In the next chapter, we read of the continuation of Sherman's advance, including the operations about Pine and Lost Mountains and Kenesaw, — upon the last of which Sherman made two unsuccessful assaults, though they were in his judgment productive of good fruits, — the operations about Marietta, the passage of the Chattahoochee, and the advance of the army to a position in front of Atlanta, and the combats which took place there. These combats were brought on by General Hood, whom the fatuity of Jefferson Davis, or his personal hostility to Johnston, had preferred to the command of the Confederate Army of the West. They were sanguinary conflicts, but not attended with important results in the gain or loss of positions, and chiefly memorable for the death of McPherson, the accomplished and beloved young commander of the Army of the Tennessee.

The interest of this book has led us into too much detail in telling

what the first half of it contains; and now we must compress, as we arrive at the most interesting part of the volume. Fortunately, the movements of Sherman and his army after the fall of Atlanta are much more generally known than their movements before that great success was gained.

The efforts of that army were at last rewarded. The long and anxious waiting of the country came to an end. On the morning of the 2d of September, 1864, Slocum with the Twentieth Corps marched into and took possession of Atlanta. The colors of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, torn by the shot of Cedar Mountain, of the Antietam, and of Gettysburg, were planted in the Gate City of the South.

There was a brief period of rest after the long and exhausting effort. A great point had been gained, but much remained to do. Sherman,

“*Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum,*”

was laying his plans deeply, and making minute preparations for their accomplishment. As a necessary preliminary, he determined to make Atlanta exclusively a military post. He issued his famous order for its abandonment on the 4th of September. The book tells us how the order was obeyed, and gives us, among other correspondence of the time, the striking letter which Hood's protest elicited from Sherman.

Jefferson Davis had made the fatal mistake of ordering an invasion of Tennessee. Sherman was not the man to be lured out of Georgia by such a movement. He despatched Thomas to Nashville, on the 28th of September, to take personal command of the rear, and when Hood began his disastrous march to the North, on the 1st of October, he followed him just far enough to be sure that he would pursue his plan of invasion, and then, having detached enough troops to enable Thomas to deal with him, he changed front to the rear, and was once more descending the Atlantic slope. His preparations for his great march were complete; Atlanta and Rome were destroyed, save their mere dwelling-houses and churches. On the 12th of November the last despatch was sent to Washington; the army stood detached and cut off from all communication with the rear, and “the colors pointed to the South.” His great plan, one of the most masterly, in our judgment, ever formed by a general, was successfully carried out. The book tells us the details of the grand story of which we all know the principal features. It tells us how the “lost army” marched to the sea, with its cavalry and skirmishers holding back the enemy on all sides, so that the main army marched as unseen of them as a god of Greek story wrapped in mist, till they grasped Savannah, and offered it as a Christmas gift to the nation; and how, meanwhile, Thomas fell back, concentrating his troops, and by his efficient lieutenant, Schofield, inflict-

ing a bloody check on the enemy at Franklin, then how he stood at bay at Nashville, while the country watched with almost breathless interest, in fear lest he should be crushed in his lines, till, on a morning dark with fog, he issued from them, more grandly than Wellington from the lines of Torres Vedras against Massena, and fell on Hood, and so dealt with him and his invading army that it ceased to exist, save as a disheartened rabble of half-armed and barefooted men, and as an organized force disappeared from history.

There are some interesting episodes in the history of these great events. The most so, to our thinking, is Corse's defence of Allatoona. There is something most impressive and affecting in the thought of the great captain, watching from the heights of Kenesaw the smoke that told of the danger of his beleaguered lieutenant, eighteen miles away, and waving to him with the little signal flags the few and simple, but sufficient, words of encouragement and exhortation.

As the book proceeds, the events with which it deals are those with which we are more and more familiar. It records the long-deferred punishment which at last fell upon South Carolina; the masterly movements in North Carolina, with the capture of Fort Fisher and Wilmington, and the battle of Bentonville; the surrender of the army of Johnston, the march to Washington, and the Grand Review. The book asserts that it was owing to Sherman that the army moved northward by land. At Savannah, he was met by instructions from Grant to embark his army, and hasten to the James River by water. Upon his earnest representations that it was better on every account, easier and quicker and healthier for him, and far more damaging to the enemy, to go by land than by water, he was permitted to do so, and the details were left to him. His army set its foot heavily upon the haughtiest district in the South; and the pillar of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night accompanied his devastating march through South Carolina.

The last hundred pages of the book are taken up to a great extent by an account of the truce with Johnston, by the correspondence that went on during the truce, an account of the "Rejected Agreement," and a statement and discussion of all that was said and done by those in high position, particularly Mr. Stanton, General Halleck, and General Sherman, at and about that time. This discussion is conducted with candor, manliness, and ability, and adds much to the value of the book. It is plain that the authors have studied to exhibit the acts of General Sherman, as they were performed, and by the light of the existing circumstances. All through the book, he is allowed to speak for himself. His correspondence and his orders are very freely quoted. The book is from friendly hands, but not the hands of blind partisans. We believe it to have been written in the interest of truth.

In the last fifty pages, there is a collection of miscellaneous matter, much of which is interesting and valuable. Many letters of General Sherman are there published, of which the more noteworthy are those he wrote upon the subject of banishing newspaper correspondents from his lines, and adhering to that sentence as a necessary one, though Mr. Lincoln inclined to think otherwise; upon the method to be followed for checking the circulation in his army of discouraging and disloyal newspapers; his amusing letter to the Rebel chaplain, who complained of the loss of his horse; the letter full of cordiality and affectionate confidence, yet of a wise man's doubts, which he wrote to General Howard, on receiving the friendly letter in which he informed him that he had accepted the appointment of Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau; and the touching letter which he wrote to the commanding officer of the battalion of the Thirteenth Infantry, to thank him and them for their behavior to his child, whom they had made an honorary sergeant at nine years of age, and whose remains they had escorted to the grave.

Information is also given in this part of the book as to Sherman's appreciation of the value of railways in war, and of the manner in which he succeeded in so marvellously developing their capacity; as to his treatment of the question of furnishing rations to the poor citizens of the districts he entered, while his army were in want of provisions and forage; as to his views of the manliness of the Northern States in seeking to fill their quotas by enlisting blacks in the South to do the work of shirking Northern whites, &c. There are also to be found some most interesting speeches of General Sherman, full of information and full of his striking peculiarities of style.

The book contains excellent portraits of eight of the most prominent officers of "Sherman's army," including Sherman himself.

We would gladly say more, especially about Sherman's singular magnanimity, as shown on several important occasions, but want of space forbids; and we believe that enough has been said to satisfy any one who is fond of reading about the late war and its heroes, that this is one of the most satisfactory books about it that he can procure.

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8. — *Artemus Ward; his Travels.* — Part I. *Miscellaneous.* — Part II. *Among the Mormons.* With Comic Illustrations by MULLEN. New York: Carleton, Publisher. 1865. 12mo. pp. 231.

ARTEMUS WARD's popularity, having extended itself over America, has reached England, and now promises to become as great there as here. Whatever may be the subtle causes which of late have brought

so many American books into repute on the other side of the water, on this side at least it is easy to account for the favor with which he has been received; in the first place he is a genuine humorist, in the second, he is a genuine buffoon. Had he been a wit, nine tenths of his present readers might never have known him. But he has a capacity for seizing the unformed jest of the hour and vivifying it, letting it go shaped and perfect. When we were all laughing at the final disguise of Jefferson Davis, Artemus Ward wrote a letter in seeming confusion as to the ex-President's sex, speaking "of him as a her as frekent as otherwise," and guessing that "he feels so hisself." The love of the Union at the South he succeeded in hitting off in the same letter by introducing a Southerner, who tells him that there had been a tremendous Union feeling in Richmond from the first, but that the inhabitants had been kept down by a reign of terror, and who asks him in conclusion whether he has a daguerrotype of Wendell Phillips about him, and whether he can lend him four dollars "till we air once more a happy and united people." He once represented himself as making a speech at a war-meeting, in which he said that not only had the crisis come itself, but had brought all its relations; that Washington would be safe if the Federal army succeeded in taking it. Again, "I return to the Atlantic States after a absence of ten months; and what State do I find the country in? Why I don't know what State I find it in. Suffice it to say, that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey." These instances are sufficient illustrations of the tone and calibre of Artemus Ward's humor; a humor of low purpose, indeed, for his satire is not directed against the idols which society sets up and holds in honor, but simply uses as its butt the laughing-stock that society already ridicules. Thus a distinction is continually presenting itself between his humor and its object; the one original, racy, and strong, the other borrowed, and sometimes unpleasantly coarse.

But something more than this is required to account for Artemus Ward's popularity, and this something is buffoonery, that appeal to the love of the absurd, those capers and tumbles and contortions of mind or body, which from the days of court jesters to those of the circus clown have drawn admiring crowds. Artemus Ward has played the part of the literary clown with such success, that what he is now best known by is not the quaint oddity of his jests, but the slang which he adopted and introduced, his tone of impudent familiarity in speaking of distinguished persons, the twisting of his words, and the non-sensical form of his sentences. This has tickled the fancy of such as are content to be amused cheaply with ungrammatical phrases, burlesque words, and silly impertinence. The great test of the genuine

buffoon is that he makes you laugh, and he must have no object but laughter; if he has an end in view, he loses his character,—for the buffoon, as buffoon, is always shallow. Humor would have you laugh with, buffoonery at, itself. The buffoon's want of self-respect is painfully noticeable in Artemus Ward. To the natural love of buffoonery, then, and, worse, to that taste for levity in our society, which, however natural as the opposite of an unnatural extreme, is still itself extreme,—a levity that pastes bills on monuments, and makes natural scenery an advertising agent for quack medicines,—Artemus Ward has pandered.

To grin through a literary horse-collar of slang and bad spelling,—to be a negro minstrel among authors,—with such a station he was content for a long time; but at length, desirous of achieving a more creditable reputation, he attempted to get it by abandoning cap and bells, and he now appears before the world, in the last part of these "*Travels*," no longer as Artemus Ward, the showman, but in his own character as the humorist, Mr. Browne. Alas! the two veins of humor and buffoonery which we might have supposed accidentally combined, and separable, he now proves to be mingled in grain. The attempt was praiseworthy; but when he gave up the motley with which his humor had been clothed, it died of the exposure. With Artemus Ward laughter was too often the end, not the means; with Mr. Browne, in his commendable but fatal attempt at high comedy, the only end which it seems possible he can propose either to his readers or himself is that of his book.

In presenting himself as the author of a book Mr. Browne, indeed, subjected his powers to a hard test, for the articles of which his volume is made up are in their nature ephemeral, and belong properly to the weekly papers in which they first appeared. The genius of such writers as Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby, Orpheus C. Kerr, Josh. Billings, and Francis Bret Harte is specially appropriate to the flying pages of the comic journal. We may hope that at some day all these—Nasby, with his rich vein of political satire, which so delighted Mr. Lincoln that he said he had offered to change places with him; Orpheus C. Kerr, liberal in politics, a good parodist, a capital writer of burlesque; Harte, a parodist of such genius that he seems a mirror into which novelists may look and be warned; and Josh. Billings, with his wise saws and modern instances—will, instead of letting their humor ooze out of the soil at unexpected times and places, send it forth from one great fountain-head, to flow over and enrich the thirsty land.

It is common, however, to say that comic periodicals cannot succeed

among us, and "Vanity Fair" and "Mrs. Grundy" are adduced as proofs of the failure. These, it is true, are dead, but their death does not convince us that similar attempts are always to be attended with like results. That there is a great demand for light reading of this sort, any one may be assured by looking at the "Nick-Nax" or "Yankee Notions"; or, without going so far, by recollecting the column in part or entirely devoted to humor in many of our morning papers. Americans, if they are in general serious, have a love of humor that balances their gravity, and the weighty editorials which might be by themselves too heavy for digestion at breakfast-time are relieved and rendered more wholesome by side-dishes of a racier flavor. We need not go far for an illustration; our own Boston Daily Advertiser — a bulwark of resistance against needless and unauthorized innovation, a host in itself to withstand temptations to levity and trifling — has yielded so far to this demand, that, though not yet professedly a comic paper, it has introduced a series of general paragraphs of a nature light and humorous enough to make the old issues turn in their very files for amazement. Far and wide, daily, weekly, and monthly publications issue from the press to face us with at least one feature smiling. It is not, then, from a lack of a proper sense of humor in the country that certain papers have failed. The success of their contemporaries bars such a supposition; and indeed the flashes of wit and humor that we see at every turn in private life prove the presence of an amount which need only be concentrated and refined to be of the greatest value.

What, then, is the difference between the two classes of papers, represented on the one side by "Vanity Fair" and "Mrs. Grundy" as failures, on the other by the "Nick-Nax" as a success? In the first place, "Nick-Nax" and its like are written for a much larger number of readers, — that uncounted host which reads for its romance "The Ledger" and "The Pirate of the Gulf." Common schools make us a nation of readers. But common schools can, alas! do little to inculcate taste or discrimination in the choice of reading. The mass of the community has a coarse digestion. It likes strong condiments, and consequently swallows the Dime Novels. It likes horse-laughs, and consequently finds "Nick-Nax" amusing. It is satisfied with ill-drawn pictures, and overlooks, if it sees them, the defects, for the sake of the merits which are clearly perceptible; as, for instance, in a recent political caricature in this paper representing the egg of the Democracy, out of which is coming an unfledged chicken labelled "Universal Suffrage," while underneath is written,

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;

Not all of Dean's horses, nor all of Wood's men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again."

The drawing is very poor, but the humor is certainly excellent. But there is a class in America that has a taste for better food than this; that is fond of Sydney Smith, Hood, and Thackeray; that dislikes coarseness, vulgarity, and sensation; — a class not so large as the other, but large enough to support a good comic paper. The two papers mentioned before, which are always adduced to prove that similar attempts must fail, were intended for this class. It is clear that, if this intention is not strictly carried out, such attempts cannot succeed, and the paper, becoming vulgar, will be taken by subscribers who do not object to vulgarity, or, becoming stupid, will not be taken at all.

"Vanity Fair" promised at the outset well, although it had two serious difficulties in its path. It was what is called conservative, and used the stale jests about the negroes and philanthropy; while the class on which it needed to rely was in the main not conservative, but liberal, and opposed to its politics. Besides this, it was a copy of Punch; there were the same central cartoons, the satirical pictures of society on just the same pages, and the puns and conundrums in the same corner. Such copying suggested comparison; and, though this paper was called the Punch of America, it seemed one of those foreign editions of greatness that are always suspicious. The pictures were not quite so good, the jokes had an unlucky air of second-hand about them, and in fact it was too true that it *was* an *American* Punch. Some very amusing letters appeared in "Vanity Fair," some from Artemus Ward, some from that capital master of burlesque, McArone; but the editors made it too refined to rival "Nick-Nax," and not witty or humorous enough to make a place for itself. It flourished, or appeared to, for a time, then faded with the political party to which it was addressed, and both went simultaneously to a common tomb. The difficulties of the case were, no doubt, aggravated by the high cost of publication during the war.

"Mrs. Grundy," our friend of last summer, next made her appearance. Her name was against her; for a paper that aims at a Grundy view of society will, it is to be hoped, never succeed in this country. But her appearance almost made up for the mistake of her christening. No title-page so good was ever drawn for such a purpose, and we could forgive the didactic look of the "Weekly Lectures," for the sake of the admirable drawing of the lecturer herself and her audience, — an audience which Mr. Nast gave, not in caricature, but in likeness. But the whole strength of the meal was in this soup; the rest of the dishes, from the rehash of cartoon down to the *entremets* of

pun, was watery. "Mrs. Grundy," moreover, was far below her predecessor in drawing and humor; and she gave us, unfortunately, far less than her title-page promised. Her pictures were poor, and the satire they illustrated poorer; her political tone was that of a gossip, and her lectures were insufferable. After a short and censured life of a dozen numbers, her prattle was hushed, and she closed her watchful eyes. She, too, had made the mistake of not taking a distinct stand within the reach of one or the other of the two great reading classes of America.

The minor causes, then, which sapped these attempts were many, — bad drawing, bad politics, trashiness, a servile imitation of something better abroad; but the root of all the evil, the great underlying trouble, was that they were not true to themselves, that they made a pretentious appeal to readers who would have been very willing to give encouragement to any nucleus for a humor refined, but still vigorous, yet who refused to believe the watery stuff offered to them was the wine that had been promised; while those not chary of the kind, provided there was strength in it, failed to find any stimulant in such decoctions, and turned again in despair to "Nick-Nax." Learning wisdom from the fate of those that have gone before, "The Saturday Press," recently revived in New York, seems likely to succeed, and should have the credit of desiring to appeal to a love of humor rather than buffoonery; but the "Press," with all its merits, has too often a tone of Bohemian provinciality, and does not address itself with sufficient confidence to that class which has never yet, for the reasons we have mentioned, found a paper which it cared to support.

If enterprising men with sufficient capital will undertake the publication of an American humorous paper designed for readers of education and refinement, determined, at whatever cost, to be true to their endeavor, they will in the end succeed. They must not aim at copying anything; they should take a new form, and not seek comparisons which, however apparently flattering, are almost of necessity unintended sarcasms; let them have pictures, if they can get good ones, though they are not necessary in any great number, and one good cartoon is worth a dozen ordinary pictorial squibs. Let them use politics as much as possible; it is the great chord of harmony that runs through the country; a touch upon it is felt from one end to the other; in our present condition, politics are with us what society is with older countries, for our largest city is not, like London or Paris, a social and literary metropolis. Let them seek to embody the wit and humor of all parts of the country, not only of the one city where their paper is published; let them force Portland to disgorge her Jack Downings, and

New York her Orpheus C. Kerrs, for the common benefit of all. Let them form a nucleus which will draw to itself all the waggery and wit of America. Let them wait patiently, and remember that even Punch for a long time was unprofitable.

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9. — *An Address on the Limits of Education. Read before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, November 16, 1865.* By JACOB BIGELOW, M. D. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1865. 8vo. pp. 28.

THIS Address, printed, as the reverse of the title-page informs us, for and at the expense of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, claims attention, not merely from the well-known name of the author, who, as he tells us, was the first to introduce the word "technology" into use in English literature, but, moreover, as an indication of the general views and spirit of those who direct this new and hopeful enterprise at its outset. It is in some sort an official programme or platform, to which all interested may look to see in which direction this fresh and powerful influence in the community is likely to be thrown. The first thing that strikes us in it is, that what Dr. Bigelow means by Education is not education at all, but elementary instruction. The title itself indicates this. If by education we mean mental development, there can be no reason for limiting it, any more than for limiting bodily strength or health; there are, no doubt, limits to what it is possible to confer or to obtain, but there ought to be none to what is attempted. But if we mean instruction, acquisition of knowledge, there may easily be too much of this; and here a voluntary limitation may be useful, just as in the case of other kinds of acquisition. A man might load himself with gold enough to crush him, and he may load his brain with information, no matter how valuable in itself, until all power of useful working is paralyzed. He cannot have too much education, any more than he can be too strong or too well; but he may burden his memory with more facts than he can dispose of,—just as he may eat more than is good for him. The same confusion of things different and often opposed to each other appears in the illustrations which Dr. Bigelow draws from the physical world. It is a law, he says, which obtains in regard to the mind and its acquirements, as well as in matter, that strength for the most part decreases as bulk increases; a column cannot be carried beyond a certain size without crushing itself by its own weight; and in like manner "human intellect, though varying in capacity in different individuals, has its limits in all plans of enlargement

by acquisition." Evidently it is not the *mind* or its enlargement that is here spoken of, but something outside and preliminary. Nobody believes that the *mind* can be too much enlarged, or that it is ever in danger of being weakened by increased breadth of view or depth of insight. The danger, where any exists, is that the mind may be prevented by the mass of material from making the material its own, from making it into ideas,—may receive it passively and retain it undigested,—not to the enlargement, but to the contraction of its capacity.

This confusion pervades and vitiates the whole argument. Throughout it is assumed that education means the imparting of information useful for some purpose other than education. The training of the mind, as of itself a worthy and sufficient object, as something needful, and above all things needful to all mankind, is wholly overlooked. A liberal education, that is, a training having no purpose but the harmonious development of the man himself, is treated as a luxury and a superfluity,—very well for those who fancy it, can afford it, and have nothing else to do, but something aside from the serious business of life. The test of success, it is assumed everywhere, is what is called "getting on in the world,"—the procuring of bread, by labor of head or hands, and securing a good place in the struggle for distinction and influence. These things are important, and, above all, very obviously important; but their obviousness makes them sure of being cared for, and there is no need to exhort men about them. Rather it is the part of those whose position raises them a little above the struggle, and enables them to see somewhat more clearly what is true as well as what is obvious, to do what they can on occasions to remind their fellows that these things are after all only means, not the end, that they are preliminaries only to the real and truly practical purpose of life.

It has been brought as a reproach against the English scheme of education by Dr. Bigelow's colleague, Professor Atkinson, that its real use is as a road to lucrative sinecures. But why should this be a reproach? "In regard to success in the world at the present day," Dr. Bigelow says, "it is not an academic education, however desirable in any shape it may be, that gives a man access to the confidence and general favor of his fellow-men, or to the influential posts of society." If the test of value is the market-price, that is good which gets the price; we must meet the demand of the market, whatever that may happen to be. "It is the duty of educational institutions to adapt themselves to the wants of the place and time in which they exist."—"Education to be useful must, as far as possible, be made simple, limited, practicable, acceptable to the learner, adapted to his character and

wants, and brought home to his particular case by *subdivision* and *selection*." — "Subdivision and selection afford the principal avenues through which men arrive at success in the humbler as well as in the more conspicuous walks of life." Laplace would have been no better mathematician, nor Faraday a better chemist, had they known Greek. On the contrary, "the pursuit of classical literature would have abstracted just so much time from more pertinent and profitable investigation. At this day nobody believes that Watt would have made a better steam-engine, or Stephenson a better locomotive, if they had been taught philosophy by Plato himself." All this is no doubt true, and might have great weight as a governing motive in education, were the end of education to make steam-engines and locomotives. But in that case we should have to go further, and say not merely that education, but that all formal instruction is comparatively unimportant. Plato could not teach Watt to make a steam-engine; but neither could Peter the Great or Napoleon; neither did nor could anybody or any academy teach him. Such men find their way without guidance, and make their principles and their apparatus mostly for themselves. The "avenues to success" in these cases are not so much any cunningly contrived method, any subdivision or selection, as "native talent, perseverance, and indomitable will." It is these, as Dr. Bigelow more truly says in another place, that usually lead to the high places of the world.

Napoleon was no classical scholar; and "Peter the Great, when he issued from his lair at Moscow to study the civilization of Western Europe, did not repair to the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford," — nor, we may remark, to any Technological Institute, — "but entered as a working mechanic in the shipyards of Saardam and Deptford." Naturally; for his object, we imagine, was not so much to study the civilization of Western Europe — of which Peter never in fact acquired much — as to learn how ships were built. It is indeed a strange compliment to his cloth, for an academic official, speaking in the name of Education, to point out the comparative uselessness of academic training, — to call attention to the fatal omnipotence of circumstances, of the accidents of birth and position, and the proportionate insignificance of all that education can give. "Antiquity," he says, "has produced many great men. Modern times have produced equally great men, and more of them." But in what does this more abundant greatness consist? Is it a wider culture, a greater range and impartiality of thought, a new conception of social duty, a superiority in justice, fortitude, humanity, that is meant? No, it is the improvement of apparatus. "Ulysses and Agamemnon were ten years in taking the

city of Troy. Ulysses Grant, with his batteries, would have taken it in ten minutes. Artists, historians, and poets depict even now the memorable battles of Alexander and Cæsar. But half a dozen shells would have scattered the Macedonian phalanx, and the Roman Empire could not have stood many days after a modern war-steamer should have found its way up the Tiber." It is not in the men, therefore, but in the batteries and shells that the greatness is to be sought; it is these and their like that form the real theme of history and art. When the poet speaks of the "sword" of Alexander or Cæsar, it is not the military eye, the comprehensive brain, the steadfast will of the man, that he means, but the actual brass and iron. It is what the age, the mere lapse of time, furnishes, and not what the man himself brings with him, that constitutes his superiority. But to each its due. What belongs to the age is inseparable from the age,—adds nothing to the man and takes nothing from him. Ulysses Grant at the siege of Troy would have had no siege-train; having the siege-train implies the earthworks and batteries in front of him. Real and absolute superiority is superiority of purpose; the means by which the purpose is realized are always relative, and to be judged only in connection with the time and circumstances. We believe that the world is better, that society has made real progress, since the time of Homer or of Socrates. But it does not prove this to say, as we hear it said, that every blockhead now-a-days knows more than Socrates knew. This is, in one sense, true enough; but the blockhead still remains a blockhead, and just as distant from Socrates. It is not the amount of knowledge, but the purpose, the use that is made of it, that marks the degree of civilization.

"Poetry, art, and fiction," says Dr. Bigelow, "have sought for the beautiful and sublime in creations which are imaginary and often untrue. . . . But in the present age fact has overtaken fancy and passed beyond it. We have no need to create new miracles, nor imagine them, when the appetite for wonder is more than satiated with reality, and objects of delight and amazement confront us in the walks of daily life,"—just as always and everywhere. Here, as it seems to us, a double fallacy is implied;—first, in the notion that the contradiction to the matter of fact, which poetry involves, is contradiction to truth; and, secondly, in the supposition that this contradiction, whereon depends the "delight and amazement" which poetry evokes, is less now than it always was, or, as Dr. Bigelow puts it, that fact has overtaken fancy and passed beyond it. It would be a dreary world if this were true. But what poets and romancers have celebrated are not, for instance, the abstract charms of rapid motion, but the swift

accomplishment of purpose ; and it is this, and only this, that underlies the poetry which Dr. Bigelow very justly points out in the railroad train and the steamship. In order to produce this thrill, however, the motion must be not only swift, but *swifter*, — must contradict our standard of fast and stand ideally opposed to it. As soon as we thoroughly solve the contradiction, we are no longer moved ; the poetry is gone. The railroad and the telegraph will seem to our grandsons as prosaic as stage-coaches and chaises seem to us. And, in the next place, there must be a purpose to the motion. It is “invisible thought riding on these wires, and mind answering to mind over a thousand miles of distance,” that is beautiful and sublime. The beauty and sublimity do not begin at a certain rate of speed. It is not his forty minutes that makes the poetry of Ariel, — as far as that goes, he is a meteorological phenomenon, a breeze more or less rapid, — but swift obedience to the wise magician. If “the light-outspeeding telegraph bears nothing on its beam,” it matters little at how many miles the hour. The charm lies in the victory of mind over matter. But how can there be victory where there is no strife ? It is the domination of the material, present, local, temporary, by a purpose more extensive, — ideal, but not therefore less real, only more central and universal, — that makes the end of all true education. It is to give the man poise, sense of proportion, sanity of view, — to preserve him from personal bias and from the superstitions incident to a daily immersion in trifles, — not to remove him from practical life, but to place him upon a standing-ground whence he can see it and his relations to it more truly.

Dr. Bigelow refuses to see in education anything more than “the threshold of accessible knowledge,” that is, the entrance to the means of living, and not to living itself. He deals, therefore, very summarily with the claims of classical or literary education. He ignores everything in it except what belongs to elementary instruction. It is to him words only, — an affluent and euphonious expression of the very limited knowledge of the ancients. “The ancient Greeks knew but little, though they knew how to express that little well. The moderns know a great deal more, and know how to express it intelligibly. . . . Truths and things have grown faster than words. Modern customs, arts, and sciences can be expressed in French or German, but not in Greek and Latin.” But a classical scholar would probably refuse to accept this as a fair account of his studies. It is not as a difficult accomplishment, or as a matter of antiquarianism and costume, or even of polish, that he values ancient literature, but for the delight and advantage that come from the enlargement of our conceptions of man's

possibilities, and from the spectacle of a culture more symmetrical and finished in its kind than any other that the world has seen ; and also for the vantage-ground for comprehension and criticism of the present by comparison with this wonderful development under conditions so different from ours. He who knows only his own village or street does not know that, and still less he who knows only his own shop and tools.

There are many persons, Dr. Bigelow thinks, even in this elevated and privileged age, who continue to "speak in terms of derogation of what are called utilitarian studies, in contrast with classical and ideal literature, as if pursuits which tend directly to the preservation and happiness of man were less worthy of his attention than those which may be founded in fancy, exaggeration, and passion." As to the correctness of this account of classical literature we have already expressed our opinion. As to the other term of the comparison, we may suggest that where a way of thinking is spoken of disparagingly as utilitarian, what is meant is not an admiration of what is useful, but the admiration of a usefulness which is that of a machine, not of a man. Machinery is admirable, and seems almost human sometimes in its prevision, in the complexity and nice adaptation of its movements. But the difference is, that the machine is wholly practical, that is, devoted to the particular task, — adapted and brought down to that by the exclusion of everything else. The machine cannot even make a mistake ; which, to be sure, in a business point of view, is an advantage. But if it is men, and not machines, that are to be turned out by the new Institute, the methods and the test of success will have to be something beyond a rigid adaptation to the performance of particular tasks.

The examples which Dr. Bigelow gives of success achieved without the aid of academic education prove nothing against the universal need of education, but they prove something against his standard of success and the methods he proposes. Henry Clay, Benton, Jackson, Fulton, Napoleon, and Peter the Great owed none of their successes to elementary instruction, but they owed their defeats in some measure to their want of education. Liberal culture might have made Peter less a savage, Napoleon less a vulgar conqueror, — might have given purpose and consecutiveness to Clay, and purged the narrowness and bitterness of Benton and Jackson. It is this, much more than increased technical facility or dexterity of manipulation, that is needed by "our practical, bustling, and overcrowded generation" ; something rather to make it pause, and stand aside and ask itself, To what end ? What we want is not velocity so much as balance. If we make haste to do foolish, unconsidered, aimless things, — if, in our determination to "succeed," we attempt short-cuts out of the immutable paths, — our

mechanical facilities, the railroad and the telegraph, only hurry us to ruin the sooner. The country is full of ingenious persons, so knowing and capable, and with such reliance on their knowingness, that they treat all principles, human and divine, as prejudices; think there is nothing but can be managed somehow, — that, if enough is to be gained by it, there is no invincible reason why two and two cannot be made to add up five instead of four; — so sharp-sighted, that they see through everything, and so see nothing; believe in nothing, or again believe anything, — for it is the same instability of judgment that makes the quack and the dupe. There is in all this mischievous activity a most valuable motive-force at work, but crude, undirected, — needing not to be flattered, or encouraged to expand indefinitely, — nor even merely to be utilized, led off in pipes to drive the social machinery, — but to be humanized, individualized, that is, brought into due subordination to the true end of man's existence, the development of individual character.

For this the teaching of industrial science may no doubt be made to suffice; but only on the condition that its aspect as Science, its independent interest and value, be steadily kept foremost, rather than its industrial aspect or the money to be made out of it. The inherent disadvantage of such studies lies in the difficulty of accomplishing this, of preventing the immediate reference to uses which are really secondary and incidental, however obvious and important, from becoming exclusive, and shutting out the student from the highest advantages which his schooling can afford him. And it is partly, no doubt, as avoiding this sort of confusion, that many thoughtful persons have considered the classics and other pure or abstract studies to be better fitted for the purposes of education than the so-called practical. If practical means money-getting, the practicability is of no advantage in this respect, but the contrary. It is easy to say that both kinds of advantage, mental training and preparation for trade, may be combined; but it is not so easy to combine them. One will always be first; and, do what we may, it will generally be that whose claim is enforced by the steady pressure of private and selfish interest, even when not immediate, but only prospective, rather than the one of greatest public concern. These considerations form no argument against the usefulness of such schools as the Institute of Technology promises to become, and certainly are not intended for anything of the kind. On the contrary, they are offered as a protest against a view of its aims and functions which seems to us likely to lead to damaging misconception of them.

10. — *The Works of EPICTETUS. Consisting of his Discourses, in Four Books, the Enchiridion, and Fragments. A Translation from the Greek, based upon that of ELIZABETH CARTER. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.* Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1865. pp. 437.

THE present edition of Epictetus, as the title-page affirms, rests upon Mrs. Carter's translation, which was published in a clumsy quarto in 1758. On comparing the two versions, we find that the modifications made by the present editor bear chiefly upon the undue quaintness, directness, and familiarity of Mrs. Carter's style. They were undertaken, he intimates, with the hope of popularizing the great Stoic moralist among modern readers. It is a significant fact, in view of this intention, that the present version has altogether a more *literary* air than Mrs. Carter's own, for which, to judge from the long list of aristocratic subscribers that accompanies it, a somewhat exclusive patronage was anticipated. The difference between the two versions is not very great, but it has seemed to us that the alterations made by Mr. Higginson tend to substitute the language of books for the language of talk. This, however, is but as it should be. The language of talk of the present day is quite as literary as the language of books of a hundred years ago.

How far under these new auspices Epictetus is destined to become familiar to modern English readers is a difficult question to decide. In every attempted resuscitation of an old author, one of two things is either expressly or tacitly claimed for him. He is conceived to possess either an historical or an intrinsic interest. He is introduced to us either as a phenomenon, an object worthy of study in connection with a particular phase of civilization, or as a teacher, an object worthy of study in himself, independently of time or place. In one case, in a word, he is offered us as a means; in the other case he is offered us as an end. To become popular he must fulfil the latter condition. The question suggested by this new edition of Epictetus is whether or not he is susceptible of a direct modern application. There are two ways of answering this question. One is to attempt an exposition of his character, and, with the reader's sympathy, to deduce thence our reply. The other is to give our opinion at once, and then to proceed to justify it by an exposition of his character. We select the latter course. We agree with the editor, then, that the teachings of Epictetus possess a permanent value, — that they may properly form at least one department in a modern handbook of morals.

Little is known of our author's life. That he was a Greek by birth;

that he lived at Rome in the latter part of the first century; that he was a slave, deformed and poor; and that he publicly discussed philosophy; — these facts make up all that we know of his history. But these are assuredly enough. As his philosophy was avowedly a matter of living and acting, we may be sure — the sympathetic reader of his Discourses cannot but be sure — that he exemplified it in his own life and acts. We need to know little of the history of a man whose theory of conduct was so explicit, so emphatic, so detailed. There is in his precepts, possessing them even as we do at second hand, a *personal* accent, a tone of honesty, of sincerity, of feeling, — an expression, so to speak, of *temperament*, — which gives them a kind of autobiographical force. Like his great master, Socrates, — the object of his constant and almost religious reference, — we know him only as he stands reported by a disciple. But he has this advantage, that his disciple was a man of no particular originality. A thoroughly earnest man, moreover, a man of strong personal influence and lively idiosyncrasies, such as Epictetus must have been, may often be more successfully represented by another than by himself. In an age when morals and metaphysics were taught by direct exhortation, and the teacher's authority depended largely upon the accordance of his habits with his theories; when genius was reflected as much in the conduct as in the intellect, and was in fact measured as much by the one as by the other; and when the various incidents of a man's natural disposition — that whole range of qualities which in the present day are held to be quite impertinent to public life — increased or diminished the force of his precepts, — in such an age it is probable that the general figure of a philosopher was in the eyes of his disciples a very vivid and absolute fact, and, provided they were neither Xenophons nor Platos, would be strictly respected in their recollections and reports. This is especially likely to have been the case with Epictetus, from the fact that he was a Stoic. The Stoic philosophy is emphatically a practical one, a rule of life: it applies to the day, the hour, the moment. As represented by Epictetus it is as far removed as possible from metaphysics. There is, therefore, no Stoicism of mere principle. And, lastly, there reigns throughout the parts of Epictetus's Discourses such a close mutual consistency as to fix the impression that his life was thoroughly consistent with the whole.

Stoicism is the most absolute and uncompromising system of morals ever accepted by man. We say system of morals, because it is in effect nothing of a philosophy. It is a stifling of philosophy, a prohibition of inquiry. It declares a man's happiness to be wholly in his own hands, to be identical with the strength of his will, to consist in a cer-

tain *parti-pris* of self-control, steadfastly maintained. It teaches the absolute supremacy of virtue, — its superiority to health, riches, honor, and prosperity. Virtue consists in a state of moral satisfaction with those things which reason tells us are in our power, and in a sublime independence of those things which are not in our power. It is not in our power to be rich, to be free, to be sound of body. But it is in our power to be resigned to poverty, slavery, and sickness. It is in our power to live philosophically; i. e. patiently, passively, in conscious accordance with the divine part of our nature. It is easy to understand the efficacy of such a doctrine as this in the age of Nero and Domitian, before Christianity had had time to suggest that virtue is not necessarily a servitude, and that the true condition of happiness is freedom. In that age the only hope of mankind was in the virgin human will. Epictetus never once intimates the existence of an idea of *rights*. On the contrary, his whole theory of those things which are not in our power is inconsistent with such an idea. In his view, the conditions of humanity are permanently fixed. Life is beset on every side with poverty and suffering. Slavery is an accepted fact. Every man is subject, as a matter of course, to certain visitations of cruelty and injustice. These are so inevitable, so much a law of the universe, that we must regulate our lives accordingly. To declaim against them, to resist them, to deny them, is out of the question. Our duty is to accept them in order that we may properly reject them. Our own persons are the field of this operation. Over them we have no power; but over ourselves we have an absolute mastery, that is, over our true selves; not this contemptible carcass, these perishable limbs, this fleeting life, — nothing so simple as that; and yet, if we would but perceive it, something infinitely more simple, — the self-contained, unencumbered faculty of reason. Within our own souls we reign supreme. Cruelty and injustice may invade our bodies; the Stoic quietly awaits them on the threshold of his reason, arrests their progress, turns them to naught, and covers them with confusion. "You may hurt me," he says, "if you can, that is, if I will. I am only hurt so far as I heed my injuries; but I will not heed them. I have better things to think of, — the providence of God, his wisdom, power, and beauty, and this god-like principle, my own nature, from which I derive courage, modesty, and religion. You may hurt me and misuse me, and much good may it do you. It will indeed gratify you, inasmuch as for you it is I that you persecute; but for me, who am the proper judge, I would have you know, it is not I, but this miserable body, to which you are welcome."

The age in which this attitude of mind was a refuge, a rest, a relief, the fruit of a philosophy, is an age which we cannot adequately con-

ceive without a strong intellectual effort. And we must remember that men would not have assumed it, if, in spite of its apparent difficulties, it had not opened the wisest course. *Aux grands maux les grands remèdes*. When injustice was on the heroic scale, submission had to be on the heroic scale too. Such were the consolations of a Romanized world. In a brutal age virtue is brutal as well as vice; and, indeed, we read the moral depression engendered by the Roman decline more clearly in these utterances of a reactionary piety than in any record of the flagrant profligacy of the time. When this was the last word of honest Paganism, it was high time that Christianity should arrive; for if vice called for a reform, virtue called for it equally. Christianity was needed to correct the Roman spirit, generally, — in its good as well as in its evil manifestations. It was needed to teach the respect of weakness. The Stoicism of Epictetus is in its uncompromising sternness, its harshness, its one-sidedness, its lack of imagination, a thoroughly Roman principle. It rests upon common sense. It adapts itself to only one stand-point, and betrays no suspicion of the needs of a character different from that of its teacher. Common sense, in the character of a kind of *deus ex machina*, has often undertaken the solution of complex philosophical problems; but it has solved them only by cutting the knot.

Stoicism, then, is essentially unphilosophic. It simplifies human troubles by ignoring half of them. It is a wilful blindness, a constant begging of the question. It fosters apathy and paralyzes the sensibilities. It is through our sensibilities that we suffer, but it is through them, too, that we enjoy; and when, by a practical annihilation of the body, the soul is rendered inaccessible to pain, it is likewise rendered both inaccessible and incompetent to real pleasure, — to the pleasure of action; for the source of half its impressions, the medium of its constant expression, the condition of human reciprocity, has been destroyed. Stoicism is thus a negation of the possibility of progress. If the world, taken at a given moment, were destined to maintain all its relations unchanged forevermore, then the doctrine in question would be the best theory of life within human attainment. But as to the modern mind, there is always a possible future in which to lodge the fulfilment of impossible ideals; for, besides our principle of Christian faith, there exists for the things of this world a kindred principle of Christian hope. Stoicism seems, at the present day, to imply an utter social immobility. And if the majority of mankind became Stoics, it is certain that social immobility would ensue as the result of so general an assumption of passivity. The grand defect of the system is, that it discourages all responsibility to anything but one's own soul. There is

a somewhat apocryphal anecdote of Epictetus having said to his master, Epaphroditus, as the latter was about to put his leg into the torture, "You will break my leg"; and, when in a few moments this result was accomplished, of his having quietly added, "Did not I tell you so?" It would be easy to quote this anecdote as an example of great nobleness of soul. But, on reflection, we see that it reveals, from our modern point of view, an astounding moral degradation. It assuredly does not diminish our respect for Epictetus, any more than the tub of Diogenes diminishes our respect for him; but it sets inflexible limits to our consideration for the spirit by which a noble nature was so enslaved. There is no doubt that, on its own ground, Pagan brutality was best refuted by such means as these. But it is equally certain that such means as these are possible only to spirits tainted by the evils which they deplore. It is against the experience of such evils that they react; but as long as the battle is fought on the old ground, the reactionists only half secure our sympathy. To future ages they have too much in common with their oppressors. It is only when the circle is broken, when the reaction is leavened by a wholly new element, that it seems to us to justify itself. The taint of Epictetus is the taint of slavery.

Mr. Higginson tells us, in his Preface, that these Discourses were the favorite reading of Toussaint l'Ouverture. When we add this fact to the fact that Epictetus was himself a slave,—when we view, in connection, the affinity with these principles of two minds elevated, indeed, by the sentiment of liberty, but in a measure debased by the practice of servitude,—we shall approach a perception of the ignoble side of Stoicism. It has occurred to us that we might realize it in the following fashion. Let us imagine a negro slave, under our former Southern dispensation, keenly conscious of all the indignities of his position, and with an intellect of exceptional power, dogmatically making the best of them, preaching indifference to them, and concluding, in fact, that weariness and blows and plantation fare are rather good things,—we shall so take home to our minds the didactic character of Epictetus.

To the vivacity, the consistency, the intensity of belief, the uncompromising frankness of speech with which this character is maintained, we cannot pay too large a tribute of respect. He must have been a wholesome spectacle in that diseased age, this free-thinking, plain-speaking old man, a slave and a cripple, sturdily scornful of idleness, luxury, timidity, false philosophy, and all power and pride of place, and sternly reverent of purity, temperance, and piety,—one of the few upright figures in the general decline. Of the universal corruption and laxity of character and will he is keenly, almost pathetically, sensible.

"Show me some one person," he exclaims, "formed according to the principles which he professes. Show me one who is sick, and happy; in danger, and happy; dying, and happy; exiled, and happy; disgraced, and happy. Show him to me; for, by Heaven, I long to see a Stoic. . . . Do me this favor. Do not refuse an old man a sight which he has never seen. . . . Let any of you show me a human soul, desiring to be in unity with God; not to accuse either God or man; not to be angry; not to be envious; not to be jealous; in a word, desiring from a man to become a god, and in this poor mortal body aiming to have fellowship with Zeus. Show him to me. But you cannot." No indeed, they could not. And yet very little of the energy of Epictetus goes to merely deploring and lamenting the immorality about him. He is indefatigable in reproving, contradicting, and what we should now-a-days call snubbing, his auditors and interlocutors; in reminding them of their duties, in shaming them out of their foibles and vices. He is a merciless critic of all theorists, logicians, and rhetoricians,—of all who fail to take the very highest ground in regard to the duties of a man, and who teach the conscience to satisfy itself with a form of words. He himself has no need of theories; his five senses teach him all he wants to know. "Have these things no weight?" he asks. "Let a Pyrrhonist or an Academic come and oppose them. For my part, I have neither leisure nor ability to stand up as advocate for common sense. . . . I may not be able to explain how sensation takes place, whether it be diffused universally or reside in a particular part, for I find perplexities in either case; but that you and I are not the same person, I very exactly know." Like most men of a deep moral sense, he is not at all inquisitive; he feels very little curiosity concerning the phenomena of the external world. From beginning to end of his Discourses, there is no hint of a theory of nature, of being, or of the universe. He is ready to take all these things as they come, as the work of the gods, and as adding, in their marvellous beauty and complexity, to the debt we owe the gods. But they are no concern of his. His business is with human nature, with the elevation of human character to the divine ideal. To our perception he is very weak as a logician, although he constantly claims to arrive at truth and wisdom by a severe exercise of the reasoning faculty. His nature is pre-eminently a religious one; and it is when he speaks under the impulse of feeling, and with a certain accent of passion, that he is most worth quoting and remembering. There are moments when he talks very much as a modern Christian would talk. "What else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? . . . Since I am a reasonable creature, it is my duty to praise God. This is my business. I do it. Nor

will I ever desert this post so long as it is permitted me; and I call upon you to join in the same song." Epictetus praises God because he is a reasonable creature; but what he calls reason, we should, in many cases, call faith. His sense of a Divine presence in human affairs never, indeed, rises to enthusiasm or to ecstasy; but it is, nevertheless, very far removed from the *common* sense on which, in treating of our attitude towards the things of this life, he invariably takes his stand. Religious natures are of no particular time, and of no particular faith. The piety of Epictetus was a religious instinct as pure as the devotion of a Christian saint; that is, it did for him the most that religion can do for any man,—it enabled him to live hopefully in the midst of a miserable world. It enabled him to do so, indeed, only through the exercise of a force of will of which few Christian saints have probably felt the need; for they have rested their hopes on a definite assurance.

The great value of these Discourses, then, to our perception, is not in their philosophy,—for, in strictness, they have none,—but in the reflection they offer of their author's character. Intellectually he was no genius,—he was, if we may use the expression, very slightly intellectual; he was without curiosity, without science, without imagination,—the element which lends so great a charm to the writings of that other Stoic, Marcus Aurelius. He was simply a moralist; he had a genius for virtue. He was intensely a man among men, an untiring observer, and a good deal of a satirist. It was by the *life* of his style that he acted upon his immediate disciples, and it is by the same virtue, outlasting almost two thousand years and a transformation into our modern speech, that he will act upon the readers of to-day. When moral nobleness finds solid expression, there is no limit to its duration or its influence. Epictetus dealt with crude human nature, which is the same in Christians and Pagans, in men of the nineteenth century and men of the first. In every doctrine there are good and bad possibilities,—there is a good and a bad Stoicism. But a literal Stoicism our present social conditions render, to say the least, difficult. For the majority of mankind society is tender rather than harsh. We have no longer to hold out our necks to unjust persecutors, to bow our heads to gratuitous insults, to wrap our human nakedness in our simple virtue. This is not an heroic age, and it becomes daily more difficult to be gracefully proud. We, therefore, with less danger than earlier generations may accept and apply Epictetus. Such acceptance, indeed, as he may receive at our hands would hardly answer his desires, and would be but another instance of the unceremonious avidity with which the present fashions the past to its needs. The good a man does the world

depends as much on the way the world takes him as on the way he offers himself. Let us take Epictetus as we take all things in these critical days, eclectically. Let us take what suits us, and leave what does not suit us. There is no doubt but we shall find much to our purpose; for we still suffer, and as long as we suffer we must act a part.

"I am acquainted with no book," says Mr. Higginson, "in which the inevitable laws of retribution are more grandly stated, with less of merely childish bribery or threatening." The reader of Epictetus will easily discover what is meant by this, and will decide that, explain it by Stoicism or any other name one may choose, it is for this fact that our author is pre-eminently valuable. That no gain can make up for the loss of virtue is an old story, but Epictetus makes it new. What is the punishment, he inquires, of craven spirits? "To be as they are." "Paris, they say," to quote from another chapter, "was undone when the Greeks invaded Troy and laid it waste, and his family were slain in battle. By no means; for no one is undone by an action not his own. . . . His true undoing was when he lost modesty, faith, honor, virtue. When was Achilles undone? When Patroclus died? By no means. But when he gave himself up to rage." And in another place: "I lost my lamp because the thief was better at keeping awake than I. But for that lamp he paid the price of becoming a thief, for that lamp *he lost his virtue and became like a wild beast*. This seemed to him a good bargain; and so let it be!" And in still another: "Is there not a divine and inevitable law, which exacts the greatest punishments from those who are guilty of the greatest offences? For what says this law? Let him who claims what belongs not to him be arrogant, be vainglorious, be base, be a slave; let him grieve, let him envy, let him pity; and, in a word, let him lament and be miserable." "*That he is unhappy*," he says elsewhere, "is an addition every one must make for himself." This is *good* Stoicism; and to bear it well in mind is neither more nor less, for us moderns, than to *apply* Epictetus.

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- 11.— *The Young Man's Friend; containing Admonitions for the Erring, Counsel for the Tempted, Encouragement for the Desponding, and Hope for the Fallen.* By DANIEL C. EDDY, D. D. New Series. Boston: Graves and Young. 1865. 12mo. pp. 268.

Of all men, theologians would seem, at first sight, least likely to adopt Hobbes or any part of his system. Indeed, if Dr. Eddy were to be told he was a disciple of that philosopher, a holy horror would seize him, like the feeling which he seems to experience whenever he reflects

upon that unhappy butt of religious hate, the author of "The Age of Reason." In teachers of religion we should hardly expect to find supporters of opinions resting upon a view of human nature in which fear, hate, and avarice pave the way to love and generosity. Yet in the Church, of all places, these cynical theories have flourished, and Hobbes's denouncers have ever been in secret accord with him. Dr. Eddy, like so many others, thinks that all goodness is to be pumped into us with the handle of some badness; that it is only through the meaner passions that a flow of virtue can be created; by hard pumping he tries to do this. The real source of love of duty and God, Hobbes and Dr. Eddy say, is fear of the unpleasant consequences of vice. Mr. Eddy, it is true, differs from Hobbes in not being thoroughly consistent; for he occasionally will wander off, as he does toward the close of his book, in praise of virtue, as if it were something to be attained without recourse to low means; but, generally, both he and his fellow-Churchmen are steadfast in the opinion that the upright man is made so by the props of passions in themselves unrighteous.

Look, young man, these gentlemen say, at the yawning, bottomless, murky, venomous, terrible pit which Satan has prepared for your youthful, unwary footsteps; see how in this corner lurk the dangers of disease, in that of poverty, in that of infamy. Think, young man, of that dismal end of a vicious career, unfriended death, — with none near to solace, — no brother, no sister, no wife, to watch the sands of life as they run through the dimmed glass, — dimmed, young man, by the ever-deepening stain of wickedness. If you are not frightened by this picture into virtue and religion, all we can say is, that you ought to be. Or, again, to look at another side, we know, young man, that you prefer a good to a bad bargain. Inspect, young gentleman, if you please, the bargain we are authorized to offer, — the best, positively, in the market. The following articles are going at a sacrifice: one lot of contented days, one assortment of indemnities for past offences, one fee-simple lot in Paradise. This valuable stock we ask you to invest in, at a price far below par, — in a word, the only return we are permitted to ask is your soul; which, in its present situation, is of no value to you, besides being in the greatest danger; and which, once transferred to us, (merely in trust too, not for our own use,) will entitle you to the dividends accruing on this safe and extraordinarily cheap investment. We commend virtue and religion to you, therefore, on the ground of their safeness, cheapness, and high rate of interest. The question is, Will you get your money's worth?

This is a sample of Mr. Eddy and his friendship. If the book stood by itself, it would fall, nor would it deserve notice; but being made

after the pattern of many others, and having, without doubt, considerable influence, (its readers are told, in a detached Preface, that of a former "Friend" a hundred thousand copies have been sold,) it may serve as an example of a class of books, sermons, and exhortations which, with most painful goads, urge the young and inexperienced into a specious righteousness. The immense sale spoken of would hardly seem credible, if we did not reflect that for centuries men have been willing to estimate religion, and virtue, and themselves at the valuation advised by their priests. Human nature has, till very lately, been content to be considered essentially mean, depraved, and timid; but, notwithstanding this contumely heaped upon it by generations of preachers, has, at every opportunity, happily falsified their predictions. Dr. Eddy, for instance, says that human beings are afflicted with "a disordered intellect, a seared conscience, a perverted will, blinded affections, and downward tendencies." Nor is this all; unpleasant as the picture is, the Doctor has a worse reality behind, — a reality from which he never fairly lifts the curtain, but whose horrors he amply displays by implication. Not satisfied with painting human nature as having a downward tendency, he appears to believe that it is in the seventh circle already; that the young men whom he addresses are not only apt to sin, but utterly lost in sin's mire and filth. Young men, however, are not such monsters as their instructor seems to suppose; nor are they such cowards as he thinks. Youth may tend to many things more strongly than to virtue, and from its very rawness and impulsiveness is less able to comprehend the full beauty and dignity of goodness; but youth is not, despite the efforts of the pulpit to make it consider itself so, vicious; nor is it, on the other hand, so timid as to be afraid of that first glass of wine which Dr. Eddy, in common with so many worthy men, depicts as a tumultuous, stormy sea of intoxicating drink, engulfing all who venture from its shores. Youth, in fact, is somewhat courageous, and feels a strength within itself to combat and defeat whatever puts itself in its way. Dr. Eddy will not terrify it much by such turbid eloquence as this: "You will soon be on the bed of death, young men, — how soon, none can tell. And would it not be well to try to look at things now as you will look at them when you come to the bed of death, when you are but an inch from eternity? An inch from eternity! And is it possible you will ever be brought so near eternity as that? An inch from eternity! An inch from eternity! And what will you do when you come so near as that? What will you do when you are so near the great white throne as that?" It is true that this explosion may be excused, in a measure, by its position; for it is at the end of one of the lectures of which the book is

made, and the Doctor seems to find it necessary to be always a little explosive in a peroration; but, though allowances may be made, the outrage offered by such a passage to good feeling and sense is not to be forgiven. The young man who has eaten a comfortable breakfast, and knows his digestion to be strong, and his nerves in good order, is not likely to be frightened to good purpose by being told that the time may soon come when he will be within a twelfth of a foot of eternity, and being asked to reflect upon what his unpleasant sensations will be when he is an inch from the great white throne. And this reverberation of inches from one side of the page to the other, — what is it all but the same shallow, material attempt at sensation which Protestants laugh at in Catholics and practise among themselves, — which we all ridicule in our theatres, and so many of us admire in our churches?

Dr. Eddy is, in fact, (and we say it without thought of impugning his good intentions) a sensationist quite as much as the younger Sylvanus Cobb or Mr. Chadband. Indeed, we can almost forgive him for reminding us of Hobbes, when he so forcibly and pleasantly recalls "Bleak House," on pages 138 and 139: — "I can see how a man may love to smoke, — make a chimney of his throat and a smoke-pipe of his lips; I can see how a man may love to drink a social glass; but how an intelligent man can swear and curse, I do not understand. Why, I should as soon think of committing suicide! What! call on God — the God who is able to do it — to blast my eyes, to damn my soul, to send me or my friends to hell! What a wretch a man must be to call on God to do any of these things! And yet hundreds are doing it every day of life. Is it gentlemanly? No. Is it brave? No. Is it musical? No. Is it polite? No. Is it decent? No. Is it safe? No." — "My friends," says Mr. Chadband, "peace be upon this house! On the master thereof, on the mistress thereof, on the young maidens, and on the young men! My friends, why do I wish for peace? What is peace? Is it war? No. Is it strife? No. Is it lovely, and gentle, and beautiful, and pleasant, and serene, and joyful? O yes!"

12.—*The Letters of WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. (1769–1791.)*

Translated from the Collection of LUDWIG NOHL, by LADY WALLACE. With a Portrait and Facsimile. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. xv. 332; vii. 297. 1866.

THE first thought, perhaps, which occurs to one in laying down these volumes is, that we have a more intimate knowledge of Mozart through

his works than any information about his life can give us. It would seem that, when such genius as his has found its expression in music, it is in proportionate measure debarred from expressing itself in the language more common to men, and finds our speech inapt for the subtle and exquisite emotions it is familiar with. No memoirs of such a man, and not even his own letters, can add much, if anything, to the truth of the conception of him formed by those who understand what may be called his native language. When he would express his deepest or his tenderest or his gayest feeling, he found companionship in his piano, and it was to the orchestra that he confided his secrets. But when he writes to his mother, "I wish mamma joy of her name-day, and hope that she may live for many hundred years to come, and retain good health, which I always ask of God, and pray to him for you both every day," (Vol. I. p. 24,) it is as if he were writing in a foreign tongue; it is like a translation, and rather a stiff and lame one, of Mendelssohn's two bars of music, which begin a letter to his mother, on a similar occasion. And, indeed, Mozart himself says, elsewhere: "My very dearest papa, I cannot write poetically, for I am no poet; I cannot make fine artistic phrases that cast light and shadow, for I am no painter; I can neither by signs nor by pantomime express my thoughts and feelings, for I am no dancer; but I can by tones, for I am a musician. So to-morrow, at Cannabich's, I intend to play my congratulations both for your name-day and birthday." (Vol. I. p. 113.)

The circumstances which surrounded Mozart were not those to furnish topics of special interest even for familiar letters. He was poor; and, during all the earlier part of his career, his life was spent in dancing attendance on the petty German princes to whom, in those days, he could alone look for the conventional honors and the material aid which were essential conditions for the display of his genius, and for the advancement of the art to which he gave himself with the most unselfish devotion. "And the German princes are all niggards," he said himself. But though seeking patrons, he did not lose dignity, and, though often disappointed, he did not lose heart.

In 1777 he says to his father: "I will write to Prince Zeill next post-day to press forward matters in Munich; if you would also write to him, I should be very glad. But short and to the point, — no cringing! for that I cannot bear." His dependence on others could not degrade him, for many years it scarcely even depressed him.

Among the Electors and Princes and Archbishops of the day, there were some who did what they could for him; they at least, in his own phrase, "fed him with encomiums," and

“Like King Admetus, those who had
Pure taste by right divine
Decreed his music not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine,”

and presented him, perhaps, with a sum of money for his travelling expenses, or sent him, when he had already four watches similarly given, a fifth, which it would have been a sin against etiquette to turn into ready money. On one occasion, after a visit of some days at the residence of the Princess of Nassau-Weilberg, he writes (Vol. I. p. 159):—“The following day, Monday, we had music again, and also on Tuesday and Wednesday. Madlle. Weber sang in all thirteen times, and played twice on the piano, for she plays by no means badly. . . . I played twelve times; and once, by desire, on the organ of the Lutheran Church. I presented the Princess with four symphonies, and received only seven louis-d'ors in silver, and our poor dear Madlle. Weber only five. This I certainly did not anticipate. I never expected great things, but at all events I hoped that each of us would at least receive eight louis-d'ors.”

Thus, partly supported by pseudo-protectors, partly with gay courage making his way for himself, he worked steadily forward till life was exhausted; when, “with the last movement of his lips endeavoring to indicate where the kettle-drums should be used in his Requiem,” he fell asleep, and died a month before completing his thirty-sixth year.

Mozart was born a little more than a hundred years ago. The brilliant period of musical composition, which has extended to our own day, may be said to have begun a century earlier. Mozart was preceded by Scarlatti and Pergolesi among the Italians, Handel and Bach among the Germans, while Bach's sons, Haydn and Gluck, were his contemporaries. But such genius as his follows no beaten track; and it is remarkable how rarely he refers in his letters with pleasure to any music, whether of the day or of an earlier period. He himself introduced too great changes in his art to allow him to regard his predecessors with special reverence or enthusiasm. That he knew his own greatness is not to be doubted. There are a few noble expressions of self-confidence to be found in the letters. Perhaps the most definite one is when he writes, at twenty-two years of age: “I find it impossible [to give lessons], so must leave it to those who can do nothing but play the piano. I am a composer, and born to become a Kapellmeister, and I neither can nor ought thus to bury the talent for composition with which God has so richly endowed me (I may say this without arrogance, for I feel it now more than ever); and this I should do were I to take many pupils.”

His reputation was, of course, great among the musicians of his time; but even they seem generally to have been dull, as perhaps contemporaries must always be, in appreciating his real position among composers, or else to have become envious of it. There is a pleasant story told of Cimarosa, when he was one day complimented by a painter, who declared that he considered him superior to Mozart. "I!" exclaimed Cimarosa; "ah, sir, what would you say to one who should assure you that you were superior to Raphael!"

The letters written before Mozart was twenty are among the most entertaining in these volumes. Their delightful boyish gayety gives a vivid impression of the exuberant healthfulness of his spirits. A tone of pure frolic pervades them; while the judicial criticisms and comments on music, new and old, and musicians, break in as oddly as if written by another person.

The letters from Paris, in 1778, like the earlier ones from Mannheim, are chiefly occupied with the rather tedious details of his endeavors to gain some footing for himself in one manner or another. The only point that stands out with any general interest is the story of his quarrel with Baron Grimm, the ardor of whose enthusiasm for Mozart as a boy, which is attested by his notice of him in his Correspondence, seems to have somewhat died away when he saw him as a young man; and even here the facts are given in too broken a form to gather from them much impression of character or motives. There is one story, somewhat curious as illustrative of prevailing manners, and of Mozart's sensitiveness both in body and mind. He says:—

"M. Grimm gave me a letter to her [the Duchesse de Chabot], so I drove there; the purport of the letter being chiefly to recommend me to the Duchesse de Bourbon, who, when I was last here, was in a convent, and to introduce me afresh to her, and recall me to her memory. A week elapsed without the slightest notice of my visit; but, as eight days previously she had appointed me to call on her, I kept my engagement and went. I waited in a large room without any fire and as cold as ice. At last the Duchess came in, and was very polite, begging me to make allowances for her piano, as none of her instruments were in good order, but I might at least try it. I said that I would most gladly play something, but at this moment it was impossible, as my fingers were quite benumbed from the cold; so I asked her at all events to take me to a room where there was a fire. 'Oh! oui, Monsieur, vous avez raison!' was her answer. She then seated herself, and drew for a whole hour in company with several gentlemen, all sitting in a circle round a large table; and during this time I had the honor to wait. The windows and doors were open; so that not only my hands, but my body and my feet, were cold, and my head also began to ache. Moreover, there was *altum silentium*, and I really did not know what to do from cold, headache, and weariness. I again and again thought to myself, that, if it were not on

Mr. Grimm's account, I would leave the house at once. At last, to cut matters short, I played on the wretched, miserable piano. What, however, vexed me most of all was, that the Duchess and all the gentlemen did not cease drawing for a single moment, but coolly continued their occupation; so I was left to play to the chairs and tables and the walls. My patience gave way under such unpropitious circumstances. I therefore began the Fischer variations, and after playing one half of them I rose. Then came eulogiums without end. I, however, said all that could be said, which was, that I could do myself no justice on such a piano, but I should be very glad to fix some other day to play when a better instrument might be found. But the Duchess would not hear of my going away; so I was obliged to wait till her husband came in, who placed himself beside me, and listened to me with great attention; while, as for me, I became unconscious of all cold and all headache, and, in spite of the wretched piano, played as I *can* play when I am in the right mood. Give me the best piano in Europe, and listeners who understand nothing, or don't wish to understand, and who do not sympathize with me in what I am playing, I no longer feel any pleasure."

At Vienna, later, he was placed in a still more unpleasant position. He was at that time one of the musicians belonging to the household of the Archbishop of Salzburg, and he says: "We dine at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, unluckily rather too early an hour for me. Our party consists of the two valets, the Comptroller, Herr Zetti, the confectioner, the two cooks, Cecarelli [the court-singer], Brunetti [the violinist], and my insignificant self. — N. B. The two valets sit at the head of the table. I have, at all events, the honor to be placed above the cooks; I almost believe I am back in Salzburg! At table all kinds of coarse, silly joking go on; but no one jokes with me, for I never say a word, or, if I am obliged to speak, I do so with the utmost gravity; and when I have dined I go away."

It is the old story of genius unrecognized and uncrowned, repeated in every generation, and seeming more sad at each repetition; it is only a fresh illustration of the many times "when night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing"; it is only a new warning to borrow the eyes of posterity to see with.

But at Vienna more public applause and renown attended Mozart than had been the case elsewhere, and the enthusiasm which was afterwards felt for his works first showed itself widely here. It could scarcely be withheld from one who could give such an example of musical ability as this: "To-day (for I am writing at eleven at night) we had a concert, where three of my pieces were performed, — new ones, of course. The rondo of a concerto for Brunetti, a sonata for myself, with violin accompaniment, which I composed last night between eleven and twelve o'clock; but, in order to have it ready in time,

I only wrote out the accompaniment for Brunetti, and retained my own part in my head."

He now, at last, found it possible, in consequence of his increased reputation, to gain an independent, though small and precarious livelihood for himself, his wife, and children. He devoted himself with the utmost assiduity to the giving of lessons and of concerts, and, in the small intervals of wearied leisure, to his immortal compositions. All his best-known operas were produced during this period of ten years, and many of his other greatest works. These years were undeniably the happiest of his life; yet one traces in the letters—perhaps by reading between the lines—the sadness which a man of Mozart's sensibility can never wholly escape, still less when placed in such untoward circumstances. His letters to his wife are always cheerful and happy.

Others than the lovers of Mozart will not think the time wasted which is spent on these volumes. Their value to the general reader is much increased by a full and well-arranged Index, and by the notes of the German editor. The labors of the English translator are also apparently well performed. We have not, however, had the opportunity of comparing her work with the originals, and occasional misconceptions and unnecessary freedoms in her translations of the letters in Italian, the originals of which she gives, are of a character to suggest possible inaccuracies in the translations from the German. But they read easily and agreeably.

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- 13.—*The Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams, being a Narrative of his Acts and Opinions and of his Agency in producing and forwarding the American Revolution, with Extracts from his Correspondence, State Papers, and Political Essays.* By WILLIAM V. WELLS. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1865. 3 vols. 8vo.

SAMUEL ADAMS was born in Boston, September 16 (O. S.), 1722, and died there, October 2, 1803. In 1747, feeling that the "present political state affords matter for a variety of thoughts of peculiar importance to the good people of New England," he united with several "Whigs who advocated the rights of the people against those measures of government which were supposed to infringe upon the privileges of the Province secured by charter," in forming a "political club," and editing "The Public Advertiser," a weekly paper devoted "to whatever may be adapted to state and defend the rights and liberties of mankind." In 1797, a month after Washington had made his last annual speech to Congress as President, he also made his last annual speech to the Legis-

lature as Governor of Massachusetts. "Having arrived," he says, "to a stage of life marked in holy writ and verified by constant experience as a time of labor and sorrow, it is highly proper, both upon my own account and that of the public, to decline the future suffrages of my fellow-citizens for the office I have now the honor to sustain." During nearly the whole of this half-century, which covers the rise, development, and completion of the Revolution, the beginning and end of the Confederation, the adoption of the Constitution, and that wise administration of Washington which gave it its first stronghold upon the affections of the nation, Adams was a close observer and leading actor in public events. His state papers and essays in the public journals, which would fill volumes, contain the most advanced political doctrines of the times as they presented themselves to thinkers and actors for decision and application. It is impossible to touch upon the history of Massachusetts without meeting his name. He took a leading part in the Congress that separated us from England; and, having from the beginning cast in his lot with his country, never shrunk from the labor, the sacrifices, or the perils which his decision involved.

Till now the story of this remarkable life has never been told, although the materials for it were abundant. But unfortunately those materials were of a kind which, in a country like ours, wherein family archives are scarcely known, it is almost impossible to preserve. Mr. Adams was a man of method, and at his death the records of his long public career were found accurately filed and labelled, as they had passed year by year from his portfolio to the shelf. Then began the slow and sure transitions by which so many of the most important documents of American history have been destroyed. First they passed, to awaken doubt and dismay, into the hands of a biographer. Next to unappreciating relatives, who gave them over to neglect and dust; and then they became the prey of those keen-scented, persistent sleuth-hounds, the autograph collectors, for whom an archive is but a curiosity-shop, and an historical document a thing to be cut up into samples, and deprived of every characteristic which gave it historical value. Rats, mice, moths, and children seldom fail to claim their share in the work of destruction; but with Adams's papers they were all outstripped by an industrious servant-girl, who, like Hutchinson, finding them highly inflammable, used them to feed the fire with. Still, so marvellous was this man's industry, that, when the attention of a grandson, Samuel Adams Wells, was first called to the study of his grandfather's history, enough was yet left of his letters and newspaper articles, and drafts of state papers, to form the groundwork of an accurate biography. But before he could bring the pious work to a close he died, and soon after

all that remained of the Adams papers passed into the hands of Mr. Bancroft. How effectively he has used them for the illustration of that part of his work to which they belong, our readers already know. It is upon these that the present work is founded.

And coming more directly to this work, we congratulate the author upon having had the courage to make it a full one. A single volume might have found more purchasers, but a single volume could not have told the story of such a life. A life of external and visible action, like Nelson's, may be compressed by a skilful hand within a narrow compass. But a life of thought manifested by action, and action chiefly displayed by its control over the will and guidance of the thoughts of others, requires a full and minute exposition. By great industry, a wide range of research, and a judicious use of materials which a less reverential biographer might have overlooked or hesitated to use, Mr. Wells has succeeded in showing what his illustrious ancestor was, as well as what he did, and in thus giving him his true place in American history, as a man of ideas as well as a skilful leader. Would that all our eminent men had been as fortunate !

We rejoice for still another reason that this work is so complete. Samuel Adams has often been called the last of the Puritans, and at this moment, when New England, the great creation of the Puritans, is brought so arrogantly to the bar, it is well for us to be reminded what manner of men those Puritans were.

The most remarkable trait of Adams's character was his consistency. From the beginning of his career to the end of it he was still the same. Whatever he accepted as a principle he accepted also as a rule of life, conforming himself to it in all things and in all situations. In 1766 the question of the abolition of slavery was agitated in Massachusetts, and Adams advocated it. At about the same time a female slave was given to his wife. "A slave cannot live in my house," said Adams when he was told of it; "if she comes, she must be free." And accordingly she was made free and lived with him as a free woman till her death. His housekeeping in Boston was characterized by a frugal simplicity. He preserved the same simplicity in luxurious Philadelphia. When, in his old age, he became Governor of Massachusetts, a carriage and horses were given him by some of his personal and political friends. The first use that he made of them was to drive with his wife to his old friend, Constable Hewes's, and there, giving his place in the chariot to Mrs. Hewes, sit himself down for his daily chat while the two old ladies were enjoying the new luxury.

The same consistency appears in his political theories. In his college "part" he maintained the right "to resist the supreme magistrate

if the commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved"; and from the early beginning to the late evening of his public career, all that he wrote or said or did was in harmony with this principle. His belief in the people, also, was a life-long belief, so strongly asserted, indeed, as to excite in some minds a suspicion of demagogism. But when we see it running through his whole career, in the same open channel, preserving everywhere the freshness of his sympathies and his faith, and never diverted to his own uses, it is impossible to confound it with that vile spirit from which the want of moral power has so often failed to preserve the intellectually great.

His writings, as we have already hinted, would fill volumes. Some idea of the extent of them may be formed from the fact that, while a great many can no longer be traced through the journals in which they originally appeared, twenty-five of the different signatures under which he wrote have been recovered, some of them extending through several consecutive years. These pieces, of course, were for the most part controversial. The style is simple, direct, and natural, flowing with an easy current, and, even where the subject deepens, lucid and distinct. An elaborate analysis might extract from them a logical series of harmonious principles, wherein few, if any, of the most advanced political opinions of the age would be found wanting.

Another class of writings in which his pen was employed more frequently than that of almost any of his contemporaries was those state papers which form the most important part of the American literature of the eighteenth century. Chatham's opinion of our Congressional state papers is well known. Those of some of the local conventions and legislatures are equally deserving of admiration. In the Massachusetts General Court Samuel Adams was almost constantly employed as draughtsman. If to these public duties we add his extensive correspondence with the leading men of other Colonies and the friends of the Colonies in England, we shall be able to form some idea of the laborious life he led.

His influence over men is another of the facts which these volumes bring out in strong light. In part it may have been an influence of sympathy, for he seems to have been the object of strong affections. But in a far greater degree it was the influence of superior intellectual power combined with superior moral power. Men looked up to him, because they felt that he was still somewhat in advance of them, and they trusted him because it was evident that in all that he did he was governed by a profound sense of duty, both to God and man. Seldom has conscience borne such a part in the conduct of public men.

Of the important measures claimed for him by his biographer, the most important was the establishment of Committees of Correspondence. "Engines," writes Dana to Gerry, "which operated with more energy and consistency than any others which were put in motion in the commencement of our opposition, they may be called the cornerstone of our Revolution or new empire." The first germ of these committees was the appointment (June 14, 1764) by the Massachusetts Assembly, and at Adams's suggestion, of a committee to correspond with the several Assemblies on the continent for the purpose of securing concerted action in the defence of Colonial rights. This example was followed by Rhode Island on the 30th of July, and by New York on the 18th of October. From this to the Massachusetts committee of 1772 which "organized a province," and the Virginia committee of 1773 which "promoted a confederacy," the transition was so natural that we should hesitate to call it by that name.

But it is not an analysis of Mr. Wells's volumes that we are endeavoring to give. We propose, rather, to call the attention of our readers to the importance of their subject and the kind of information to be drawn from them. It is essential to a republic, says Macchiavelli, to be carried back from time to time to the principles it started from. It is no less essential, he might have added, to pass in frequent review the lives of the men by whom those principles were planted and developed. It is well, perhaps, for Samuel Adams, that he has had to wait so long for his true place to be assigned him. The great men with whom he acted are gradually settling into their niches; and as we look at them side by side in the grand gallery of American history, we are enabled to judge them by the common standard of their age, and give to each his due share of gratitude and reverence. Mr. Wells has sometimes, it seems to us, claimed a little more for his ancestor than is strictly his due. He has sometimes, perhaps, seen other men somewhat too absolutely through Adams's spectacles. There are questions upon which we would fain suspend our judgment until Hancock has found as accurate and conscientious a biographer as Adams has done. But we do not lay this at Mr. Wells's door as a sin. We have very little faith in what is commonly called historical impartiality, which in most cases is but another word for historical infidelity. Every history, whether of the individual or of those aggregates of individuals which form nations, is the origin, growth, and succession of principles, man himself seeming sometimes little else than the soil wherein they are planted, and at others the husbandman that watches and tills them. Indifference to the man is indifference to the principle.

Clearness, calmness, and simplicity are the characteristics of Mr.

Wells's style. It is manly, but not very vigorous; natural, but not very graceful; easy to read, but deficient in graphic power and narrative movement. Its chief merit is the absence of all affectation, and a certain prepossessing tone of earnestness, which springs evidently from the warmth of the writer's convictions. His work belongs, in short, to that class — far too small a one — of careful, candid, calm, and exhaustive biographies, in which the writer loves and reveres his hero too much to put himself irreverently in his hero's place. It would be an injustice to the publishers not to mention the excellent typographical execution of these volumes, and to the author not to thank him for the admirable chronological summary which he has prefixed to each.

14. — *Across the Continent: a Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with Speaker Colfax.* By SAMUEL BOWLES, Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Springfield, Mass.: Samuel Bowles & Co. 1865.

THIS volume is the record of a journey, in the summer of 1865, through the States and Territories of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Dacotah, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, and Washington. The party consisted of Mr. Colfax, Speaker of the national House of Representatives, and three friends connected with different public journals; — Mr. Bross of the Chicago Tribune; Mr. Richardson, correspondent of the New York Tribune; and Mr. Samuel Bowles of the Springfield Republican. The design of the trip was simply for recreation, health, and observation; but as it proceeded it grew to dimensions of public significance. The people who inhabit the regions visited are hospitable by habit; and they were not slow to appreciate also the advantage to themselves of the report which would be made by these gentlemen. Accordingly the trip soon became *quasi* public in its character, and the travellers were everywhere received as public guests. The demonstrations in favor of Mr. Colfax, in particular, amounted to a long-continued ovation. It was a matter of course that the gentlemen of the press should send back letters to their respective journals. Those of Mr. Bowles were widely copied, both at the East and in the Pacific States; and in the volume before us we have them collected together, pruned of some minor details, and with the addition, by way of supplement, of extracts from speeches made by Mr. Colfax upon the route, and some papers from different persons upon subjects treated of in the letters.

In point of style, these letters have the freshness and freedom which

are natural, considering the circumstances under which they were written. They were addressed to a circle of friendly readers, and with almost the familiarity and directness of private correspondence. There is, throughout the volume, a personality of tone and manner, which, alike in the descriptions of scenery and society and in the discussion of grave social and material questions of public and even of national interest, produces a fresh and agreeable impression.

Perhaps the most important portion of the volume is that which is devoted to the Mormons. This is the best and most effective exposition of Mormonism that has been given. It is so because it is fair and candid. It is the truth that kills. These simple statements, containing not one word written in ill-nature or malice, and in many respects giving more generous commendation than they have heretofore received, have awakened the dire resentment of the Mormons. This travelling party had unsurpassed opportunities for observation. Before reaching Great Salt Lake City the municipal hospitalities were tendered to them by the Mormon authorities. The gentile portion of the population also, and the soldiers stationed at Camp Douglas, which overlooks the city, were eager that so distinguished a guest as Mr. Colfax should receive the first welcome from them. Some embarrassment was likely to arise from this rivalry, until Mr. Colfax excused himself temporarily to the Mormon dignitaries by saying, that, as he occupied an official position towards the government, he felt it to be his first duty to salute the national flag and pay a passing tribute of respect to the soldiers of his country, after which he would place himself under the care of the city. Another question of etiquette arose, — whether Brigham Young should first call upon Mr. Colfax, or Mr. Colfax upon Mr. Young; but Mr. Colfax gave out that he should wait to receive the visit, and Mr. Young, for the first time in this particular, yielded. Afterwards, when the parties met, there was the fullest and freest talk upon matters peculiar to Mormonism that has ever been held between the Mormon leaders and the gentile world. Last summer the former were professing great patriotism and a strong desire to have amicable relations with the national government. They were curious to know on what terms such a result could be accomplished. They were oppressively friendly in their tone and manner, and showered attentions upon their Eastern visitors. Now they show signs again of natural disloyalty, and another conflict between them and the government seems possible.

Mr. Bowles does full justice to the thrift, energy, industry, and various material worth of the Mormons. Indeed, to some readers his emphatic encomiums of them in these respects will be new, if not strange; and we ourselves cannot but recall how much of the work of reclaiming

the desert, building the city, erecting houses and fences, and digging ditches was extorted from the poor emigrants, who, exhausted and destitute of supplies, upon reaching that place in the earlier days, were forced to work for weary weeks and months for a mere pittance, until they could pursue their journey; and we wonder how much of the brilliant material success which the Mormons have achieved may be due to these and similar circumstances. But the essential fact that they have this material prosperity, that they have elements of strength and power and importance and value even to our government and country, it is not wise to deny or overlook. Great Salt Lake City is, and is likely to be, by reason of its position, progress, and wealth, the central point, the great inland city between the Mississippi and the Pacific. The only requirements which, under the theory of our free institutions, it is right or desirable to exact from the Mormons were stated to them by Mr. Colfax; namely, allegiance to the Constitution, devotion to the Union, and obedience to the laws. The true relation of polygamy to their religious system is clearly shown in this volume. It came by revelation. The doctrine is not contained in the Book of Mormon; and the practice may hereafter be dispensed with through the same agency by which it has thus far been sanctioned. But at any rate, if this change is not made by the church, it will be by the course of events. The doom of polygamy is predicted by Mr. Bowles in decisive words.

"Ultimately, of course, before the influences of emigration, civilization, and our democratic habits, an organization so aristocratic and autocratic as the Mormon Church now is must modify its rule; it must compete with other sects, and take its chance with them. And its most aristocratic and uncivilized incident, or feature of plurality of wives, must fall first and completely before contact with the rest of the world,—marshalled with mails, daily papers, railroads, and telegraphs,—ciphering out the fact that the men and women of the world are about equally divided, and applying to the Mormon patriarchs the democratic principles of equal and exact justice. Nothing can save this feature of Mormonism but a new flight and a more complete isolation. A kingdom in the sea, entirely its own, could only perpetuate it; and thither, even, commerce and democracy would ultimately follow it. The click of the telegraph and the roll of the overland stages are its death-rattle now; the first whistle of the locomotive will sound its requiem, and the pickaxe of the miner will dig its grave."

The "poor Indian" is disposed of more summarily. This party were fortunate in escaping perils and delays which others who followed them had to encounter. But the testimony of Mr. Bowles and of his companions, as well as of every other traveller over the Indian country, strips savage life of its romance, savage character of its few elements worthy of esteem, and leaves the red man simply as a disagreeable, dirty,

treacherous object, standing as an obstacle in the way of civilization and progress and safety, — difficult to be reclaimed, and in his native state impossible to be endured.

We are also indebted to this volume for much that is new and useful on the subject of mining. The development of the mines of our country now attracts in a large degree the attention of statesmen, capitalists, and speculators; and the amount of popular ignorance respecting them is extraordinary. There are, for instance, many persons, intelligent on other subjects and not without practical skill in mining, who think that at some time a great seething mass of molten quartz and precious metals was forced up through crevices in the rocks, and that thus the true fissure veins of gold and silver bearing quartz were formed. Accordingly it has been extensively believed, and is constantly asserted by those having mines to sell, that the deeper the veins are worked, the richer they will become. The valuable paper of Mr. Ashburner, given in the supplement, dispels this illusion. It also contains the fullest and best account that has yet appeared of the famous Comstock ledge, over which Virginia City in Nevada is built, and of the various companies that are organized upon it. And in the body of the volume, the general aspects of mining in Nevada and California are discussed with a discrimination of judgment and an accumulation of facts that cannot fail to be of value to all who are interested in mining operations, either there or elsewhere.

One letter is devoted to the Pacific Railroad, which is characterized as "the great theme." The opening sentences contain the germ of nearly all that needs to be said upon this subject.

"To feel the importance of the Pacific Railroad, to measure the urgency of its early completion, to become impatient with government and contractor at every delay in the work, you must come across the plains and the mountains to the Pacific coast. Then you will see half a continent waiting for its vivifying influences. You will witness a boundless agriculture, fickle and hesitating for lack of the regular markets this would give. You will find mineral wealth immeasurable locked up, wastefully worked, or gambled away, until this shall open to it abundant labor, cheap capital, wood, water, science, ready oversight, steadiness of production, — everything that shall make mining a certainty and not a chance. You will find the world's commerce with India and China eagerly awaiting its opportunities. You will see an illimitable field for manufactures unimproved for want of its stimulus and its advantages. You will feel hearts breaking, see morals struggling slowly upward against odds, know that religion languishes; feel, see, and know that all the sweetest and finest influences and elements of society and Christian civilization hunger and suffer for the lack of this quick contact with the parent and fountain of all our national life."

To some readers, the portions of the volume to which we have not specially referred will be of yet more interest. The ride across the continent will hereafter take its place amongst the recognized pleasure-trips. The element of danger from Indians being removed, the route shortened by the progress of the railroad at each end, the inconveniences of travelling by stage somewhat mitigated, and the tourist, armed with pistol and rifle, and with leisure to tarry at points on the way, and to diverge occasionally from the accustomed route, will find in it a delight not easy to be expressed. The long stretches across the plains; the majestic scenery of the Rocky Mountains near Denver; the glitter of the far-off snow-peaks, not distinguishable from white clouds; the Church Butte, grand and imposing, but described by Mr. Bowles with a degree of architectural detail hardly warranted by the recollection of a less close observer; the attraction of the beautiful city of the desert, and its mountain views; the unequalled approach to that city, through its gateway of rock, for eight miles down the cañon; the long drives across the wilderness, wearisome as drives but not disagreeable as memories; the sluggish streams, creeping northward through the valleys in the hopeless endeavor to break through the barriers before them, till finally, as if in despair, they sink in broad meadows of alkali; the silver mines of Austin, of unequalled richness, seaming the hills like the ridges of furrows in a ploughed field; cities, creations of a year; the Sierra Nevada, whose inexhaustible forests awaken an emotion akin to rapture in one long deprived of the sight of large trees; the silver lakes high up among the mountains, so smooth and clear that in photographs of the mountains, with their reflection in the water, the eye cannot distinguish which is the mountain and which the reflection; the grand river scenery of the Columbia, almost unknown to us of the East till now; Shasta, Ranier, and Hood, monarchs among mountains; Puget's Sound, more lovely even than the island of Mount Desert; California, with its conglomeration of all races under the sun, foremost among whom, in all good enterprises, are the natives of New England, — its lavish hospitality, its mines, its agriculture, its fruits, its geysers, its big trees, its marvel of marvels, the Yo Semite Valley; — all these things, and more, are so vividly described in the volume before us as to render the reading of it attractive to one who has never made the journey, and to awaken the most delightful memories in those who have enjoyed that great pleasure.

15. — *The Physiology of Man ; designed to represent the existing State of Physiological Science as applied to the Functions of the Human Body.* By AUSTIN FLINT, JR., M. D. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. 502.

THIS is the first of a series of three volumes, and treats of the subjects Blood Circulation and Respiration. The author is a young, zealous, and successful worker, who has earned a high reputation, not only as a teacher, but through his own original investigations and valuable contributions to human physiology. He is a disciple of the experimental school; and the conclusion which inevitably forces itself upon the mind of the reader of his book is, that precise knowledge of the uses of parts can only be obtained by the careful study of them in the living body, and, however much one might wish it were otherwise, often through the vivisection of animals. The physicist studies matter in the states of rest and motion, and knows that, however complete his knowledge of it in the first may be, it will throw no light on the laws and phenomena manifested in the second. Any knowledge of the properties of matter in itself would never enable him to foresee what would happen if it were moving in a resisting medium or in the neighborhood of another mass. So in the investigation of organized beings, the study of structure, composition, form, and relative position of their different parts in a state of rest, as dead bodies, or, in other words, the study of anatomy, has never been able to teach the changes and actions of which these parts might be the seat during life. Anatomy never pointed out the distinction between the nerves of motion and sensation, nor could any one, on anatomical grounds, assert that a lung was intended to be the medium of a physical interchange between the atmosphere and the blood. There are organs, like the spleen, the thymus, and thyroid bodies, and certain portions of the brain, the structure of which is now as well known as that of other parts, but we still remain profoundly ignorant of their uses. These can only be determined, if at all, by following the example of Harvey, and by "frequent appeals to vivisection and constant ocular inspection, investigation, and endeavor to find the truth."

The knowledge of the physiologist comes in various ways, through the aid of the knife, the microscope, the battery, the balance, and the test-tube; but with these the necessity for experiment on living animals, though not in all cases by vivisection, is absolute, for all the best results from Harvey to the present time have come through such means. Those who preceded Harvey knew the structure of the heart, the arteries, the veins, and even the circulation of the lungs; but the knowledge

was barren, until, by direct experiment on the vessels, such as tying the arteries and veins in the living body, and noticing on which side of the cord the blood accumulated, and by watching the motions of the heart in its natural position, "employing for these experiments a great variety of animals," he at length demonstrated the course in which the blood flowed. The attempts to determine the force of the heart's action were utter and often ludicrous failures so long as they were based on mere calculation, or the analogies of other muscular parts. Borelli, comparing the weight of the heart with that of the deltoid, estimated its force at many thousand pounds; while Kiell, studying the rate of the flow of blood through the arteries, computed it at five ounces. Hales, with the sagacity of the true observer, simply inserted a tube into one of the larger arteries of a living animal, noted the height of the column which the heart sustained, and thus its force was weighed. One might fill a volume in recording similar contrasts of success and failure, according as the investigations were conducted with and without experiment. The results of the experimental method are the living truths of science. Great and learned as he was, the speculations of Boerhaave on digestion have passed from the current literature of physiology; while the experiments of Réaumur and Spallanzani will never fail to receive honorable mention. Without vivisections there is no reason to suppose that we should have had the benefit of the discoveries of Bell or of Bernard, and others of the same school, and without these physiology would not deserve the name of a science. With ether and chloroform at the disposal of the physiologist, vivisection is stripped of its horrors; nevertheless, whoever resorts to it assumes a fearful responsibility, and can only justify himself by an honest conviction of his fitness for the work through mental aptitude and adequate preparatory study. It is perhaps too true that physiologists use it with reckless freedom; it belongs almost wholly to the laboratory, and its introduction into the lecture-room for trivial experiments cannot be too severely condemned.

In view of the extent to which the division of labor is now carried in physiological investigations, a work like the one we are now noticing must be, from the necessities of the case, chiefly a compilation. In general this work is clearly written, and the materials pertaining to the special subjects are methodically arranged; but the absence of anything like a general classification of the functions in the order of their relations to each other is a defect. A living being has been compared by Cuvier to a vortex, but by others, and with more reason, to a flame, which is a vortex and something more. The oil and the oxygen of the air form the ingoing currents, and during their short stay undergo a new

molecular arrangement, and at the same time give rise to the sensible phenomena of light and heat; as an outgoing current they escape in the form of carbonic acid and water. In the living body there are two analogous currents, the first composed of the materials of the food, the second of those of the excretions; and in the passage of nutritive material from one to the other, heat and nervous and muscular force are evolved. The functions of nutrition and excretion form two entirely distinct groups, one balancing the other; and the order of their arrangement obviously should be that in which they stand with reference to the passage of food and its products through the body; namely, for the nutritive, digestion, absorption, circulation, assimilation; and for the excretory, the functions of the lungs, skin, and kidneys.

One cannot read a work like this without being forcibly struck with the fact that certain questions still remain open which it seems ought long since to have been decided. Since the days of Harvey it has been a matter of dispute whether the heart lengthens or shortens during its contraction or systole. The experiments tried by Dr. Flint seem to us conclusive in favor of the opinion that it shortens, and they agree with the results of our own observations repeated many times. But Dr. Dalton, whose skill and accuracy as an observer are of the highest order, maintains exactly the opposite view, based on repeated experiments. There is another question, namely, that relating to the origin of the blood corpuscles, which the author disposes of in a manner altogether too summary. Since good observers have traced them in the embryo to the direct transformation of the central cells of the heart and vessels, while these are yet in the formative stage, he is hardly justified in asserting that "it is the most reasonable to consider that the red globules are formed by a true *genesis* in the sanguineous blastema," that is, in the strictly fluid portion of the blood, without adducing a single fact in support of his opinion. His view of the reproduction of them in the adult after large hemorrhages is equally unsupported by evidence.

Notwithstanding these and other matters which are open to criticism, the work as a whole deserves to be spoken of in terms of high praise. The introductory chapter treats fully of the chemistry of the proximate principles, and the physiological account of each of the organs is preceded by a clear and concise anatomical description, and in a few instances the descriptions are illustrated by diagrams. These ought to have been more extensively used. The experimental evidence is drawn largely from the current literature of the subject, and is freely and fairly introduced.

Among the recent additions to the means of physiological investiga-

tion, the sphygmograph, or pulse-marker, of Marey is the most noteworthy. This instrument not only indicates, but registers on a card, "the form of the pulse," and thus shows many varieties of it which the touch fails to recognize. The essential part of the instrument is a lever, the end of the short arm of which is pressed upon the artery, and that of the other, which carries a point, presses against a card that is made to slide steadily past it. As the artery fills and empties, the lever rises and falls, and thus traces its movements. The result of experiments with this instrument, and of Marey's other experiments in the passage of fluids through elastic tubes imitating the vascular system, are among the most valuable of the recent contributions to the physiology of the circulation of the blood.

16. — *Mind in Nature ; or the Origin of Life, and the Mode of Development of Animals*. By HENRY JAMES CLARK, A. B., B. S. With over Two Hundred Illustrations. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1865. 8vo. pp. 322.

THIS work comprises the substance of a course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute in 1864, and relates chiefly to three subjects, — the origin of life, the great divisions of the animal kingdom, and the conformity of animals in their mode of development to the type of the divisions to which each animal belongs.

In admitting five grand divisions instead of four, Professor Clark follows the lead of many naturalists who have found it otherwise impossible to dispose of a portion of the Infusoria. Cuvier left these a heterogeneous mass among the Radiates. Ehrenberg threw a flood of light on their structure, and but little on their zoological relations. Many of them have since been shown to be plants, others embryos, and still others have been referred to one or the other of the types of Invertebrates. Agassiz believes that all will in this way be eventually distributed. But as it now stands, a portion still remain which cannot be referred to either of the categories just mentioned, and are therefore regarded as forming the grand division to which the term Protozoa has been applied, and of which Professor Clark finds a characteristic feature in the spiral type of structure. Before this can be admitted as anything more than a provisional arrangement, these organisms require a much more complete investigation than they have yet received, and we know of no one better prepared for the work than Professor Clark himself. The chapter on the third head mentioned above agrees in principle with views already adopted by others ; and

its chief value comes of the original observations by the author which it contains.

The most attractive as well as instructive part of the work is that relating to the study of the lowest organisms. It is from these that, of late years, physiologists have learned much, and from them they have yet much more to learn. Studying almost exclusively the higher animals, they see organs under their most complex arrangements, and in the attempt to explain their uses find themselves misled at almost every step by the labyrinth into which they enter. In these lowest organisms we have living beings stripped of all accessory parts, and retaining only what is necessary for the manifestation of life; we have living beings reduced, as it were, to a definition. The observations of Ehrenberg led to the belief that the Infusoria, too, are far from being the simple organisms they were supposed. With better microscopes than his, however, naturalists have shown that there is still a portion in which no organs whatever have been detected, and in the composition of which not even cells can be traced. So far is it from the truth that each function must have its appropriate organ, we have the best evidence that an organism as structureless as a mass of jelly may perform the general functions of animal and organic life, each and all in every portion of its body. Of several kinds of such we may mention the *Amæba* (the Proteus of the earlier microscopists), which breathes, absorbs, and excretes by the whole surface of the body. It has neither mouth nor digestive canal, but can extemporize either of these anywhere. As the food touches the surface, it is covered over and enclosed as a stone is by the water into which it sinks. The space surrounding the food becomes a temporary stomach, exerts a solvent action, the nutritive portion is absorbed, and the refuse is transferred to the surface, and is set free, like air from a bubble when it rises from the water and breaks. Every part of this remarkable creature is contractile, and whoever will take the trouble to watch its motions cannot fail to come to the conclusion that every part is also the seat of sensation and perception.

After his admirable studies in embryology, and with his acknowledged skill in the use of the microscope, Professor Clark is especially fitted for the investigation of these lowest organisms, and it is from this that he takes his point of departure in the present work. It is certainly most reasonable to suppose that the study of the origin of life might be carried on among these organisms with the best chance of success. But Nature veils all her processes, and is never more mysterious than when life begins. At the outset Professor Clark assumes the reality of spontaneous generation, and the argument for this is one of the chief

subjects of which he treats. In the doctrine itself, there is nothing unreasonable; but, on the contrary, when one goes back in thought to the origin of living beings, and attempts to form some conception of their first appearance on the surface of the earth, is there any valid reason for the belief that the movements of atoms and the causes of these movements in the creation of a new being would not have been as invisible or mysterious as they are now in the formation of a germ or the development of an embryo? Would not the Creator have been as unseen at the dawn of life as he is to-day? and would not man have fallen back then, as he does now, on the forces of nature, to explain the modes in which the Creator acts? Be that as it may, the question with regard to the existence of spontaneous generation now is rightly put by Professor Clark when he asks "whether the Creator has not continued to exercise the creative faculty at all times, even to the present day." No less an authority than Professor Owen has asserted his belief in the affirmative when he says, "What I have termed 'the derivative hypothesis of organisms,'" (and which he advocates,) "for example, holds that these are coming into being by the aggregation of organic atoms at all times and in all places under the simplest unicellular condition, . . . one form appearing in mud at the bottom of the ocean, another in the pond or on the heath, a third in the saw-dust of a cellar, a fourth on the surface of a mountain rock, &c., but all by the combination and arrangement of organic atoms through forces and conditions acting according to predetermined law."

The proof of this "coming into being" is, however, just what observation and experiment have hitherto failed to give. If spontaneous generation exists anywhere, it is most likely to be found among the lowest organisms; in fact, all others are eliminated from the question. What, then, is the nature of the evidence on which the doctrine at present rests? It is on the fact that a given solution of organic matter, exposed only to air that has passed through a red hot-tube, or that a similar solution enclosed in an hermetically sealed vessel and subsequently immersed in boiling water for two or three hours, has been known to become the seat of infusorial life. The various experiments which have been tried, including those cited by the author in detail, prove this and nothing more. If all the life in the flasks was really destroyed at the beginning of the experiment, then the appearance of the living organisms can be accounted for only by the theory in question. One might reasonably suppose that boiling water would be destructive of life. But in view of the instances where Infusoria have been observed living in a medium of high temperature, and of the fact that certain *Algæ* live and flourish in thermal springs, the heat

of which approaches nearly to that of boiling water, it is certainly justifiable to entertain the belief that the vital resistance would still be maintained, even if the solution was heated to the temperature used in the experiments. There is without doubt a point at which resistance is at an end, but this has not yet been determined. As to the instances in which it is alleged that life was destroyed when dealing with such minute structures as *Vibrios* and *Bacteriums*, assent may well be withheld from the statement until the maker of the experiments tells us what were the signs which led him to his conclusions, — what were the indications that life was really extinct. The whole subject is one of deep interest, and is worthy of far more attention from those accustomed to make careful experiments than it has yet received.

The views advanced by Professor Clark, that individual life does not begin with the mature egg, but that the egg itself in all its phases is the individual, are different from those usually held, but are maintained by Agassiz. From the study of the higher animals, where fertilization is necessary, one would be disposed to reject this view, and consider the individual as beginning after the process just mentioned. But since among some of the lower animals, as the *Aphis*, where fertilization for a series of generations is not necessary, all the phases of development, from the nucleated cell to the perfect individual, are passed through without interruption, the only starting-point for individual life is that at which the cell begins to take an independent action, long before it assumes the form of an egg in the sense in which this last is commonly understood.

The chapter on reproduction by budding contains many additions to science, of great value, derived from the author's original observations on various kinds of Infusoria, sea-anemones, jelly-fishes, &c., but we think he has pushed matters too far in considering double monsters as instances of this mode of reproduction. In so far as they have been observed in their formative stage, the primitive germ of such monsters is double at the outset, each of the doubled portions being developed *pari passu* the one with the other, as is seen in the instance cited and figured from Lereboullet, where the two heads and the portions of the body supporting them are equal, and give no more or less indications than other instances hitherto observed of the budding process.

We have touched upon only a few of the subjects treated of in the work which we have been noticing, and perhaps have done the author some injustice in taking merely those which are open to criticism. In conclusion, we will say that, wherever he has confined himself to observation, the results which Professor Clark has obtained are among the most important additions to embryology and zoölogy recently made.

17.—*Snow-Bound. A Winter Idyl.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 16mo. pp. 52.

AT the close of his poem Mr. Whittier utters a hope that it may recall some pleasant country memories to the overworked slaves of our great cities, and that he may deserve those thanks which are all the more grateful that they are rather divined by the receiver than directly expressed by the giver. The reviewer cannot aspire to all the merit of this confidential privacy and pleasing shyness of gratitude, but he may fairly lay claim to a part of it, inasmuch as, though obliged to speak his thanks publicly, he need not do it to the author's face. We are again indebted to Mr. Whittier, as we have been so often before, for a very real and a very refined pleasure. The little volume before us has all his most characteristic merits. It is true to Nature and in local coloring, pure in sentiment, quietly deep in feeling, and full of those simple touches which show the poetic eye and the trained hand. Here is a New England interior glorified with something of that inward light which is apt to be rather warmer in the poet than the Quaker, but which, blending the qualities of both in Mr. Whittier, produces that kind of spiritual picturesqueness which gives so peculiar a charm to his verse. There is in this poem a warmth of affectionate memory and religious faith as touching as it is uncommon, and which would be altogether delightful if it did not remind us that the poet was growing old. Not that there is any other mark of senescence than the ripened sweetness of a life both publicly and privately well spent. There is fire enough, but it glows more equably and shines on sweeter scenes than in the poet's earlier verse. It is as if a brand from the camp-fire had kindled these logs on the old homestead's hearth, whose flickering benediction touches tremulously those dear heads of long ago that are now transfigured with a holier light. The father, the mother, the uncle, the school-master, the uncanny guest, are all painted in warm and natural colors, with perfect truth of detail and yet with all the tenderness of memory. Of the family group the poet is the last on earth, and there is something deeply touching in the pathetic sincerity of the affection which has outlived them all, looking back to before the parting, and forward to the assured reunion.

But aside from its poetic and personal interest, and the pleasure it must give to every one who loves pictures from the life, "*Snow-Bound*" has something of historical interest. It describes scenes and manners which the rapid changes of our national habits will soon have made as remote from us as if they were foreign or ancient. Already, alas! even in farm-houses, backlog and forestick are obsolescent words, and close-

mouthed stoves chill the spirit while they bake the flesh with their grim and undemonstrative hospitality. Already are the railroads displacing the companionable cheer of crackling walnut with the dogged self-complacency and sullen virtue of anthracite. Even where wood survives, he is too often shut in the dreary madhouse cell of an air-tight, round which one can no more fancy a social mug of flip circling than round a coffin. Let us be thankful that we can sit in Mr. Whittier's chimney-corner and believe that the blaze he has kindled for us shall still warm and cheer, when a wood fire is as faint a tradition in New as in Old England.

We have before had occasion to protest against Mr. Whittier's carelessness in accents and rhymes, as in pronouncing "ly'ceum," and joining in unhallowed matrimony such sounds as *awn* and *orn*, *ents* and *ence*. We would not have the Muse emulate the unidiomatic preciseness of a Normal schoolmistress, but we cannot help thinking that, if Mr. Whittier writes thus on principle, as we begin to suspect, he errs in forgetting that thought so refined as his can be fitly matched only with an equal refinement of expression, and loses something of its charm when cheated of it. We hope he will, at least, never mount Pega'sus, or water him in Heli'con, and that he will leave Mu'seum to the more vulgar sphere and obtuser sensibilities of Barnum. Where Nature has sent genius, she has a right to expect that it shall be treated with a certain elegance of hospitality.

18. — *Herman, or Young Knighthood.* By E. FOXTON. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1866. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE rank of this book will be very differently estimated by different readers, according as it is judged by the pure canons of literary art, or by the rules of morals. The critical reader, whose artistic perceptions are keen, will be struck with defects in it, which the reader whose moral sympathies are active will overlook and utterly disregard, in view of the prevailing spirit and intention of the work. It is a true product of New England, in which art is wholly subordinated to moral purpose. It not only gives expression to sentiments and opinions characteristic of the intellectual and moral temper of New England, but it gives expression to them in a form not less characteristic of that temper. At the time the book was written and first printed, eight years ago, it required not only an enlightened but a courageous mind to form and to declare the opinions expressed in it. No popular magazine in the country would at that time have ventured to accept it for publica-

tion. The moral convictions of which it asserts the truth were often quite opposed to the convictions of society at large. And it adds to the interest of this fact to know, as it is now generally known, that the book was written by a woman.

The course of events has fully proved the justness of her views on slavery, the central subject of her story, and has brought us all to her way of thinking. But it is only justice to her to remember, that, while the nation was yet hesitating over the question, "Is this right?" she said, "It is wrong," and, holding firm to facts which men generally disregarded, drew from them the lessons in their keeping. It was not womanly compassion alone that forced upon her the opinions she held, but patriotic foresight and insight revealed to her the imminent dangers which then threatened us, and which we have since then been compelled to face and to overcome.

Though the boldness and truthfulness of the anti-slavery doctrines of this book give it its principal interest, yet it is crowded, even overcrowded, with reflections always thoughtful and liberal in tone upon many other of the subjects which most occupy public attention. She treats of the position of women and of clergymen in society, of the future life of animals, of the observance of Sunday, of the characteristics of opposing religious sects, of the modes of life under the different stages of American civilization, — and of these and other like topics she writes with the ability and force derived from careful consideration, from sincerity of conviction and earnest purpose. Her opinions are always intelligent and high-toned, and are stamped with a strongly marked individuality.

It is because we hope that the author of *Herman*, having gained the ear of the public, will make use of her talents and opportunities in writing another book, that we venture to point out one fault, partly of thought and partly of style, which is a serious injury to the effect of some portions of her present volumes. It is the lingering on *externals*, the wasting time on their description, when they are of precisely that kind which is valueless because furnishing no clew to what lies beneath them. Given a certain position in society, a certain amount of wealth, a certain degree of physical beauty and of conventional refinement, there must inevitably follow, so inevitably as not to be worth the noticing, certain habits, certain elegances of life. Whenever a novelist speaks of the pretty boots, or the white hands, or the "golden-beaded purple silk purses" of his heroes and heroines, or describes the silver and the fruit on their dinner-tables, or the abundance of their breakfasts, that moment he shows either that his characters are not accustomed to such things, and therefore are disproportionately regardful of them,

or else that he himself, in so carefully observing them, is wasting his force on non-essential particulars. It is quite certain that the more perfect the harmony between the nature and circumstances of a person in real life, — and it should be the same in fiction, — the less do they think, or do others in social intercourse with them think, of the mere circumstances considered in themselves.

The study of the use of detail in romance writing is far too little pursued by our novelists. The readers of Miss Edgeworth's *Helen* are sure of the aristocratic elegance of the life at Clarendon Park, and yet the assurance comes from what may be called internal evidence alone; there are very few details given concerning it in the book. It is perhaps more difficult to trust to the reader's assuming that the ladies and gentlemen of an American story have homes and habits befitting ladies and gentlemen, but the difficulty vanishes the moment there can be no doubt felt that they are ladies and gentlemen.

But *Herman* is not a book to be judged by its short-comings in literary art. It is a book that no one can read without feeling a sense of merit in it beyond the range of art, and without recognizing the possession by its writer of qualities which deserve and receive the homage of the most genuine respect.

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19. *The Works of the Right Honorable EDMUND BURKE.* Revised Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1866. Vols. IV and V. pp. 482 and 508.

It is very well known to all persons enterprising enough to read now and then in those volumes whose presence is essential to the respectability of all high-caste libraries, that the standard editions of what are called the "British Classics" are full of blunders. Whoever buys such standard editions must expect to be his own editor, and to see the broad phylacteries of margin in which he took delight disfigured with pencil-marks that grow more indignantly emphatic and reckless as he reads on. That scrupulous accuracy which once made the fame of printers has almost gone out of fashion, the world over, and the deceitful shows of broad margin, disagreeably tinted paper, and handsome printing have taken the place of the one solid merit that above all others should distinguish a book, — its correctness. What is worse, the blunders multiply with the editions till, in some cases, even if we get sense at all, we cannot be sure of its being the sense of the author. Here, for example, is a stanza from the *Annus Mirabilis* of Dryden, which, in three different editions we happen to have at hand, stands thus. (He is speaking of France.)

“That eunuch guardian of rich Holland’s trade,
Who envies us what he wants power t’ enjoy;
What noiseful valour does no foe invade,
And weak assistance will his friends destroy.”

This striking sentiment is reverently accepted and conscientiously transmitted by editor after editor. There should be, of course, a comma after “enjoy,” instead of a semicolon, and the next verse should read “whose noiseful valor dares.” The correction in this instance is, to be sure, an easy one, but what right has an editor to rely on his reader to make it? The margin of our so-called “Aldine” edition of Dryden is literally peppered with corrections either of phrase or of punctuation that makes one of the clearest of writers guilty of downright nonsense or blank no-meaning. Even comparatively recent authors, like Burns, have had many errors foisted upon them by ignorant or careless proof-reading, and this, too, without the poor excuse of revenge which Erasmus’s printer had for so abominably misprinting one of his dedications. It is accordingly with feelings very far from satisfaction that we commonly read the announcement of forthcoming “Library Editions” of favorite authors. For it seems now to be a general theory with publishers, that the use of such books is to be sold, and not to be read,—that they are no longer intended to supply the mind, but only the “library,” with furniture.

Of all authors Burke has perhaps suffered the most by the careful dereliction of his editors. That his works, many of them unrevised by himself, some of them dictated to amanuenses, and some made up from reporters’ notes, should be more than usually liable to inaccuracy, was to have been expected. Greater editorial care was also to have been expected for this very reason. But his editors, however highly they may have valued his writings and their influence, would seem never to have thought it worth while to trouble themselves with reading what it was so much easier to admire. Of his literary executors one died soon after himself; another, long before his work was completed, became stone-blind; and the third, content with the unlaborious distinction which a coronet confers, seems to have satisfied his editorial conscience by deciding how much of Burke’s correspondence should *not* be given to a plebeian public. To those who know Mr. Nichols, whose modesty, forbidding the appearance of his name on the title-page, we may perhaps offend by speaking of him here, it need not be said that this edition has every advantage which critical acumen, labor of research, and an almost fanatical exactness can give it. To those who do not know him, the amount of toil which he has devoted to these volumes, rewarded only by his own sense of having fulfilled

the responsibility resting upon even anonymous editorship, would appear incredible. He has collated all the editions, not including mere reprints, of his author, and his corrections, many of them essential to the understanding of passages, many to their rhetorical finish, and all of them important to whoever wishes to have Burke's own words, and not those of his printers, amount to hundreds in every volume. In the fifth volume, for example, they are more than three hundred. Nor has Mr. Nichols overstepped the just boundaries that should limit an editor's discretion. Wherever the error of fact or the slovenliness of grammar was evidently Burke's own, it has been allowed to stand as he left it. On the same principle, his quotations have not been corrected, illustrating, as they do, the abundance and readiness of his memory. We give a few examples, selecting rather the shortest than the most important.

Vol. IV. pp. 13 and 14, <i>for</i> Hales		<i>read</i> Hale.
" p. 20	" mean	" meant.
" p. 28	" instruction	" institution.
" p. 96	" reformers	" reforms.
" p. 124	" use	" choice.
" p. 138	" cancel in allegiance	" cancelling.
" p. 139	" assuming	" assumes.
" p. 146	" rebellious	" rebellions.
" p. 158	" as to his king	" as to who is king.
" p. 173	" on the one side	" on the other.
" p. 184	" the beginning	" beginner.
" p. 184	" tempter	" tempted.
" p. 203	" important	" impotent.
" p. 266	" least degree	" last degree.
" p. 348	" appendages	" appanages.
" p. 372	" provinces	" princes.
" p. 413	" profession	" possession.
" p. 429	" eternal	" internal.
" p. 436	" naturalist	" neutralist.
" p. 453	" ambition	" abolition.
" p. 465	" really	" readily.
" p. 472	" it ought	" ought not.
Vol. V. p. 70	" if	" ill.
" p. 126	" invokes	" evokes.
" p. 142	" petitioners	" partitioners.
" p. 181	" intercepted	" intersected.
" p. 183	" reformation	" formation.
" p. 188	" lived in	" lived to.
" p. 205	" assistance	" assistants.
" p. 212	" number	" lumber.
" p. 228	" he held	" to be held.
" p. 251	" for	" far.
" p. 266	" profession	" possession.

Vol. V.	p. 267	for legislators	read legislatures.
"	p. 286	" generally	" naturally.
"	p. 289	" attempt	" tempt.
"	p. 338	" choose	" close.
"	p. 345	" peace	" piece.
"	p. 355	" principle	" principal.
"	p. 404	" useless prosperous	" unprosperous.
"	p. 444	" remarkable	" marketable.
"	p. 457	" spread	" spared.

These few examples, selected from so many, will serve to show the amount and kind of labor that have been bestowed on these volumes, and to convince those who own any of the "standard" editions of Burke, that nothing but their own ingenuity will enable them in reading it to guess at the meaning of the author. This edition possesses the capital merit of accuracy; and we feel that the publishers deserve the special thanks not only of mere readers, but of all who love truth and honesty, for having resolved first of all to make a trustworthy book, and then, what does not always follow, for having secured a competent man to see that it shall be what it professes to be. We cannot, indeed, call this in all respects a perfect edition of Burke. We hope yet to see one supervised by the same accurate scholar, in which the chronological order of the works shall be observed, which shall include the life and letters, an index, and those illustrative notes which Burke is already enough of an ancient to need. But, until we get such an edition, it is a great deal to have one on which we can depend, and the editor deserves the thanks of all admirers of Burke for having done for his author all that he undertook, and more than any one else we can think of would have been competent to do.

20. — *Harper's Weekly, a Journal of Civilization.* Vol. IX. For the Year 1865. New York: Harper and Brothers. Folio. pp. 832.

IN a notice prefixed to this volume the publishers state that "the circulation of the Weekly has steadily increased from the first. The average circulation for the past year has been largely over one hundred thousand copies per week. On some occasions over two hundred thousand copies have been sold of a single issue." This immense circulation is not surprising. The last year was the most eventful in American history; and the events were of a sort not only to touch the deepest feelings, but to awaken the liveliest curiosity of the public. Truthful illustrations of them were of interest to the whole community. In the lines around Petersburg and Richmond, and on the march of Sherman, the artists in the service of the paper made their pictorial re-

ports of scenes and incidents, concerning which every one was eager to learn the exact truth. Their pictures represented to the eyes of men and women and children the persons, the places, the actions which were filling their thoughts and exciting their hearts; and in the pages of the paper not devoted to pictorial illustration they found an admirable comment on the political conditions of the times, in a series of articles distinguished, as in former recent years, by clearness and moderation of statement, steady reference to principle, and the most thorough devotion to the great cause of the country and of humanity.

The weekly numbers of the paper now bound into a volume form one of the most interesting and valuable records of a year, the events of which will hardly be of less concern to our remotest posterity than they have been to us.

The vast circulation of the paper imposes upon the proprietors the duty of making it in every respect worthy of its high pretensions as a Journal of Civilization. There is room for improvement in various respects. Some of the illustrations are not only poor in execution, but poor in conception, and incorrect. There was, to take a striking instance, hardly a single good illustration of any of the scenes and incidents connected with the death of Mr. Lincoln, though this was in part made up for by the very striking allegorical design, by Mr. Nast, of America weeping over his coffin. Again, the caricatures are almost invariably wretched in design, except when borrowed from Punch, and are frequently vulgar in intention; if they cannot be abolished, they ought to be improved. And finally, there is a certain class of advertisements to be found on the last pages of each number, which the publishers of such a paper ought to feel themselves required by every consideration of public morality to exclude. We rely upon Messrs. Harper and Brothers to do justice to the public in these respects, and to make their profitable paper really representative of the civilization of America.

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21. — *A History of New England, from the Discovery by Europeans to the Revolution of the Seventeenth Century, being an Abridgment of his "History of New England during the Stuart Dynasty."* By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1866. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xx., 408, and 386.

DR. PALFREY has done wisely in preparing this abridgment of his larger work. Of the value of that work our readers are already well informed. No higher praise can be given to it than that which it justly deserves, of being a worthy history of New England. It is not probable

that it will ever be superseded. The qualities which distinguish it insure to it a permanent place in our literature. It is a monument to the industry, the patience, the accuracy, the sound judgment, the good sense, of its author. It must be henceforth the handbook of every student and every lover of New England. But the cost of its three large volumes renders it inaccessible to a very large number of those persons who desire to become acquainted with the records of their ancestors, and its elaborate fulness of detail unfits it to be a popular manual.

"I presume," says Dr. Palfrey, at the close of the Preface to his abridgment, "there is one third of the white people of these United States, wherever now residing, of whom no individual can peruse these volumes without reading the history of his own progenitors." It is for the great mass of these children of New England that he has prepared the work before us. They will not be ungrateful to him for this labor. These two volumes of moderate size supply all that need be known of the events that attended the foundation and establishment of the New England Colonies, of the motives, principles, and characters of the men who moulded their institutions and gave form to the nascent state.

In this history lie the origins of the liberties of America, the sources of the strength and glory of the United States. From New England have been derived those principles and methods, and that civil, political, and social organization, which are both the causes and the effects of the distinguishing traits of our national character and development. New England is the home of modern democracy and of genuine republican liberty. Her history is one by itself and apart. She established a new era in politics, and gave a new meaning to such words as people, government, and state. She made the greatest advance in political science which it was ever given to any community to make, and for the first time in the history of the world practically established and defined the relation of politics to morals. Her fame is the property not only of her own descendants, but of every man who believes in and advocates the rights of man in whatsoever land. For here those rights were first acknowledged, first asserted and maintained in the moral order of a civilized community. It is as absurd to talk, as Mr. Sunset Cox and other silly orators sometimes do, of getting rid of New England ideas, and of leaving New England out in the cold, as it would be to talk of getting rid of Christian ideas. Her ideas have become the instincts of freemen. They are in the very fibre of their hearts. Mr. Lincoln the Kentuckian was a genuine son of New England, and it is the greatest misfortune of Mr. Johnson that he has so little of New-Englandism in

his nature. This war, which is now drawing to an end, is the war between the new ideas of New England and the old ideas of the Old World. The victory is to make the United States a larger, happier, completer New England. With this victory New England will drop from history. Her work will be accomplished.

Dr. Palfrey's book is, then, not merely a history in the ordinary sense, it is a manual for the political student, a compendium of the origin of American political ideas. It is a book to be in the hands of every American who would thoroughly comprehend the nature of the institutions which he bears a part in maintaining, and of the principles from which they sprang.

The abridgment is executed with great felicity. It has none of the stiffness and jejuneness which commonly attend such works. On the contrary, the narrative is full, easy, accurate. The spirit of the original is not lost. The compression has been effected mainly by the omission of notes and citations of authorities, and by a judicious condensation of those portions of the larger work which relate mainly to the contemporary history of the old country.

Here and there Dr. Palfrey has introduced some fresh matter into the abridgment, and we find throughout evidence of the most scrupulous care and skilful handling. It may be commended without reserve; and it is a satisfaction of no common order that so excellent a popular History of New England is given to the public.

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22. — *History of France, from the most remote Period to 1789.* By HENRI MARTIN. Authorized Translation from the Fourth Paris Edition, by MARY L. BOOTH. Vols. XV. and XVI. *The Decline of the French Monarchy.* Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. xvi., 546; viii., 623.

Of the general qualities of M. Martin's History we spoke in noticing the former volumes of this translation. It is the work of a man of liberal and enlightened mind, of active intelligence, and of great industry. If rarely profound, M. Martin is seldom shallow. His style is more animated than elegant. He writes with the ease and often with too much of the fluency of a practised contributor to the daily press, and his judgments sometimes bear the marks of the haste and looseness of this sort of composition. His book is not of the first order, but is one of the best of the second order of historical works. The scholar will find it of real value as a compendious and connected narrative of the long stretch of French history, and as indicating the best sources of

information upon special points, while the unlearned reader will derive from its animated pages both entertainment and instruction.

The volumes of the translation now before us cover the years from 1715 to 1789. They embrace the story of the decline of the French Monarchy, the fall of the old *régime*, and the approach of the Revolution. It is a story hardly surpassed in interest by that of the Revolution itself. It exhibits a picture of the break up of feudal institutions, and of the corruption of the society that had been founded upon them. It is full of picturesque contrasts and impressive lessons. There is, perhaps, no passage in the history of the world in which the moral forces that regulate events are to be seen more distinctly in action, in which the inevitable consequences of human conduct are more clearly exhibited, and in which a blind fate or chance appears to have so little share.

M. Martin tells this story with a lively sense of its meaning and importance, and his volumes form an excellent introduction to every history of the subsequent Revolutionary period.

The translation of this part of the History seems, upon the whole, to be more carefully executed than that of the preceding volumes. It is, however, far from being satisfactory. Similar faults to those which we pointed out in our former notice are still manifest. The translator ought to submit her work before publication to much more careful and scholarly revision than it now receives. She shows such industry and good intention that we regret not to be able to commend fully the results of her labor. We trust that the succeeding portions of her task may be so accomplished that we shall be able to speak of them in terms that will be not less agreeable to ourselves than to her.

23.—*Sabin's Reprints*. Quarto Series. Joseph Sabin: New York. 1865.

1. An Account of the late Revolution in New England. By MR. NATHANIEL BYFIELD. 1689.
2. A Relation of Maryland. 1635.
3. The Light appearing more and more towards the Perfect Day. By HENRY WHITFIELD.
4. Certain Inducements to Well-minded People. 1643.
5. Strength out of Weakness. 1652.
6. Progress of the Gospel among the Indians in New England. 1659.
7. The Clear Sunshine of the Gospel. By THOMAS SHEPARD. 1648.
8. Further Queries upon the Present State of New-English Affairs. 1689-90.

Octavo Series. New York. 1865.

1. The Journal of Major George Washington. 1754.
2. A Journal of two Visits made to some Nations of Indians. By the REV. DAVID JONES. 1774.
3. Vindication of the Captors of Major André. [By EGBERT BENSON.] 1817.
4. A Brief State of the Province of Pennsylvania. 1755.

Second Series. New York. 1865.

1. The Narrative of COLONEL DAVID FANNING, a North Carolina Tory. 1775-1783.

In these reprints Mr. Sabin has taken advantage of the prevailing taste for bibliographical rarities to do a service to the students of American history. His selection of works for reprinting has been judiciously made, and the typographical execution of the reprints is altogether excellent. We have little doubt that their correctness is equal to their beauty, but we have made no collation of them with the originals, and are therefore unable to state how far they will bear the application of this test. If they are made with the exactness which we have reason from Mr. Sabin's reputation as a careful bibliographer to expect, they are well worthy a place in every historical library which does not possess the original works.

Six of the tracts in what Mr. Sabin calls his "Quarto Series" (if we include "New England's First Fruits," &c., 1643) relate to the attempts to convert to Christianity the Indians of New England. This series of tracts is of the first importance in illustrating that portion of the early history of New England to which they refer. They have long been familiar to the students of our local annals, and, with the exception of the tract published in 1659 and the latter portion of the "First Fruits," have all been reprinted in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society; with the addition also of two belonging to the series, which Mr. Sabin would do well to reprint with the others; viz. "Tears of Repentance: or a further Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel," &c., London, 1653; and "A Late and Further Manifestation," &c., London, 1655.

Some of these tracts were originally published by the corporation in England for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians; others were printed through the influence of particular friends of the cause.

The "Relation of Maryland," &c. is a valuable historical tract, inasmuch as it is undoubtedly the first colonizing *programme*, and the first full description of that Province * issued after the grant to Lord Balti-

* See Historical Magazine for October, 1865.

more of 20th June, 1632. As the title-page of the work indicates, it embraces, first, "A Relation of Maryland"; second, "A Map of the Country"; third, "The Conditions of Plantation"; and fourth, "His Majesty's Charter to Lord Baltimore translated into English."

The reprint of this tract is unfortunately defective, for the good reason that the original from which his transcript was made was wanting in an essential particular, namely, in "his Majesty's charter." This original was furnished by Dr. F. L. Hawks, who edits the reprint, and who seems not to have been aware that his rare little quarto was unfortunately curtailed of its fair proportions; although the title-page of the work clearly indicates that "His Majesty's Charter to Lord Baltimore" is a part of its contents. Mr. Sabin, having been informed since the reprint was issued that this large and important part of the original tract was wanting in his edition, intends, as we understand, to supply from another and complete copy of the original this deficiency, a reprint of which will be sent to all his subscribers.

In his "Prefatory Note" Dr. Hawks says: "Among the rare tracts concerning the settlement of Maryland by Lord Baltimore, this, if not the earliest, is certainly among the first that were published. The editor of this reprint believes it to be the *first*, and has never seen any other copy of it except that in his possession, from which the present edition is printed. He thinks, however, that a few other copies are in existence, one of which is in the British Museum. The researches of the editor have not enabled him to discover the author."

Dr. Hawks is right in supposing that this was among the first of the rare tracts relating to the settlement of Maryland, but it was not the earliest. In the year before this tract was issued, there was published "A Relation of the successful Beginnings of the Lord Baltimore's Plantation in Mary-land; being an Extract of certain Letters written from thence, by some of the Adventurers to their Friends in England. Anno Domini 1634." Small quarto. The first colonial expedition which Lord Baltimore sent to the Chesapeake was accompanied by his two brothers, Leonard and George Calvert. The former was commissioned as Governor. A few "Gentlemen adventurers, and their servants to the number of near 200 people, embarked themselves for the voyage, in the good ship called the *Arke*, of 300 ton and upward, which was attended by his Lordship's Pinnace, called the *Dove*, of about 50 ton." They weighed anchor "from the Cowes in the Isle of Wight, about ten in the morning," on Friday, the 22d of November, 1633, and arrived at "Point Comfort" on the 24th of February. On the 3d of March they left Point Comfort, and proceeded to the Potomac River. After spending some weeks in exploring this

river and in interviews with the Indians, they finally, on the 27th of March, pitched upon a spot of land on a branch of the Potomac, on the north side, for a settlement, and called the place "Saint Maries." This was the beginning of the Catholic colony of Maryland. The letters which form the basis of the *first* Maryland tract, (1634,) whose title-page is given above, were dated "From Saint *Maries* in Maryland, 27 May, 1634." These letters also form the basis of that part of the Relation of 1635 which is included in pages 3 to 16. It is not an improbable supposition, that these letters were written by the distinguished brothers of Lord Baltimore.

We trust that Mr. Sabin will be encouraged to proceed with his series of reprints. The scarcity of the originals prevents many students from access to these authorities for our early history. As historical libraries increase in the newer portions of our country, the value of such reprints will become continually greater.

We purpose to remark at a future time on some of the other tracts already published.

24. — *Melodies and Madrigals, mostly from the old English Poets.*

Edited by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. New York: Bunce and Huntington. 1866. Small 4to. pp. xviii., 206.

THIS is a charming little volume, both for its good looks and for what is in it. Mr. Stoddard has made his selections with great good taste, and by judiciously confining himself to a certain line of subjects has been able to give us something more complete and harmonious in tone than such selections are apt to be. We can cordially recommend it to any one under the painful necessity of making a present and not knowing what to give.

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